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REAL WEST

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A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
SEPTEMBER

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EXCLUSIVE

DID PAT GARRETT KILL BILLY THE KID?

ARIZONA HELL-HOLE: YUMA PRISON

SECRET LIFE OF BUFFALO BILL

INFAMOUS CANYON DIABLO: A KILLING A DAY

MAJOR LOGAN'S BLEEDING HEART

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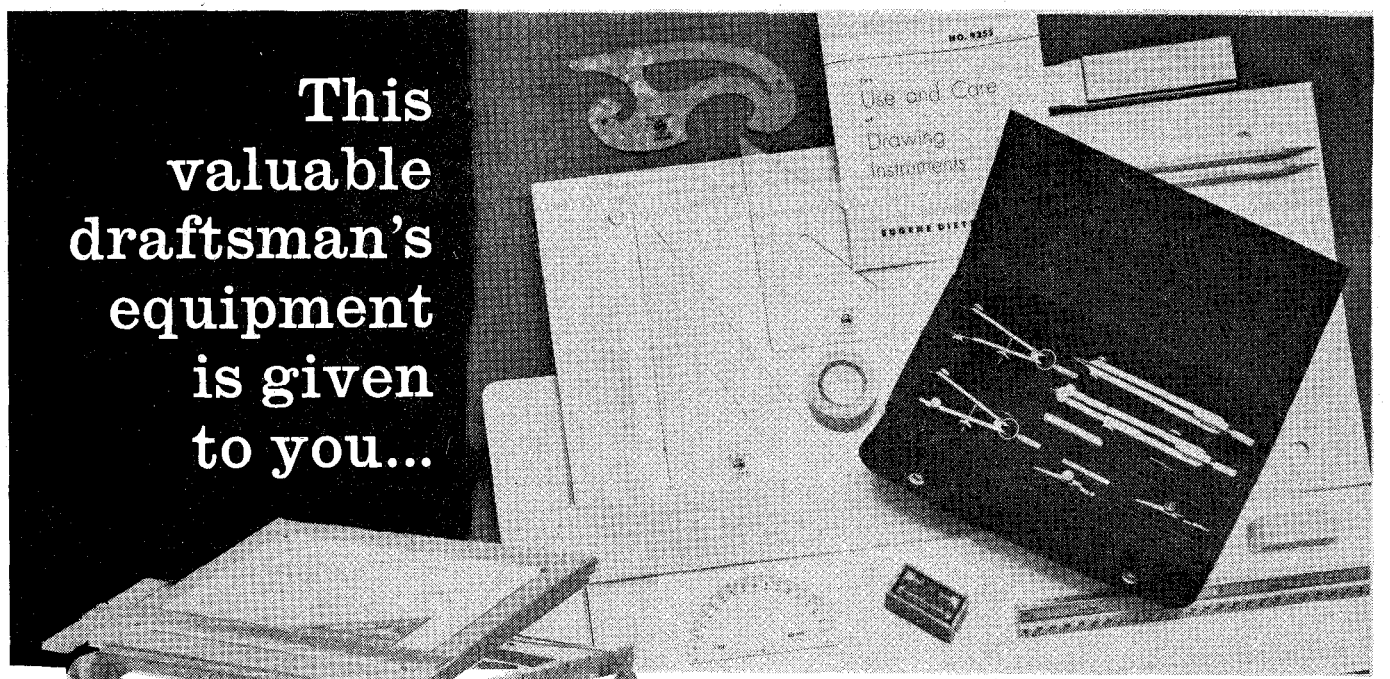

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REAL WEST

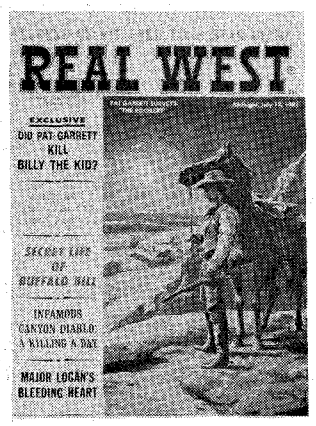
Volume IX
Number 49
Sept., 1966

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor: Pat Masulli
Managing Editor: William T. Kish
Research Director: Edward T. LeBlanc
Art Director: Bohdan Dziubina

IN THIS ISSUE

Action, Indian raids, lawmen, outlaws, hangings, pioneers, builders...you'll find them all in this issue of Real West, in the raw, vivid truth as it really happened in our own past. Thrill to the romance and excitement of our most heroic, yet tragic era when even the weakest man was a hero, just to survive on the frontier, and strong men, like Rip Ford, were Giants. You'll read his incredible story in this issue. And, before you realize it, you'll be in the middle of a swinging fight when you read Who Really Killed Billy The Kid? You'll smell the acrid gunsmoke from the hot guns of Marshall Duckin as he cleans Canyon Diablo by killing every outlaw in town. You'll visit the blistering hell of Yuma prison, the Death Valley Borax fields, the murdered Chinaman's treasure ruins. YOU'LL be doing all this, as we gallop into the past to revisit the fantastic people, places, events in all the dramatic reality of the era that lives forever, the bloodiest, bravest time in our history, the era of...the Real West.


REAL WEST
EXCLUSIVE
DID PAT GARRETT KILL BILLY THE KID?
SECRET LIFE OF BUFFALO BILL
INFAMOUS CANYON DIABLO A KILLING A DAY
MAJOR LOGAN'S BLEEDING HEART

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Pat Garrett, lean, hard, determined, yet a little sad. He knows that death is skirting about in the shadows of the Maxwell house. But the move has been made; there's no turning back. Billy the Kid would die tonight. The soft blue moonlight haze will soon be split with the blast of gunshot that will echo into eternity, and men will argue forever whether it was right or wrong...

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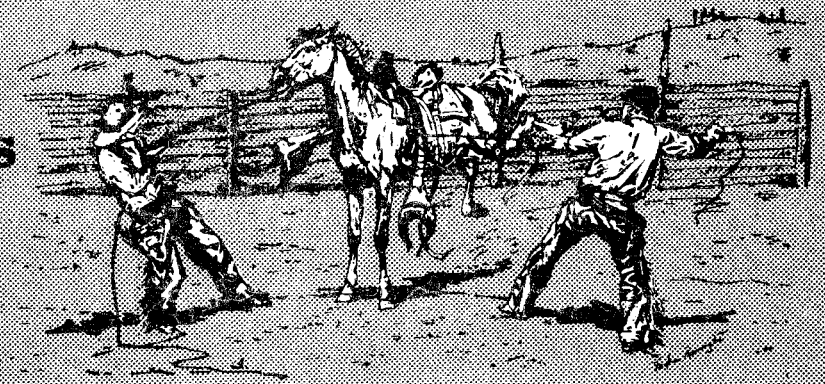
The Editor's Corral



We have received numerous letters from readers, contributors, universities and historical societies praising our efforts to preserve Western Americana in our authentic articles in Real West. Our staff hail from Western states; our researchers are noted Western authorities. But *most important*, our writers, who *really* make the book what it is, are all outstanding Westerners who know their areas and whose ancestors helped settle the wild frontier. Now, they draw on this proud heritage to give you the fascinating true stories you read in Real West. An editor doesn't usually publicly thank his writers, but lately another Western magazine has been darn critical and derogatory about the competition. We realize they don't mean us when they talk about reprinted stories, phony stories. We've been in business too long and have too good a reputation to try and fool our loyal readers. And the new magazines in this field who are doing this are hurting everyone. But as we said, we'd like to thank our Western writers and researchers for their authentic, honest work in digging up the past, the old West, and letting us share it with our readers. Space doesn't permit us to name all of them but our thanks to all and especially Carl Breihan, Missouri; Harold Preece, Texas; Kit Carson, New Mexico; Maurice Kildare, Arizona; Eve Ball, New Mexico; Robert Ege, Montana; Lenore Dils, Texas; Joe Parrish, Texas; Doris Cerveri, Nevada; Jack Best, Nebraska; Ben Traywick, Calif; Joe Koller, South Dakota; Leola Lehman, Oklahoma; Nono Minor, Missouri; Hope Price, Oregon; Earl Spendlove, Utah; Louise Auer, Texas; Lt. Harry Riseberg, Calif; Fred Harrison, Texas; James Long, Arizona; Helen Clark, Montana; Amy Hurt, New Mexico; and all the other contributors. Of course, much of our material comes from Western Historical Societies, diaries and other old journals which preserve the thrilling days of the old West.

Perhaps you've noticed the number of letters we receive from Western buffs in England and other European countries. Many of these readers are trying to trace some ancestors who came over to America and settled in the West. Some were lawmen, some were outlaws and others were adventurers or sought a new start in life. Most remain unknown, but there were men who like Chris Madsen, the Dane, became legends. In fact, one small part of Europe, not more than 80 miles wide, has contributed more pioneers, Presidents and military heroes to America than any other country. The country -- Ireland. Sam Houston, Stonewall Jackson, Horace Greeley, Davy Crockett were only a few of the pioneers whose ancestors came from Ireland. We can't trace relatives as we're so often asked to do, but we can print the reader's letters. Often, other readers have information on the subject and some interesting details come to light through letters to us or to the original letter writer. One reader noticed that a letter writer had the same last name as his and through correspondence, they learned that their common ancestor was one of the early settlers of the West. But we might as well tell you as we do in every issue: we have no way of tracing your relatives, but if any of the readers can help, that's fine with us.

Our thanks to all the readers and old timers who correctly identified the photo of Emmett Dalton and Tom Mix in our March, 1966 issue. Although the caption identified the men as Emmett Dalton and Leslie Taylor, it was a "Mix" up and the readers are right.

We seem to have stirred up a little controversy with our story on the Mandan Indians a few issues back, but as yet, we've received no serious criticism for the theory that the Mandans descended from the Vikings. It's interesting to note that even a newspaper in Russia commented on our article. People everywhere are interested in the old American frontier. It was a time, an era that had no comparison anywhere else. And as time goes on, interest will increase. You'll be glad you held onto those old issues of Real West. We have more controversial articles, like the one in the last issue about Quantrill, and the one in this issue on Billy the Kid. We're running these to show you the arguments that exist for every famous character of the old West. Not too long ago, a man claimed to be Jesse James and even some old West characters backed him up. We don't agree with these claims, but we thought you readers would be interested in seeing some of them. It's all part of the Old West history and lore. There seems to be a difference of opinion on almost everyone and everything of that turbulent era. Even the newspapers of that day differed in their reporting. Some of this is due to the characters themselves. Often, lawmen turned out to be killers and outlaws, like Plummer and Tom Horn, to name but a few. Mountain men, famous scouts, were later reported to be obnoxious drunks. People still swear that Billy the Kid was a hero and that Quantrill was a brave fighter, that Custer was a coward and Buffalo Bill was a failure, and so on for every frontier character. Perhaps they were all these things. But they were the dynamic, restless men who conquered the raw frontier and blazed their way into history and the memory of man for all eternity.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

Peter Phillips of Warwick, R. I., asks us what was the origin of the Shoshone tribe. We'd suggest he read The Shoshonis, published by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. This authoritative book contains the answers to many questions on this unique tribe. However, no one seems to know why they were called Shoshonis, as the significance of the term has been lost. They were known to the Mandans and other tribes as Snakes; to the Yonkton Dakotas they were the Rattlesnakes. The Crows called them Grass Lodges. They belonged to the Uto-Aztecan linguistic group which once stretched from the rugged Cascades and Sierra Nevadas to the Northern Plains, then southward almost to Mexico. The Shoshoni alone are unique in that they show the influence of three Indian cultures - Basin, Plateau and Plains. It is not known where the Shoshoni originated. Their generally accepted divisions were: Hobandika, Shobaigadika, Shonivikidika, Tazaaigadika, Towahnabiokks, Tubuarika, Tussawehe, Washakie, Washinasht, Yahandika.

Q: Did Jesse James operate outside of Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota? Bill Payne, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

A: Jesse James and his gang operated extensively in Kentucky and Arkansas as well as their home territory of Missouri and Iowa. They also staged robberies in Texas, Wyoming and as far as West Virginia.

———:———

Q: When was Belle Starr killed, and where is she buried? Helen Hudson, Peoria, Illinois.

A: Belle Starr was killed February 3, 1889, and she was buried in the front yard of her cabin at Younger's bend in the Indian Territory. Here is the verse engraved on her tombstone:

Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem that fills it sparkles yet.

———:———

Q: Were cowboys of the Old West religious? My grandfather, who was a cowboy, said they always insisted on asking blessings before meals. Thomas Bailey, Denver, Colorado.

A: Religion was a deep emotion in the Old West, but I doubt if a cowboy always bothered to ask the blessing before a meal. Most of the meals were eaten in the bunk houses where there was little time for such nicities before eating.

———:———

Q: Old timers have told me that the famous jail break by Cherokee Bill in Fort Smith on July 26, 1896, was a conspiracy for a mass break and Cherokee Bill was only a tool for others. Is this correct? Thomas Sanford, Pembroke, Ontario.

A: There was a planned jail break, but whether Cherokee Bill was a tool is doubtful. The Shelleys - Lou, Ed, Frank, George, Lou's wife - and John Pearce were behind the break. Sherman Vann, a trustee, tipped the prison officials off, and guns of these prisoners were seized. The official over-looked one hidden in the wall behind a loose brick of Cherokee Bill's cell. Cherokee Bill used this gun to make a one man jail break and killed the guard, Keating, in the attempt.

———:———

Q: Is there a standard definition of an Indian? Terry Fox, Lincoln, Nebraska.

A: The Congress has not given a general definition by legislation nor have the Courts by Interpretation.

———:———

Q: In reading, I find that many different kinds of revolvers, in the Old West were called Colts. How Come? Karl Synder, Bloomington, Calif.

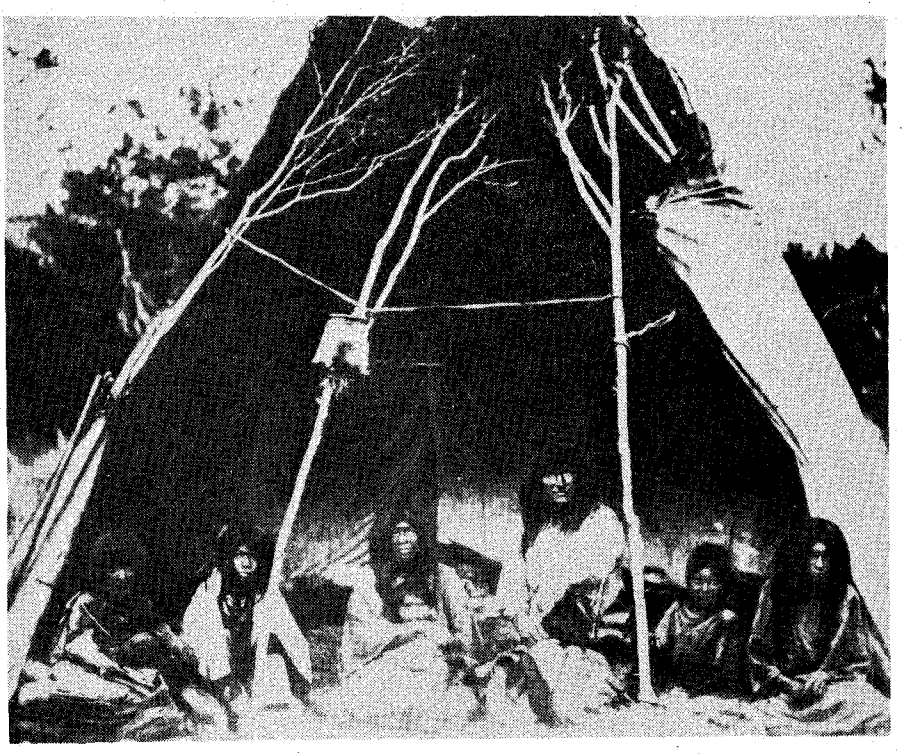
A: Like all hats were Stetsons and all rifles Winchesters in the West, all revolvers were called Colts. Samuel Colt was the inventor of the cylinder type of pistol. He watched the spokes of a ship's wheel turn and lock and he got the idea that a pistol could have a cylinder that revolved the same way and could be fired through a single barrel. As it was the first six shooter, the tendency has been to call all six guns Colts.

———:———

Q: I read somewhere that Kit Carson was related to Daniel Boone. Is that true? Samuel Davis, Pawnee, Oklahoma.

A: They were not related..... The Carson and Boone families were close neighbors and friends in Kentucky. Daniel Boone moved to Missouri at the time Kit Carson was born and died before fame came to Carson.

Shoshonis at home or on the move were well regarded by most of the other tribes.



{Continued on Page 65}

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If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

Many of the letters we receive are proof that our readers not only save their copies of Real West but refer back to them and read them over. This is one sure way of seeing the amazing connections between so many events and people of the old West.

JIM ROBERTS
Dear Editor:

Quite some time ago in the issue of "Real West" January 1963 (Collecting these is like looking for heatwaves at the North Pole), I was interested with the article (Page 42) "Frontier Marshall Vs Modern Hoods by R. Arlandson.

Look alikes, Marshal Jim Roberts, above, and England's George Deal Roberts.

But the photo of Marshall Jim Roberts, was the most breathtaking experience I ever encountered. For the more I looked at him, the more I saw my late Father. So after a great search I obtained the only photo of my Father and had a print taken from it, which I enclosed for your opinion. Perhaps you or your readers could give me any information of the original country of Marshall Jim Roberts' Parents.

Because I am convinced that they came from England.

Hoping you can help me I am Yours Faithfully,

Mr. A. Roberts
63 Whitehawk Cres
Brighton Sussex England

P.S. Here's hoping I can say with pride "I had a relative who helped to tame the West."

ALL'S FAIR
Dear Sir:

I was interested to read in the July 1964 issue of REAL WEST the letter of Ben Coats of Cheyenne, Wyoming asking the meaning of the term "infare." Not so long before, I had come across this word in a story and as I had never seen it used before, I was curious also. The story had to do with a community in central Ohio, about 1875-80; later than the first wave of settlers in the Middle West. I looked "infair" up in my dictionary but it was not there and it was only after I had read the query in REAL WEST that I found it under "infare."

I believe "infair" is a corrupted spelling, at least it is not logical -- while "infare" -- a "going in" -- describes the event of the newly wed couple taking possession of their new home, while the neighbors came along with gifts, etc.

The Oxford Dictionary gives its origin as an old English word, so I was interested to find out also that "infare" is one of the words which our forbears brought over from their Anglo-Saxon speech, of which words are still heard in the Appalachians and their foothills, and probably elsewhere.

Needless to say that I enjoy the articles and pore over the old photos authentically illustrating the tales of the West and refer to them often, read them over again.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Charles C. Ryan
Louisville, Ky.

INDIAN WARS
Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoyed reading your splendid magazine "Wars of The American Indian" for winter 1964 - Book # 3.

I would like to say I enjoyed the story on page 30 - "Apache Vengeance" - It is a splendid story and brings back many memories. I have been up the Arivaipa Canyon to Arivaipa. If you enjoy rugged and beautiful scenery you should come to Arizona and visit this Canyon - I think it is the most beautiful country in the world.

I have been to the Strongholds which was the home of the greatest of all Indians - Cochise, Chief of the Chiricahua Apaches. There has been erected a monument to him (up 8100 feet into the clouds) at almost the identical spot where he has his camp. I have walked through Apache pass where Cochise ambushed my wagon trains and Army detachments. It is a matter of record that at one time a person could walk the entire distance through the pass and his foot would not touch the ground. He would walk on the remains of soldiers, Mexicans, women and children. I have made it a life time study to learn all possible about the Apache Nation including their language.

On page 33 there appears a picture of Naiches second son of Cochise. Above the picture it states his mother was a daughter of Mangos Colorados (red sleeves). This is an error. His mother was a sister to Mangos. This is a matter of tribal record.

Again I will say I enjoyed your magazine.

Yours very truly
R.L. Hudson
Buckhorn Rural Station
Mesa, Ariz.

{Continued on Page 76}

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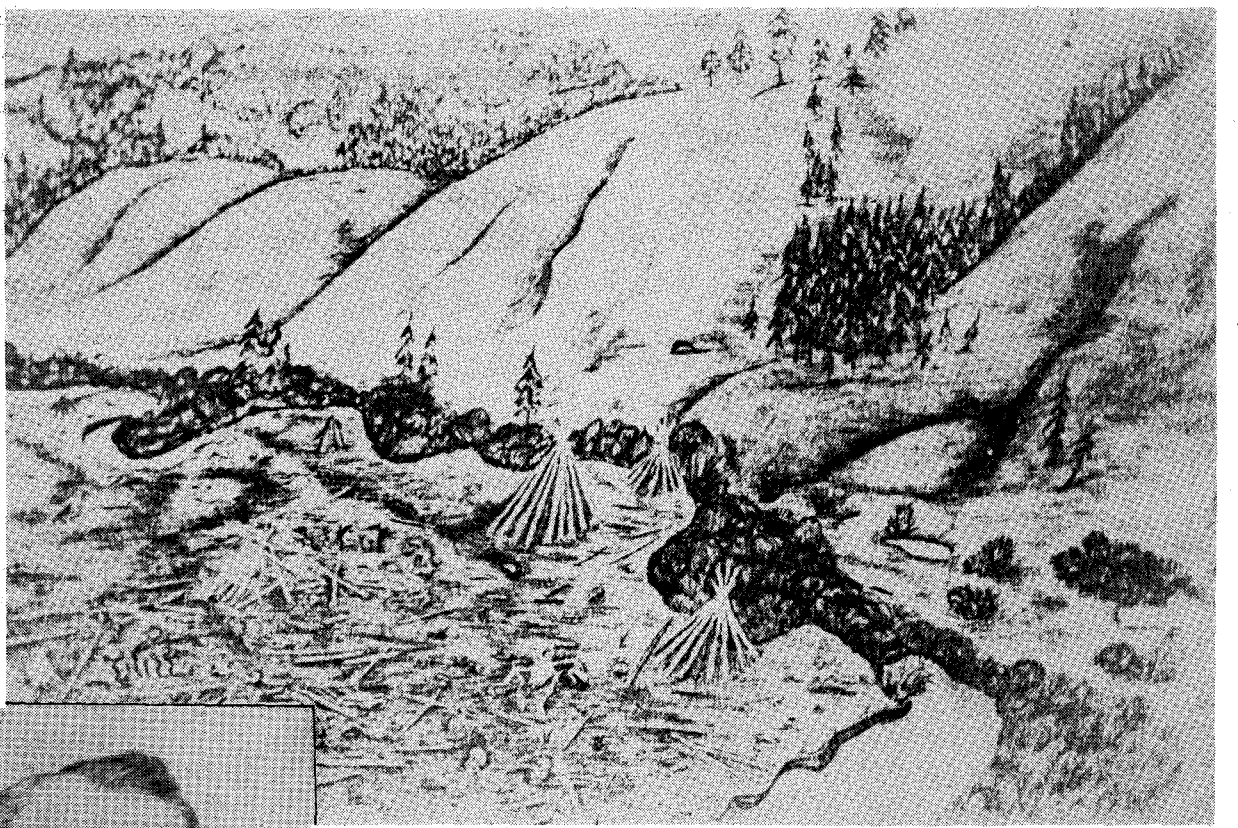

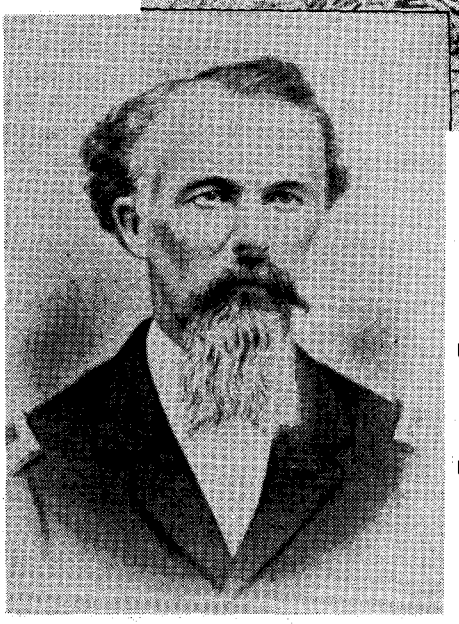

Montana Historical Society, Helena

MAJOR LOGAN'S BLEEDING HEART

Mr. Editor:

I got this story first hand, years ago, and was so impressed with it that the evening of the same day made copious typewritten notes.

Major W. R. Logan was sitting in the U.S. district attorney's office in Helena, waiting to be called as a witness in a criminal case from the Blackfeet Indian reservation of which he was at the time agent in charge. As I now recall, there were not over three men besides Major Logan in the room, at ease, when he narrated the story.

I hope you like it.
Very truly yours,
Chas. D. Greenfield,
Rte 1, Helena, Montana.

It is a long way from Jerusalem in the fourteenth century to the Big Hole battlefield in Montana in the twentieth century and yet, as this article reveals, they were intimately connected. The story begins with Robert Bruce, the great Scottish patriot, who joined in one of the later and unsuccessful crusades to wrest the Holy Land from the infidels. Before he died, on June 7, 1329, he asked as a dying favor from his friend, Sir James Douglas, "The Good," that he lead another expedition to the Holy Land and take with him the heart of Bruce and bury it in Jerusalem.

Sir Douglas promised to carry out the wish of Bruce and the following year set out on another crusade. But he never reached Jerusalem. On his way thither, the King of Spain appealed to him to help drive the Moors out of Spain. If he could lead the combined forces, Douglas told the King, he would throw in with him. The King agreed. A fierce battle soon took place. First one side seemed to be winning and then the other. At a critical juncture for the Spanish-Scottish forces when they seemed to be wavering, Sir Douglas, carrying the

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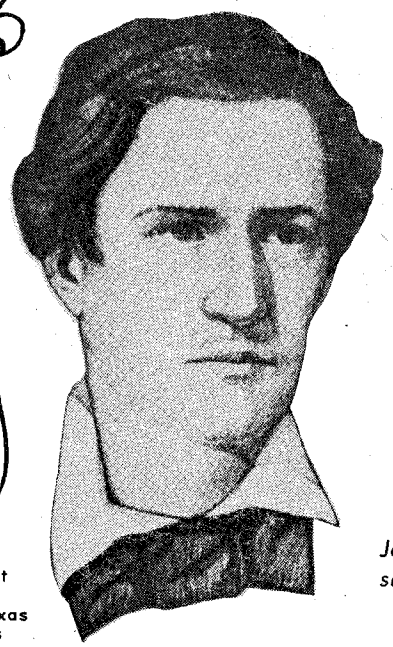


From Walter Prescott Webb, The Texas Rangers

RIP FORD,

Texas has produced some pretty tall tales and some pretty big men, but the true story of this incredible man surpasses them all.

John Coffee "Jack" Hays whom Ford served during Mexican War.

by Joseph Fried

Just before sunup on Feb. 21, 1861, a rickety old schooner carrying 500 slightly seasick Texas Rangers anchored under a blue shroud of darkness near the Union army post on Brazos Santiago Island, Texas, not far from where the Rio Grande flows into the Gulf of Mexico. Before the small Federal garrison could be alerted, the Texans stormed ashore yowling like a band of savage Comanches. Firing their six-guns in the air, they quickly overwhelmed the startled Yankee troops without a casualty on either side.

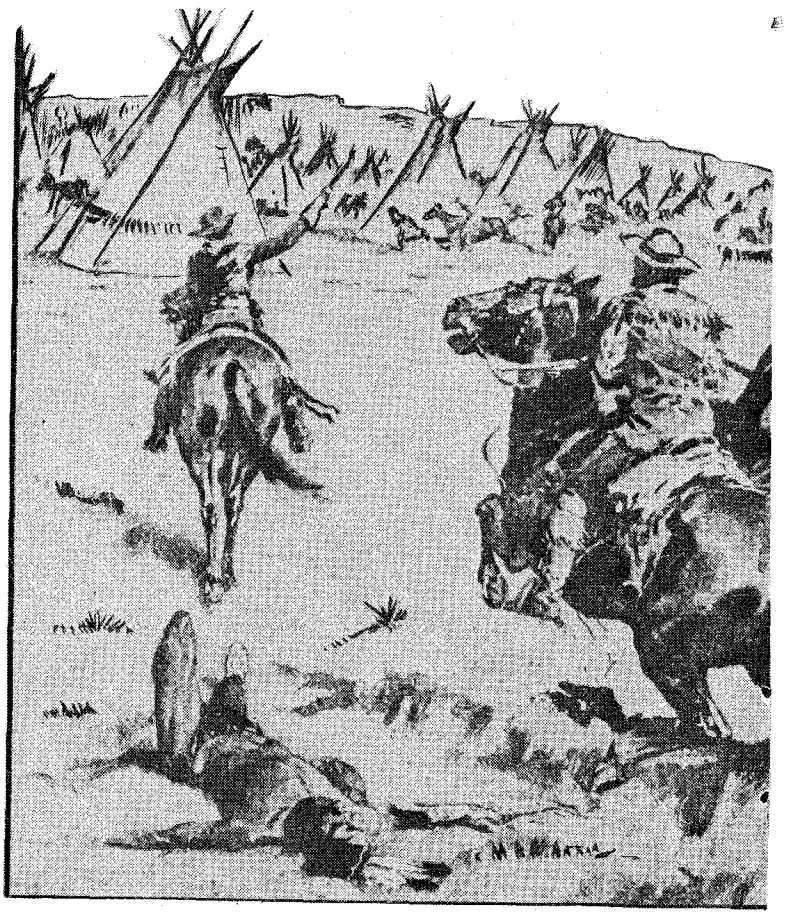
At the head of these cowboy soldiers, whose only touch of uniformity was a five-pointed silver star attached to Stetsons and Panama hats, was a tall and sinewy, stubble-bearded man whose brisk step and erect carriage suggested a long acquaintance with the military life. His name was John Salmon Ford, a colonel in the Texas militia, but to the men he had led in campaigns against Mexicans and Indians he was better known as "Old Rip."

Now as his "horse marines" prepared to pull down the Stars and Stripes, John Ford stepped into the circle of cheering Texas Rangers surrounding the flagstaff. Waving his wide-brimmed campaign hat to signal them to attention, he hopped on top of an artillery limber and -- in a voice that boomed like a 12-pounder cannon -- he declared, "Men of Texas, we have just struck a blow for the Confederacy and freedom from Northern tyranny!" An explosion of shrill ranger yells and whistles punctuated the declaration.

Then, his leathery face flushed with the excitement of the moment, Ford pointed dramatically to the American flag fluttering overhead. "I was born under that flag, I fought for it in Mexico, and I helped put the star of Texas on that blue field," he continued. "But now we have to stand alongside our Southern brethren to defend our homeland -- and if need be, to die heroically like those brave boys at the Alamo!"

Completely caught up in the excitement of the moment, Ford sprang from the limber, unsheathed his Bowie knife and slashed the halyards which held aloft the Union flag. As it slipped to the ground, the rangers screeched a long and loud "Yahoo!" And then, while a captured Yankee cannon was fired in salute, Ford personally raised the Lone Star flag of Texas.

That was John Ford at his theatrical best, winning one of the first victories of the newly formed Confederacy two months before the guns thundered against Fort Sumter. Within a month after this success, he captured or forced the evacuation of every other Union fort from Brownsville to El Paso, clearing the entire southern part of Texas of Federal forces. Thanks to Ford, the Con-



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LONE-STAR GIANT

From Walter Prescott Webb, The Texas Rangers

Robert Neighbors, Indian Agent who trail blazed with Ford.

PART ONE

federacy was able to bring in vitally needed provisions and arms from Mexico.

It was a great strategic victory for the South, and yet, today, Ford's actions to save the struggling Confederacy in its infancy are forgotten -- overshadowed by the more dramatic events at Fort Sumter. But then, sad to say, forgotten too are all the other once-legendary exploits of the amazing John Ford.

A state noted for its size, Texas has produced many big men; but the true story of Ford's adventure-filled life stands head and shoulders over the tallest of Texas tall tales. During his 82 years, Ford was a soldier, statesman, doctor, lawyer, frontier marshal, pathfinder, Texas Ranger, mayor of two large Texas cities, prominent state legislator, newspaper editor, educator and historian.

John Ford the statesman introduced the resolution that brought Texas into the Union; John Ford the Texas Ranger kept the Southwest from being turned into a graveyard of gutted ranchhouses and devastated cities by beating back the savage assaults of Comanche Indians and Mexican bandidos; John Ford the pathfinder helped blaze the famed El Paso trail, which opened whole new territories to settlement; and John Ford the Con-

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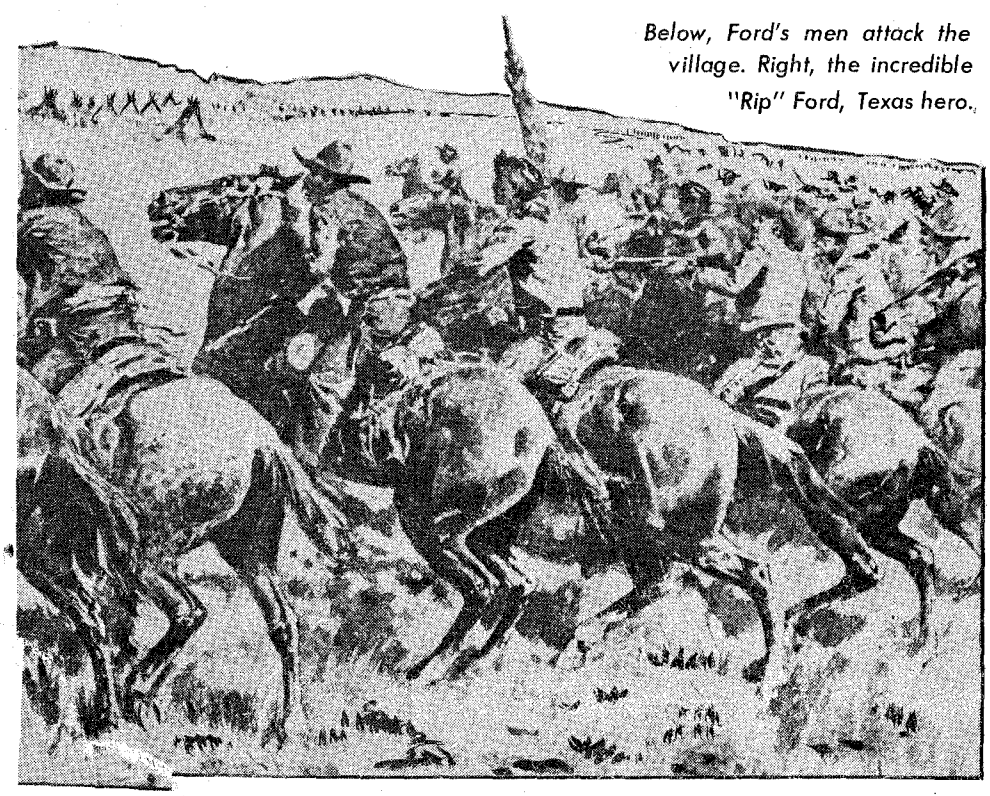
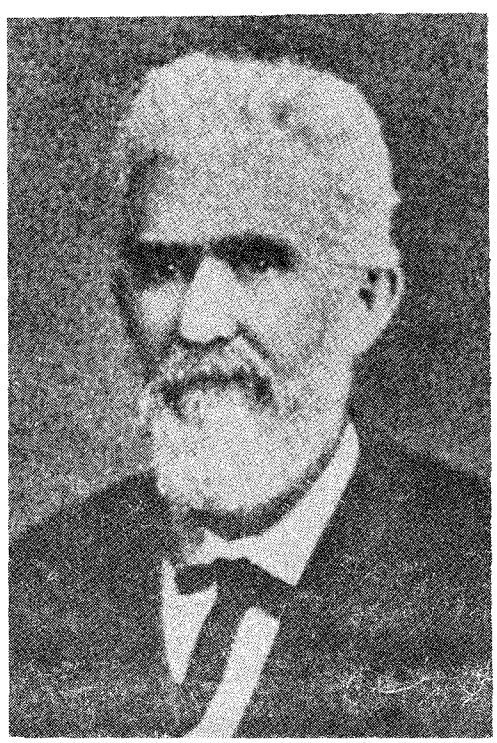


Below, Ford's men attack the village. Right, the incredible "Rip" Ford, Texas hero.



Rose Collection, Univ. of Oklahoma Library

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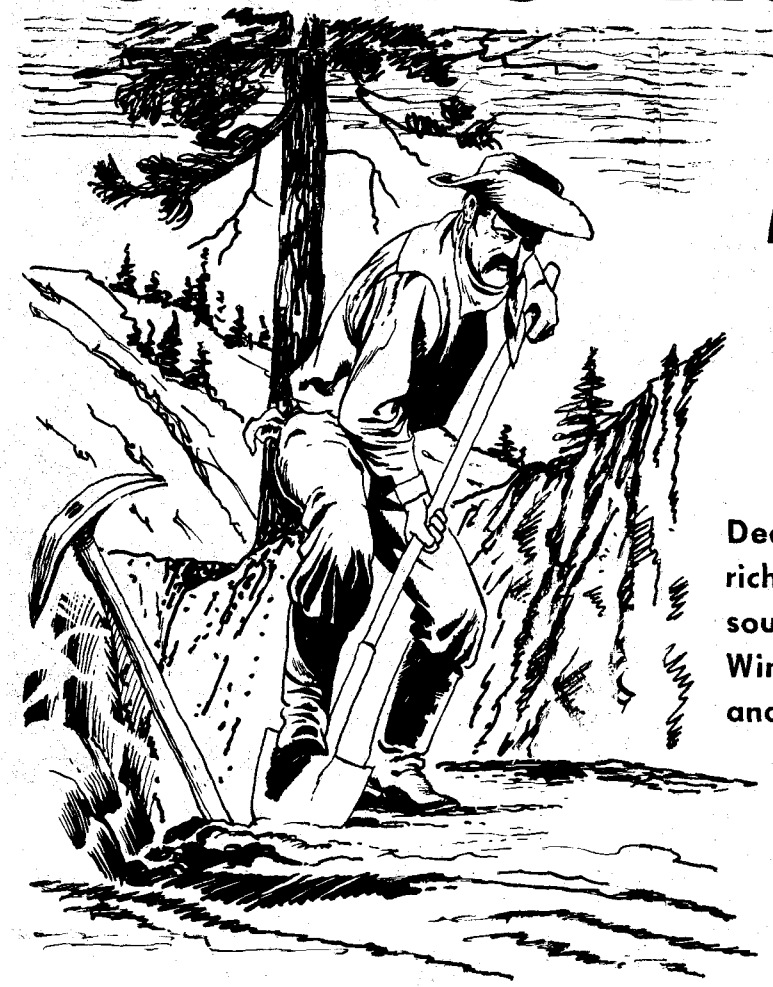
"SHE BURNS GREEN, ROSIE"



Death Valley's moods of heat and cold, riches and wasteland, lured many a brave soul to a torturous death, but for Aaron Winters it meant the discovery of Borax and a new chapter in American history.

by Bob Young

The macabre stories and names which echoed and re-echoed from the peaks and canyon walls of Death Valley held no terrors for Aaron Winters. Women didn't either, which was strange, since men who were dauntless when facing death often were wilting with women.

Proof was that Aaron had won Rosie, who was pretty as a desert sunset, for his wife. With a few head of cattle, Aaron and Rosie settled down on the Amargosa Desert, near a place called Ash Meadows.

"Rosie, we'll strike 'er big one of these days," Aaron kept telling his bride. "Then we'll be living in a big house, high on a hill where the fresh wind blows."

Perhaps any change would have been an improvement, considering the way they lived there at the Meadows. Theirs was a two room mud shack with a thatch roof and dirt floors. Rosie's boudoir consisted of a small mirror supported by a starch box. On each side were scraps of ribbon, combs which wanted for teeth and a variety of bottles and jars of beauty aids, most of which, alas, were empty. Aaron's luxuries consisted of a few copies of the Police Gazette. Outside spring water formed a pool in which ducks, chickens, a pig and a bulldog splashed to obviate the heat.

"Welcome, welcome," Aaron called heartily to the shuffling prospector who appeared at the Winters' home one night. "Come in and share our supper."

Harry Spiller put up his jackass to feed then walked in to eat beans, coffee and some greens which Rosie had prepared. As they finished coffee, Spiller explained he was from the Nevada borax country up around Columbus and Teel's Marsh. "It's funny stuff," he said, "but its worth lookin' for. Brings two bits a pound some places."

Aaron was immediately interested in such wealth but he was a hard metal man and didn't know much about borax. He listened as Spiller explained that it was shipped into the United States from as far away as Tibet and had a hundred uses; soaps, cosmetics, tanning, solvents, and many more unknown to Spiller. However, he was able to tell Aaron Winters how to recognize and test for anything in which borax might be suspected.

"Easy," Spiller said. "You just take a mixture of alcohol and sulphuric acid, pour it over the crystals, then touch a fire to it. If it burns greenish, then you got her."

Aaron nodded, absorbing Spiller's information and accepting a small supply of the chemicals to make his own tests.

It wasn't long after Harry Spiller left the next morning that Aaron and Rosie were busy putting together a few things. "Honey, I seen crystals just like Spiller described over in Death Valley. We'll just step over there and see."

It was some step indeed: They had to cross over the Funeral Range summit, then drop into the Furnace Creek

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area which was something akin to an outdoor sauna. They made a rough camp, then Aaron and Rosie scraped up some of the white crystals and carried them back to test, after supper and after dark.

With the meal things put away, Aaron carefully mixed the chemicals, poured the mixture over the minerals, then struck a match. It flared up.

"She burns green, Rosie," Aaron said hoarsely. "She burns green. We're rich."

There was a moment of silence, each perhaps dreaming of what the discovery would mean to them because there seemed to be limitless quantities of the white, crystalline stuff. But somehow all that seemed too far off. More practical things were in order. They put aside their fortune and hand in hand they walked to a small ditch, warm and wet with a trickle of desert water, Furnace Creek. Then, side by side, they sat down and soaked their blistered, bunioned and hot feet: In essence this was significant for as the borax softened waters flowed over their tortured feet, the Winters' were the first to receive the soothing benefits from their enormous discovery.

Aaron had always promised Rosie better things and Rosie had accepted his promises as a woman in love. It would be pleasant to relate that Rosie enjoyed a luxurious shopping tour, bought all the rings, gems and Florida Water she had desired, then returned to a fine ranch in Pahrump Valley but unfortunately, it just didn't happen that way. Rosie gained only a few luxuries then died abruptly and unfortunately.

Aaron realized immediately that such a mineral as borax required a huge capital investment, machinery, men, transportation and a myriad of lesser equipment before the first real dollar could emerge from the playa. Somewhere Aaron Winters heard of William T. Coleman, a San Francisco merchant of some substance, and he shipped off a sack of borax samples to him.

With Winters' move, a chain of several events began to link, some having started years before and many thousands of miles away.

Coleman had been born in Cyhthiana, Ky., in 1824--and he was 25 when he joined a California bound emigrant train. He found some gold but decided there was more money to be made in merchandising than mining and launched a successful career as a commission broker and merchant in Sacramento, Hangtown and later San Francisco. With the fervor of a man embracing a new love, Coleman took an active part in civic affairs, including being leader of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco which hanged four miscreants.

U. S. Borax photo

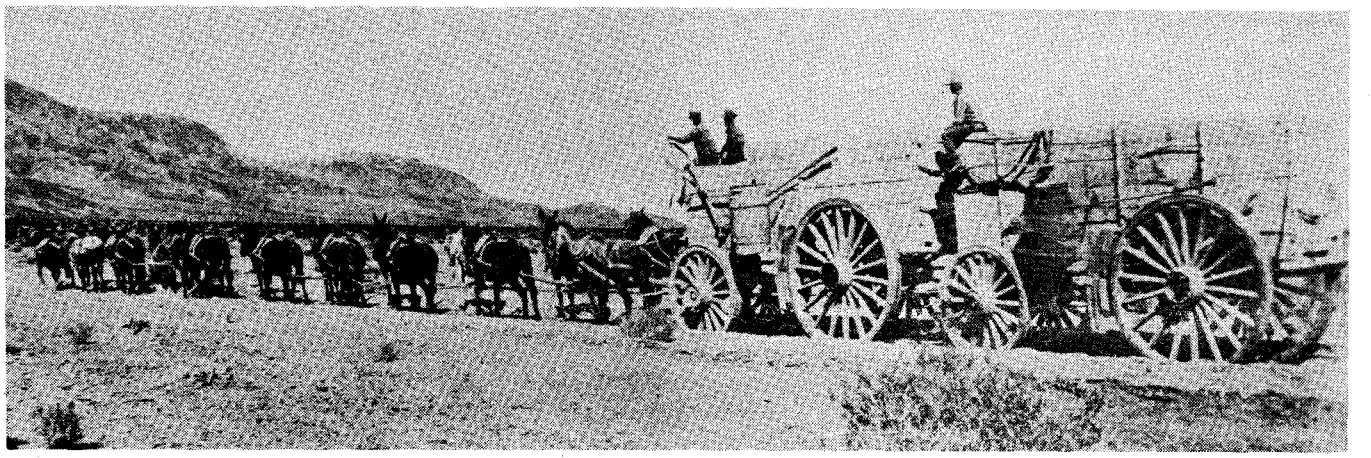
Aaron and Rosie succeeded beyond their wildest dreams.

During that time, the first discovery of borax in the United States was made in Tehama County, and while that initial effort didn't amount to much, Coleman was alerted to the potenials of a new wealth to be extracted from the ground and he invested in new promotions in Nevada during 1872.

It was in Columbus, Nevada that Coleman met Francis "Borax" Smith, a vigorous 26, and the other men who were to shape much of the history of the west.

The legendary 20 mule teams were needed to haul the heavy borax loads across miles of desert.

U. S. Borax photo



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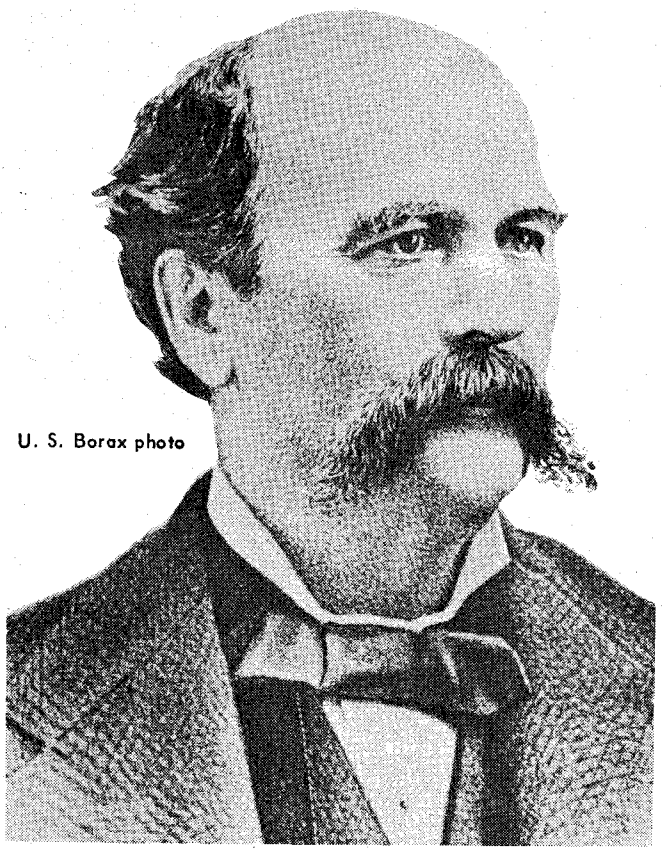
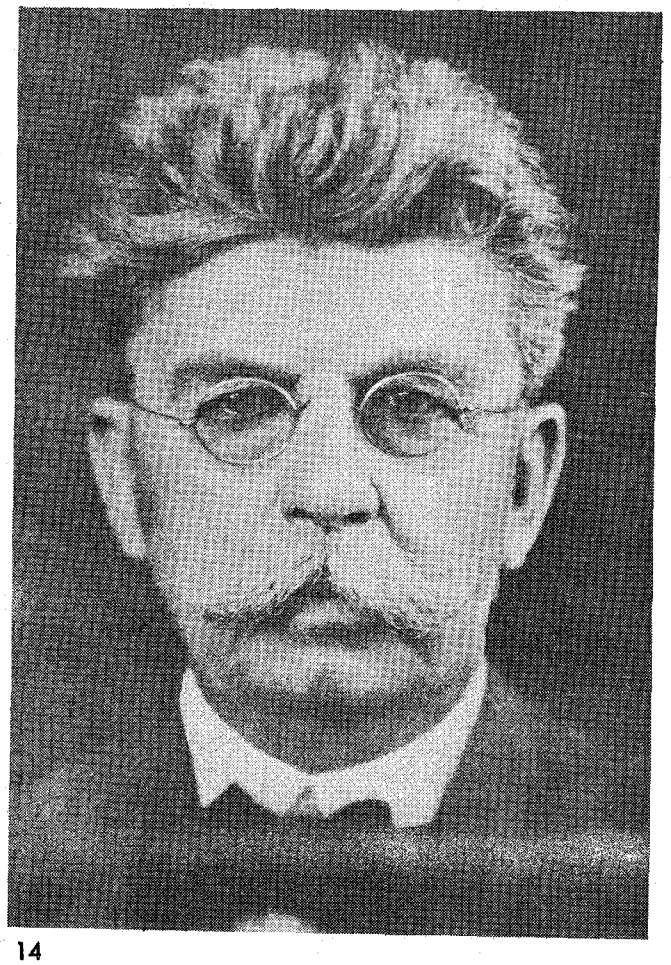


U. S. Borax photo

Above, William T. Coleman, a character, promoter, financier, borax miner. Below, "Borax" Smith, who helped make history.

U. S. Borax photo



Smith had prospected over much of the west by the time he landed in the Nevada borax area. He had little money, a few mules and a wealth of energy and ambition. He also had the ability to wisely choose assistants and seize an opportunity.

Opportunity there was. The cottonballs of borax required boiling and fuel was always a problem since the desert provided little. Smith began to supply fuel from "wood ranches." Among his customers was Coleman.

Then Smith took a greater interest in borax seeing that men would risk their lives for it. He staked out a mineral claim in Teel's Marsh and with his brother, John Ryan and John Roach, formed the Smith Brothers Company.

Borax Smith moved rapidly, buying, consolidating and acquiring claims. Prices for supplies and operations were fantastically high but the profits warranted it. Borax bought out his brothers then absorbed everything in sight. He then tried to purchase Coleman's interests.

Coleman's financial empire was only fractionally based on borax, whereas Borax's entire life was the mineral and its production. It was when these men were about to pit themselves, that Coleman's agent made a deal with Aaron Winters and opened up a new supply of borax.

Then a new hand was dealt in.

Five years before Winters' discovery, Isadore Daunet had seen borax deposits when he and five companions labored across Tomesha, the Ground on Fire area of Death Valley, from Panamint towards Arizona. Daunet risked a short cut and lost his way. Their water was exhausted and they killed their animals and drank their blood. With that gone, the men became crazed and wandered off. Only Daunet and another man made it back to civilization but he was willing to risk another venture into the Valley of Death when there was money to be made.

With four others, Daunet located extensive claims three miles north of Bennett's Well, which was 22 miles south of Winters' strike. But that was at least a day's trip in those days and Daunet's Eagle Borax Company was entirely apart from Coleman's interests. It was a year before Coleman got underway with the Harmony Borax Works.

Daunet dug a spring hole to assure water for dissolving the borax, then freighted in a huge boiler and 12 one thousand gallon settling tanks. The enormity of the job can be imagined in that the nearest wagon road worthy of that name was 150 miles away:

Daunet's processing wasn't complete and the first 37 tons brought only impure prices of 9¢, scarcely enough to cover costs. Heat forced suspension of activities from June until October and where one woman, Rosie, had been a force for good, Daunet became involved with Clothilde Garraul, a divorcee whose influence was far different.

Clothilde would not live in Death Valley under any circumstances.

Daunet went back to the Eagle's vats for another summer. When the season was over he returned, this time with some real money. Still she would not go back with her husband. In time, Daunet was served with divorce papers. He solved the entire problem by leaping from a San Francisco hotel window.

Coleman acquired Daunet's property as a reserve for the Harmony Borax Works but it was never needed and the ruins can still be seen in Death Valley.

Coleman's property also had difficulties to surmount.

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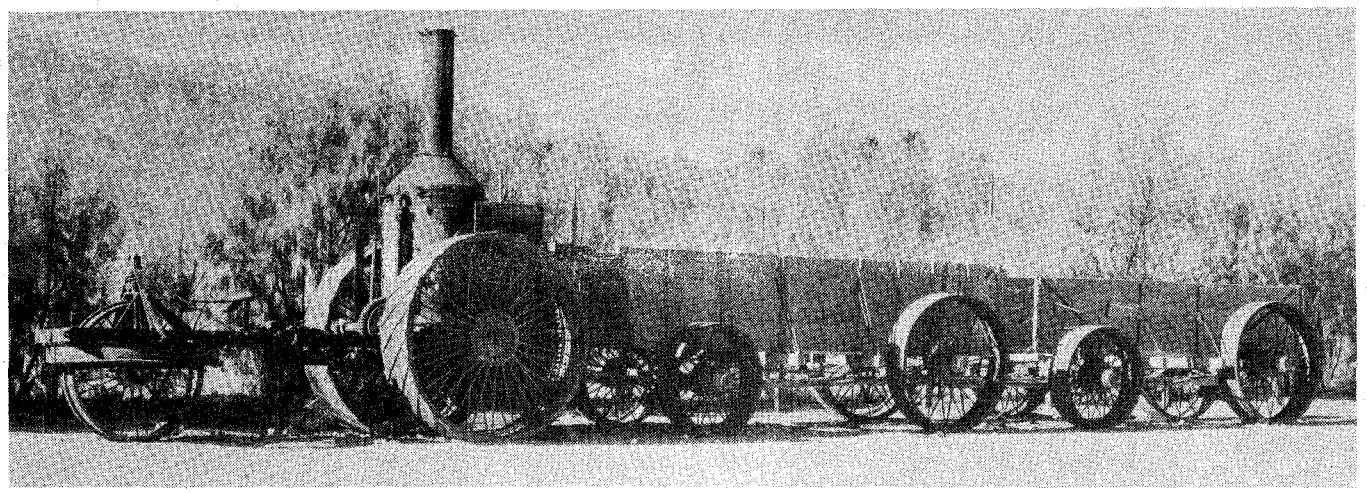

National Park Service photo

Old steam tractor and borax wagons now on display at the Furnace Creek Ranch.

Transportation was the principal obstacle, vast amounts of supplies, machinery, men had to come in and huge ore piles had to be moved out.

A connection with the outside world for shipping had to be hacked out of the desert somehow. The men selected a route from Old Harmony through Windy Gap in the Panamints, across the desert into Mojave. But what a wagon route it was.

Chinese coolies, the only people who could seemingly work endlessly in the sun with no more than steaming tea to sustain them, were brought in. With sledges they pounded down and broke the sharp crowded pinnacles of salt, now called the "Devil's Golf Course."

While the famed "Twenty Mule Teams" didn't actually start in Death Valley, because John Searles already was hauling mineral out of his ooze before Old Harmony began and there is a sketch of a similar team being used in Teel's Marsh in 1876, nevertheless the Twenty Mule Teams, used today as a slogan of a world famous borax company, were perfected and made heroic in Death Valley.

John and Dennis Searles played an important part in the entire development of the Twenty Mule Team and the Borax Days of Death Valley.

These were enormous wagons the teams hauled. Capable of carrying 10 tons, two of these ore wagons with seven foot wheels were hooked together. Behind them came a water tanker of 1200 gallons capacity, moving on smaller wheels. A single skinner (driver) guided the mules with a single jerk line plus ample profanity. He could work wonders with that line. Beside him was a swamper, something similar to a co-pilot, who received $75 per month compared with $100 earned by the driver.

Not only was this a trip of 30 days duration under the most incredible conditions, but these enormous wagons carried loads equal to modern freight cars--not over smooth, graded rails--but through trackless sand dunes, rocky, narrow defiles and through canyons as they moved the 165 miles from Old Harmony to the terminal at Mojave.

"It was nerve-wracking work, and in the midst of the desert's moods of heat and mystery, the tempers of men often cracked," Edwin Corle wrote so eloquently. "The long hours of intimacy, under strain, were hard for two men to endure. Best of friends found this familiarity bred comtempt, vindictiveness and hatred. Trifling idiosyncrasies of character became unbearable annoyances..."

Aaron Winters, who had played such an important part in the development of the borax industry, was still a man of courage and determination.

Taxes had to be paid at Belmont, and Winters hitched up a team to make the rugged trip. Since the trip required about four days each way, Winters had to make stop-overs at a couple of watering places along the route. At the San Antone Station, busy with men and freighters in the borax industry, Winters put up for a night to feed, water and rest his team.

Though he never said anything about it, most people believed that Winters had killed a couple of men during his wanderings. But whether or not he had, Winters had a way of looking through men so it didn't encourage anyone to ruffle him. The night before he had staged a party for a couple of strangers, who suggested since they had to go to Belmont that all three might as well travel together. Winters shrugged. "Make company anyway," he said throwing a broken old six-gun into the jockey box of the wagon, on top of the $1200 sack of golden eagles he was carrying for tax purposes.

Winters was skirmishing with breakfast when a woman whispered to him. "You got anything interesting in your wagon jockey box?" she asked.

"Yep, I do. $1200," Aaron snapped. "Why?"

"You'd better look after it." Winters' friends from the night before were frantically hitching up their horses, right after pawing through the jockey box.

Winters pushed away from the table and found his wagon box had been rifled. The $1200 and the broken gun were both gone. Hearing some noise in the rear of the livery stable, Winters turned to find one of his companions of the night before standing there, gun in hand.

"You get out, Winters," the man snarled.

Winters who had been perched on the wagon seat, laughed. "Let's see what you'll do about it if I don't." he said.

The thief, startled, pulled the trigger of the gun he was holding. Snap, Nothing. Snap. He looked down to see what was fouled with it and Winters moved. He pulled a gun from underneath the seat cushion and killed the thief. Winters' gun now covered the other man, who immediately dropped his gun and held up his hands. Winters turned both the body and the live thief over to officers then whipped up his team and

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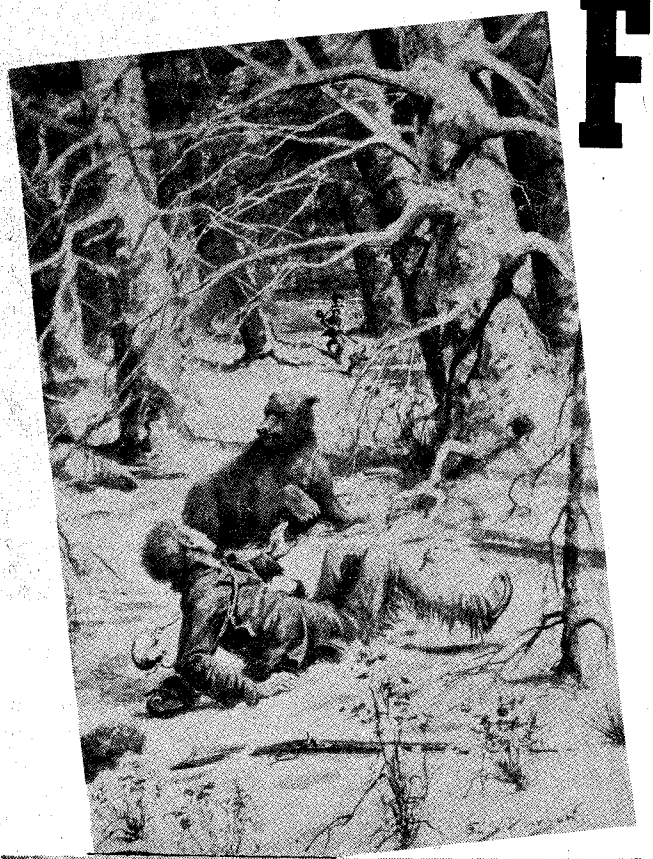
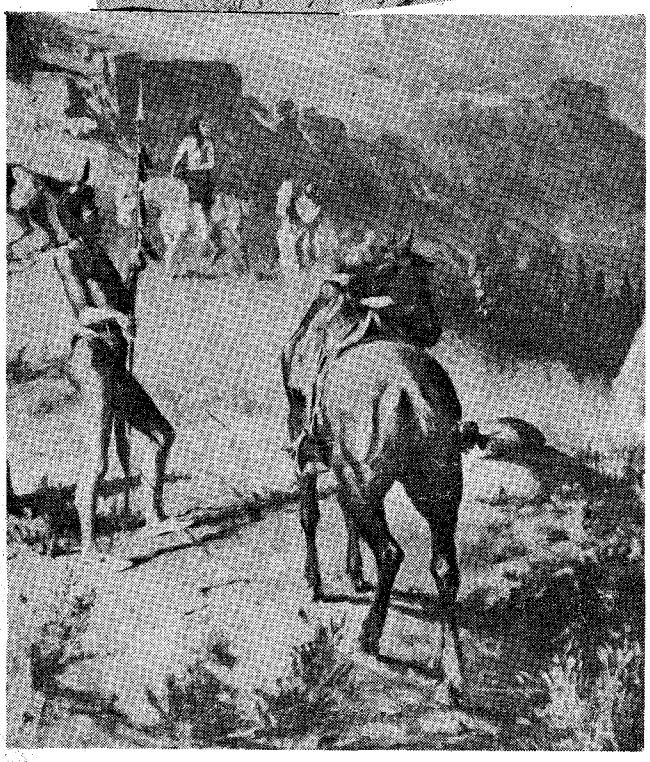
EDGAR PAXSON, FORGOTTEN





Top, Trapper Attacked By Bear. *Below,* Indian Camp; *two Paxson paintings owned by Dr. Franz Stenzel, Portland, Ore.*

His adventurous spirit carried him into rugged danger, bloody battles, crude hardship, but from it all came some of the most beautiful paintings of the old West.

by Helen Clark

All photos furnished by author

It was not the chill in the night air that sent shivers down the spine of the slender-built lawman hidden in the hind boot of the Concord coach as it rattled over the rocky dirt road out of Bannack. It was the knowledge that this stage was marked for holdup by a gang of thieves and murderers who were constantly pilfering the rich gold shipments from the wealthy mining camps of Alder, Virginia and Nevada City.

On this trip through the night a rich gold shipment rested on the stage. The head of the Vigilantes in the Territory, frontier Marshal X. Biedler himself rode on top, with Shotgun Brown beside him, but their ace in the hole was the slight young man by the name of Edgar S. Paxson who was concealed in the hind boot. He was a deadly shot, and in time he was to prove himself not only one of the Territory's top artists with guns, but a frontier artist of singular skill with pen, brush, oils and water colors.

There had been a leak in information concerning the gold, and Biedler was positive it was at the hands of the sheriff of Bannack. More and more the finger of suspicion was pointing to this handsome, intellectual badge-packer Henry Plummer. It seemed almost incredible that a man of such charm and position in the community of Bannack could be linked with a gang of desperadoes, but indications hinted it was possible, so Biedler determined to take no chances. In the hind boot of the coach, Paxson waited, heavily armed.

This time, however, the wily Plummer and his cohorts

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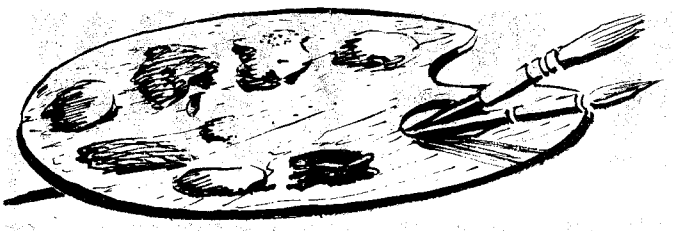
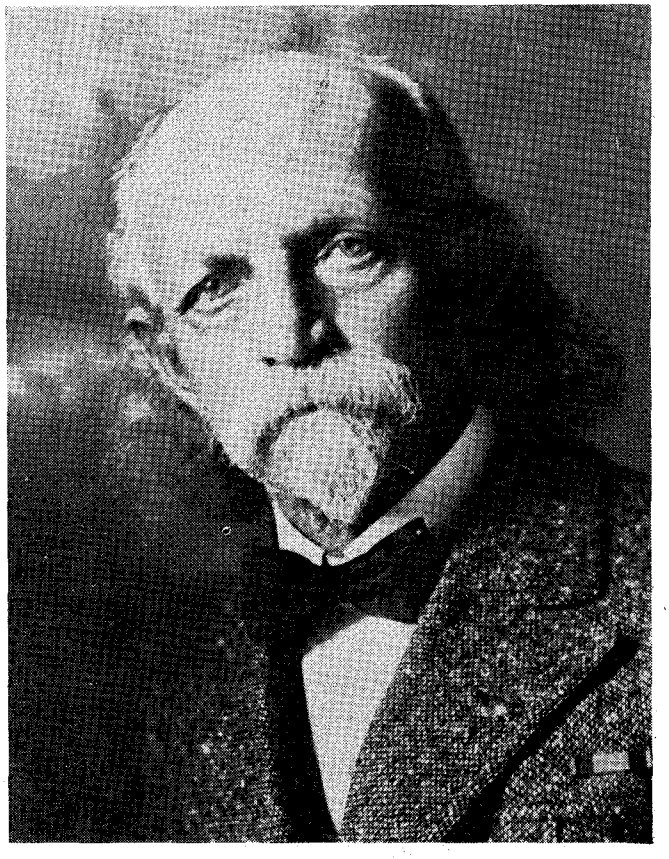


FRONTIER ARTIST

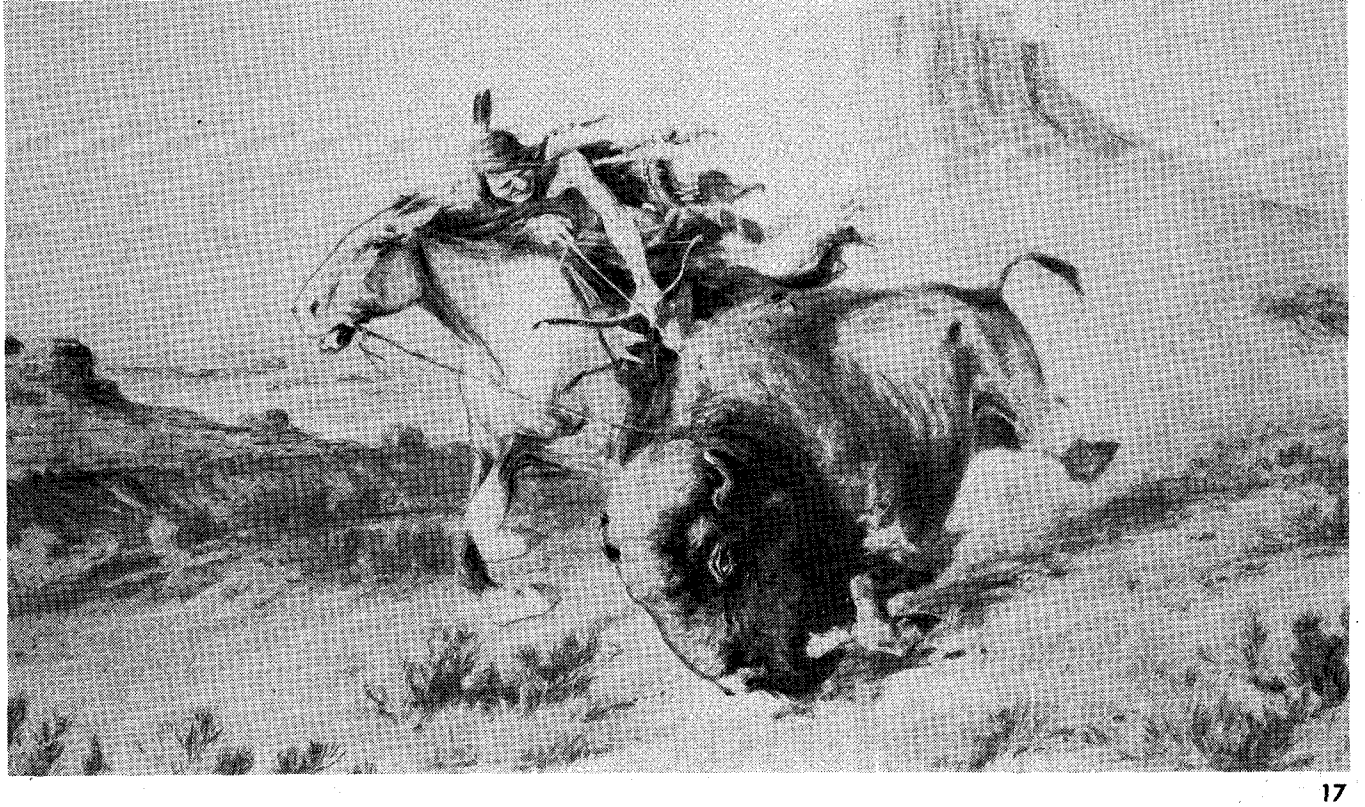


Paxson loved to wear buckskins but dressed up for this portrait.

did not attack. As much as Paxson's presence had been clothed in secrecy, even this closely guarded strategy had been discovered and someone had tipped off the outlaw leader. It was a dry run as far as violence was concerned, but a golden one when delivery of the goods was weighed. It was but one of the many experiences the youthful Paxson would find in the West.

New York-born Paxson was the son of Christina and William Hambleton Paxson. His people were Quakers, the father a carriage maker by profession. As a youth, Edgar helped his dad build and paint carriages, but in his early twenties, Edgar and a brother took a tour of the Southwest. So intrigued was he with the vast West that he yearned for it ever after. He married in his early twenties, but even this tie could not make him sink roots in the East. After the birth of his first son, he took off for the timbered areas of northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, serving in these places as a lumberjack, and at times as a hunting guide. But in

Buffalo Hunt, *a water color by Paxson, painted in 1909.*



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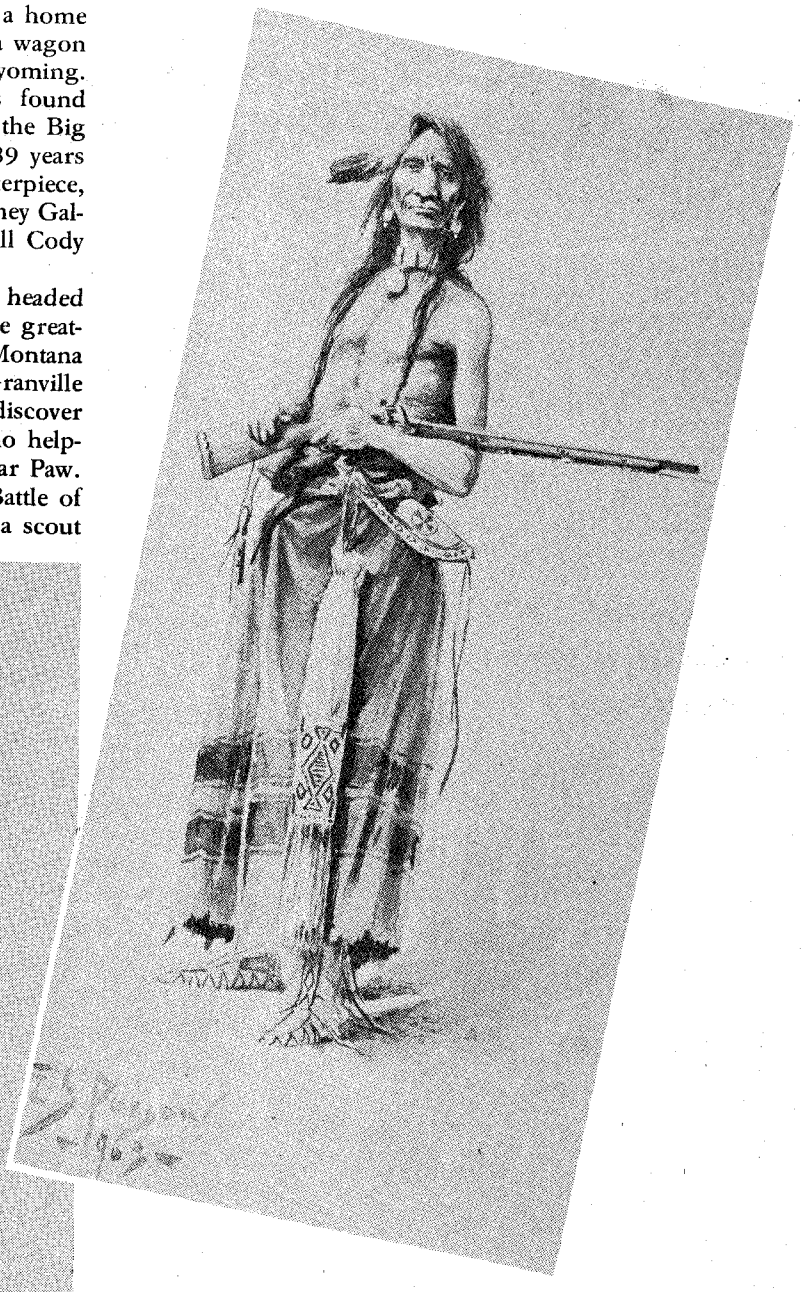
1876 he saw a chance to go farther West to seek a home for his family. He hired on as a driver with a wagon train which would cross the Great Plains to Wyoming. Upon reaching its destination, the passengers found the country still in an uproar over the battle of the Big Horn. Paxson was not to know that some 89 years later, Cody, Wyoming would prize his masterpiece, "Custer's Last Battle," which hangs in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art neighboring the Buffalo Bill Cody Museum.

But Paxson did not stay in Wyoming. He headed north for Montana, where he was to reside for the greater part of his life. He was to know the great Montana Territorial personalities of his day, men like Granville and James Stuart, who were among the first to discover gold on Gold Creek; Major Nelson A. Miles, who helped subdue the Nez Perce at the Battle of the Bear Paw.

Edgar was one year too late to witness the Battle of the Big Horn, but he was on hand to serve as a scout



Above: An Old Sioux Scout. *Left:* Frontier Figure With Gun. *Two examples of Paxson's remarkable skill with water colors.*

for the residents of western Montana Territory during the Nez Perce War. He knew well the turmoil of its citizens as chiefs Joseph, Looking Glass, White Bird and Too-hul-hul-sote tried to escape persecution from the United States Militia and seek asylum in Canada. Only White Bird was successful in reaching this sanctuary, the others were either captured or killed.

As a frontiersman, Paxson recorded all that he had seen and experienced, and it was enviable accounting. He had known capture at the hands of Indians during his first years in Montana Territory. Once he was held hostage for 48 hours by a band which intercepted him in Ryan Canyon when he was serving as a messenger. He won his release by drawing on an envelope he carried the likeness of the band's chief. In time, the Indians were to call him "Cot-Lo-See", meaning "He Sees Everything."

Everything he saw he recorded but time has proven

{Continued on Page 48}

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the OLD BIRD CAGE THEATRE

It was a cage, all right, but no one wanted to get out of it--they all wanted to get in and take part in the raucous show that went on day and night...

by Kittie Dale

Photo furnished by author

In 1881 in Tombstone, Arizona, if the cowboys watching the performance on the stage at the Bird Cage Theatre were displeased with the show, they took pot shots at the actors! There are bullet holes in the wood just below the stage, shot from the gun of a drunken cowboy whose aim was bad.

Aside from the many saloons and gambling halls, the most popular meeting place was the Bird Cage Theatre, a one story adobe structure, divided in two sections, the barroom in the front and the theatre proper, separated by a partition.

The barroom was crowded day and night. Customers drank and gambled all day until time for the show, then after the show, they danced, gambled and drank until morning.

One night a difference occurred in the dance hall between two burlesque queens, Margarita and Silver Dollar, who fought over the affection of one man. Silver Dollar stabbed Margarita to death. Her grave is located along a lonely foot path in the Boot Hill Graveyard.

The Bird Cage attracted the rougher element, the shows were on the risque side and nightly it was packed to the brim. At the same time the cultural groups were attracted to Schieffelin Hall. It was the home of drama and higher type performances of minstrels, tragedy, musical comedy and light opera.

Schieffelin Hall was named for the bearded prospector who set out from Fort Huachuea in 1877, despite danger from the Apaches, to "look for stones." Reflecting on a remark made to him by a fellow scout, "The only stone you will find will be your tombstone," he decided to call the place 'Tombstone' when he filed his silver ore claim. The name Tombstone went into official record.

Because of the mine activities, Tombstone became a rich, rip-roaring frontier town with dirt streets and arcaded sidewalks, a tough and rugged thoroughfare for Apache Indians, cowboys, prospectors, professional gamblers, dance hall girls, cattle thieves, stage robbers, Mexicans, Chinese, and mine owners.

In the Bird Cage was a "horse-show" of small curtained upper boxes around the wall, suspended from the ceiling. Access to them was by means of a very steep, narrow stair-way. The hall became known as the Bird Cage because the boxes resembled cages and the actresses, when not performing served as waitresses, birds in a gilded cage.

The wicker serving baskets were sent up to the waitresses on a dumb waiter operated on ropes from the end of the bar. Nothing less than a quart was served and the basket nested ten quarts. The red velvet drapes in the gilded Bird Cage were lowered private parties.

The price of seats in the auditorium was $1.00, except for special occasions. The boxes rented for as high as $25.00 a night, depending on the location. One well

{Continued on Page 50}

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HOW THE WEST WAS FENCED IN

by Ray Schuessler

IT COULD BE HARD to exaggerate the effect that barbed wire had upon the American West. Until the end of the Civil War the western range was open for the use of all people. The grass and the water was available to anyone who had cows to graze.

But with the rapid expansion of cattle ranches eager to jump on the growing meat wagon, cattlemen began to fear that there wouldn't be sufficient feeding ground to take care of all the cattle. So the big ranches, which once had let their cattle out to graze on free government land, now began to fence in that land to make sure no one else would fence it off for themselves.

The homesteader, of course, was the first to holler because what once had been free land to settle now was illegally enclosed in huge cow pastures. He was to fight back, and with the help of this very same barbed wire, he would help change the face and life of the once unconquerable West.

Barbed wire, the irritating, insignificant, pinprick of a steel string which was to have such a powerful influence over the mighty West could not have come into existence at a more propitious time. The Western cattle ranges were being overrun with Indian raiders, rustlers, straying calves, and just general disorder because no decent enclosure system had ever been devised. The U.S. Department of Agriculture suggested growing thorn bushes to help hold cattle together. But this was hardly practical. One inventor got a patent on wooden rail fences with protruding nails, but where would you get wood on the forestless plains of Texas and New Mexico?

About this time in 1874 Mrs. J.F. Glidden of De Kalb, Illinois, asked her husband to protect her flower garden from marauding dogs. He placed a wire fence around the garden which the dogs ignored -- until he wound small pieces of wire in the shape of barbs around the strands.

Factually, the first barbed wire patent was granted to Alphonzo Dabb on April 2, 1867 and the Patent Office has recorded some 400 ideas on the subject, so although credited with the invention, Glidden wasn't really the first. His version however was the best.

When Glidden had finished his first sample, he showed it to a local hardware merchant, Isaac L. Ellwood. Ellwood then produced a rather cumbersome specimen of barbed wire that he had been working on. Upon seeing the two samples, Mrs. Ellwood firmly announced to her husband that Glidden had the better wire. Glidden got a patent on his barbed wire in 1874 and he and Ellwood

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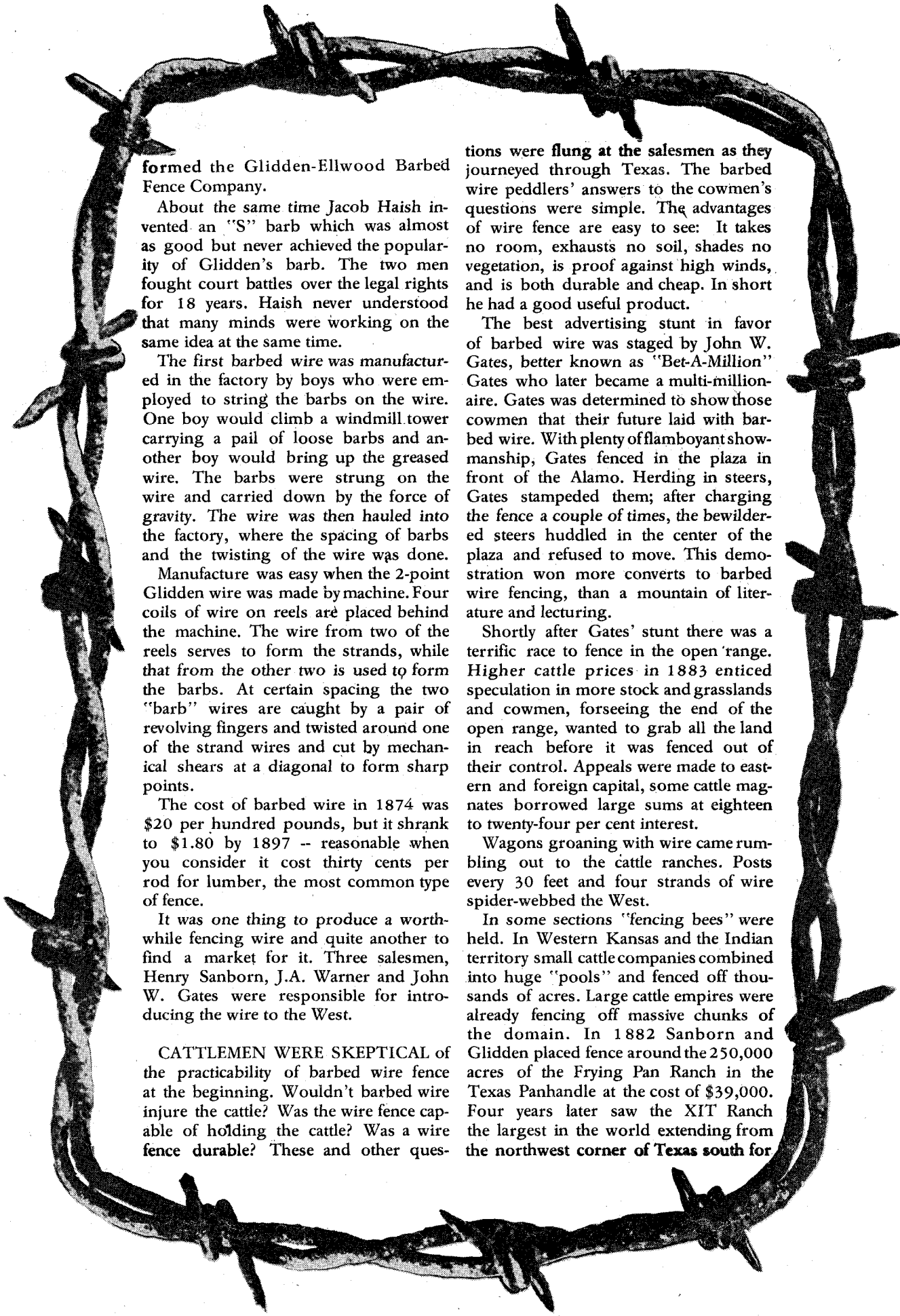

formed the Glidden-Ellwood Barbed Fence Company.

About the same time Jacob Haish invented an "S" barb which was almost as good but never achieved the popularity of Glidden's barb. The two men fought court battles over the legal rights for 18 years. Haish never understood that many minds were working on the same idea at the same time.

The first barbed wire was manufactured in the factory by boys who were employed to string the barbs on the wire. One boy would climb a windmill tower carrying a pail of loose barbs and another boy would bring up the greased wire. The barbs were strung on the wire and carried down by the force of gravity. The wire was then hauled into the factory, where the spacing of barbs and the twisting of the wire was done.

Manufacture was easy when the 2-point Glidden wire was made by machine. Four coils of wire on reels are placed behind the machine. The wire from two of the reels serves to form the strands, while that from the other two is used to form the barbs. At certain spacing the two "barb" wires are caught by a pair of revolving fingers and twisted around one of the strand wires and cut by mechanical shears at a diagonal to form sharp points.

The cost of barbed wire in 1874 was $20 per hundred pounds, but it shrank to $1.80 by 1897 -- reasonable when you consider it cost thirty cents per rod for lumber, the most common type of fence.

It was one thing to produce a worthwhile fencing wire and quite another to find a market for it. Three salesmen, Henry Sanborn, J.A. Warner and John W. Gates were responsible for introducing the wire to the West.

CATTLEMEN WERE SKEPTICAL of the practicability of barbed wire fence at the beginning. Wouldn't barbed wire injure the cattle? Was the wire fence capable of holding the cattle? Was a wire fence durable? These and other questions were flung at the salesmen as they journeyed through Texas. The barbed wire peddlers' answers to the cowmen's questions were simple. The advantages of wire fence are easy to see: It takes no room, exhausts no soil, shades no vegetation, is proof against high winds, and is both durable and cheap. In short he had a good useful product.

The best advertising stunt in favor of barbed wire was staged by John W. Gates, better known as "Bet-A-Million" Gates who later became a multi-millionaire. Gates was determined to show those cowmen that their future laid with barbed wire. With plenty of flamboyant showmanship, Gates fenced in the plaza in front of the Alamo. Herding in steers, Gates stampeded them; after charging the fence a couple of times, the bewildered steers huddled in the center of the plaza and refused to move. This demonstration won more converts to barbed wire fencing, than a mountain of literature and lecturing.

Shortly after Gates' stunt there was a terrific race to fence in the open range. Higher cattle prices in 1883 enticed speculation in more stock and grasslands and cowmen, forseeing the end of the open range, wanted to grab all the land in reach before it was fenced out of their control. Appeals were made to eastern and foreign capital, some cattle magnates borrowed large sums at eighteen to twenty-four per cent interest.

Wagons groaning with wire came rumbling out to the cattle ranches. Posts every 30 feet and four strands of wire spider-webbed the West.

In some sections "fencing bees" were held. In Western Kansas and the Indian territory small cattle companies combined into huge "pools" and fenced off thousands of acres. Large cattle empires were already fencing off massive chunks of the domain. In 1882 Sanborn and Glidden placed fence around the 250,000 acres of the Frying Pan Ranch in the Texas Panhandle at the cost of $39,000. Four years later saw the XIT Ranch the largest in the world extending from the northwest corner of Texas south for

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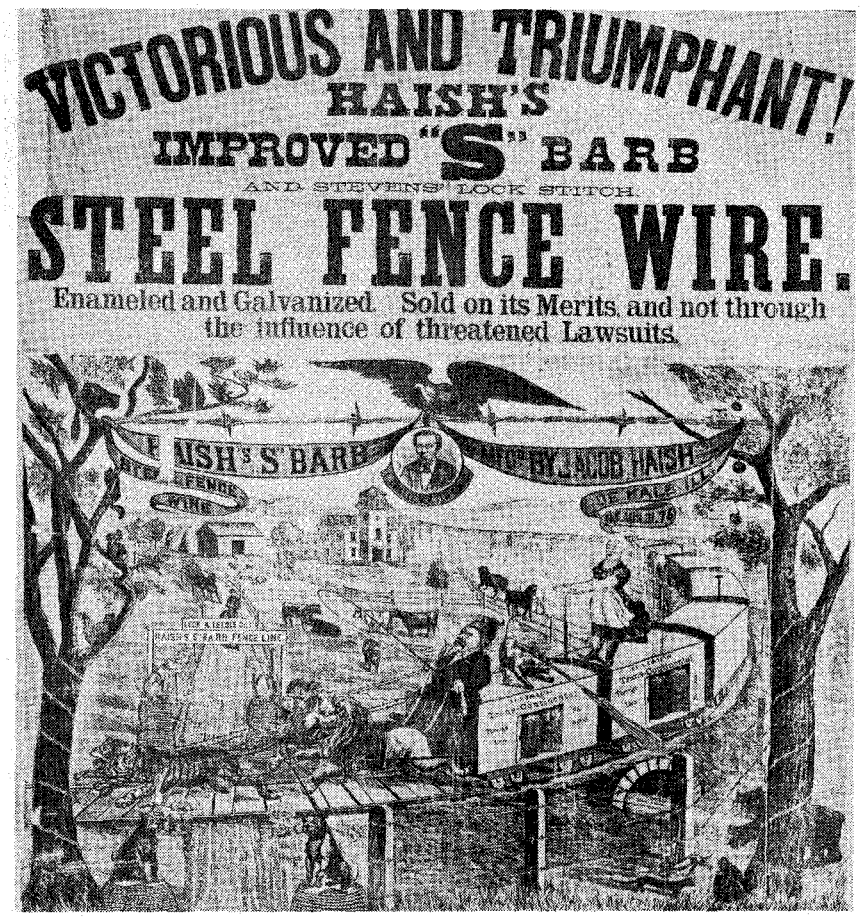
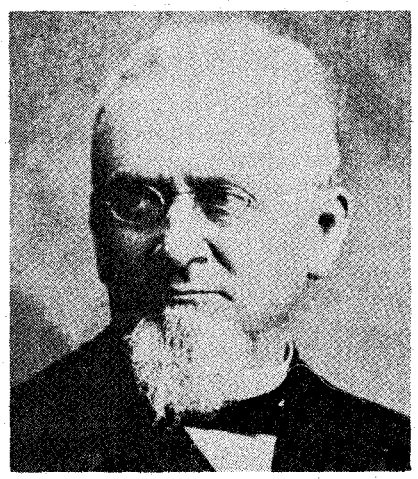
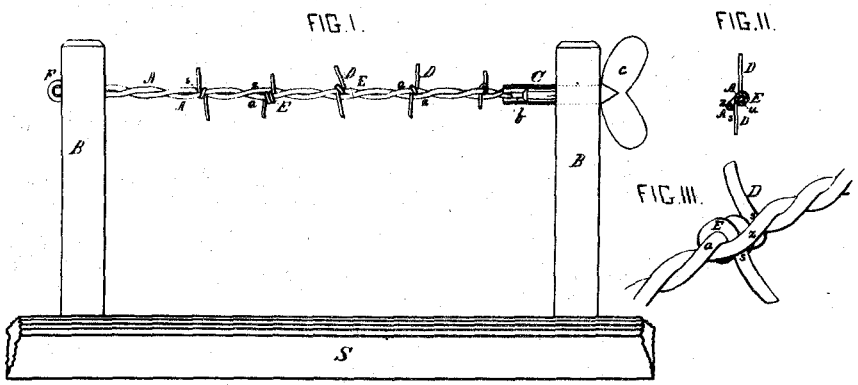

VICTORIOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!
HAISH'S
IMPROVED "S" BARB
AND STEVENS' LOCK STITCH
STEEL FENCE WIRE.
Enameled and Galvanized. Sold on its Merits, and not through the influence of threatened Lawsuits.
HAISH'S S BARB
MFD BY JACOB HAISH

U. S. Steel Corp.

A Haish advertising poster used about 1880. Right: Jacob Haish, one of the first to patent barb wire.



Left: J.F. Glidden, acclaimed to be the inventor of the wire, and some of his production sketches.



185 miles and which fed 125,000 longhorns on its 3 million acres, put three hundred carloads of fence around 1,500 miles of their land at the cost of $181,000, Production of barbed wire fence leaped from five tons in 1874 to 200,000 tons in 1900. Charlie Goodnight in New Mexico was supposed to have 3,000,000 acres of government land under fence. Bartlett Richards, a big rancher in Nebraska had gulped up 1,000,000 acres of land with wire.

The West went fence crazy. Fences even ran across roads and travelers had to cut their way through. "Why if you left your family alone more than a day you might come home to find the whole kiboodle fenced in," wrote one small rancher.

Illegal fencing became a national scandal. At the peak around 1887 there were about 10 million acres of land illegally fenced in by the big companies.

In 1885 a severe law was passed by Congress and President Cleveland ordered the removal of all illegal fences and forbade any interference with the peaceful occupation of public lands by homesteaders.

But apparently the fences were slow in coming down, for when Teddy Roosevelt became president in 1901, he also ordered them down. Ranchers sent delegates to parley with "Ole" Teddy who once had hunted and bullied with them on badlands. But gritty Teddy, with all his teeth showing was adamant. "The fences must come down," he complained. "It is illegal to enclose government land, you varmints."

The change from an open to a closed range cause a revolution in the social and economic structure of the West and it was unavoidable that war would follow. A sharp conflict developed between cowmen and settlers. In barbed wire, the settler had found a tool, which for the first time made the small homestead a possibility on the Great Plains.

Actually, barbed wire was a double-edged weapon in the conflict between the cattlemen and settlers. The ranchers could fence the farmers out of their range, but in many cases the settlers had the option of keeping the cowmen out of waterholes by fencing them in. As one Texas daily newspaper put it, "Barbed wire makes it possible for the citizens of Texas to own and control the land of Texas in common with the Lords, Dukes, and Mighty Sirs of Europe." Nor was it always a conflict between ranchers and settlers: sometimes fencing feuds arose between cowmen. Some Cattle Associations passes rules that no foreman should be allowed to register and own a brand of his own.

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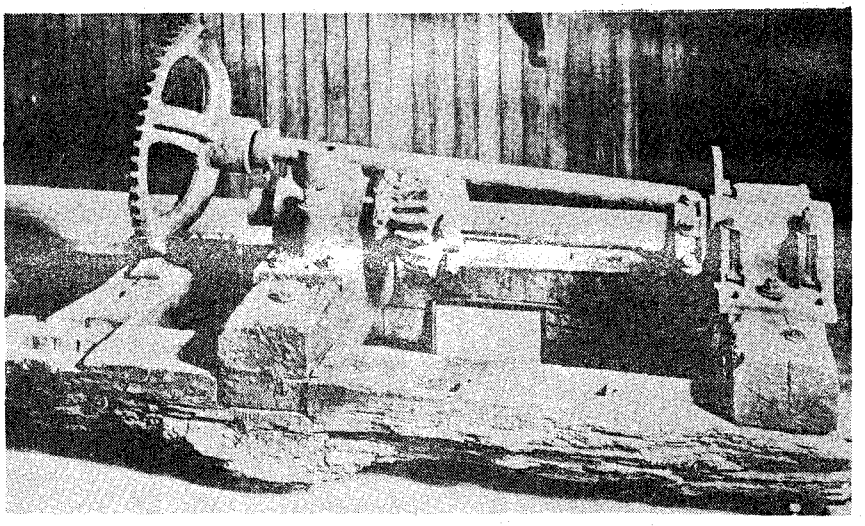
"FENCE WARS" began breaking out in 1878-1883. Many times individuals and even organizations of fence cutters with monickers such as, the Owls, Blue Devils and Javelians, cut miles of fence on their midnight rides. A young Texas Ranger, Ira Aten, served as an undercover agent with a notorious gang of rustlers and fence cutters. Pretending to be a homeless range drifter, Aten was accepted by the Brown County bunch, one of the roughest, smartest gangs in the West. He gathered evidence right in their midst, then alerted the Rangers who later trapped them at Peacan Bayou. There were a multitude of causes for these "fencing wars". Many of the motivations were revealed in a heated debate carried on in the pages of the Cheyenne Leader during the years 1883-1884.

The most obvious reason was the desire for free grass and open range. Second, the hatred of many of the larger corporations was symolized by miles of fenced land. *The Wyoming Sentinel* grimly warned, "Some morning we will wake up to find that a corporation has run a a wire fence about the boundary lines of Wyoming, and all within the same have been notified to move."

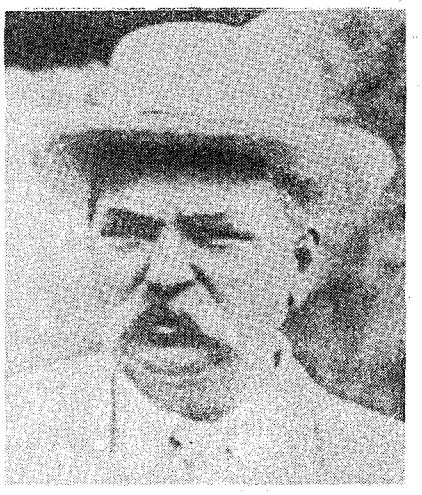
Third, some of the economic protest movements, such as the Greenbackers, encouraged fence cutting. Fourth, probably one of the most important causes was the damage to stock cause by fencing. In a winter storm, cattle drifting in search of shelter would be stopped by a wire fence and stand there until they froze to death. Oliver Nelson, an old-time cowman, wrote, "I saw drifts of dead cattle along that fence sometimes four hundred yards wide, just like they had bedded down. There would be some vacant places but not many; carcasses pretty much all along." Ranchers of the Indian Territory had built a barbed-wire fence 170 miles long across the Panhandle to New Mexico, with a parallel fence south of it along the Canadian. During one big winter storm tens of thousands of cattle lay piled along the fences.

However, the effects of barbed wire were not all bad. Barbed wire fences broke up the long cattle drives. The end of this practice benefited the cattle industry in several ways. Stock disease that had bedeviled the frontiersmen for a decade was materially reduced. With the passing of the cattle drives came better beef since more attention could be given to better breeding. Now the cattle could be held in pastures and fattened with alfalfa and corn. Closing the range reduced the number of strays and mavericks. The Wyoming Stock Growers' Association reported that "4,000 strays had been recovered" in 1887.

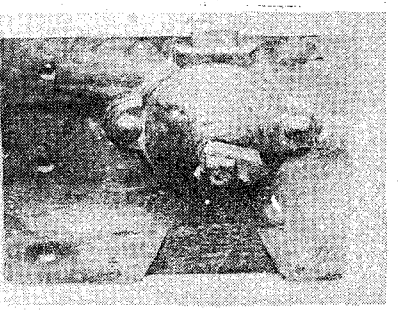


U. S. Steel Corp.

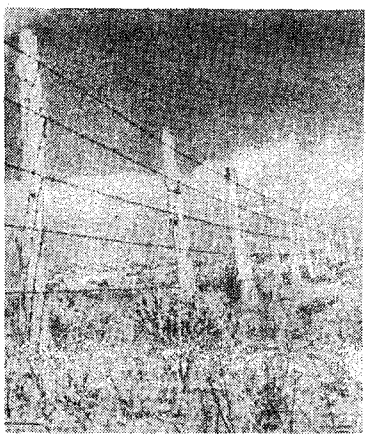
Above is the first wire-drawing frame by Ichabod Washburn who started first successful business. Right: J.W. Gates.



Left: Isaac Ellwood went into business with Glidden. Below: part of Glidden's barb-forming mill.



U. S. Dept. of Agriculture



Rustling and Indian raids were partially reduced by fenced land. Finally, wire fencing induced many ranchers to provide a water supply for arid lands. The drilling of wells and erection of windmills closely followed barbed wire. Law and order, better towns and churches followed. The barbed wire fence had succeeded in doing what the rifle or the Colt never did -- it domesticated the Wild West.

RW

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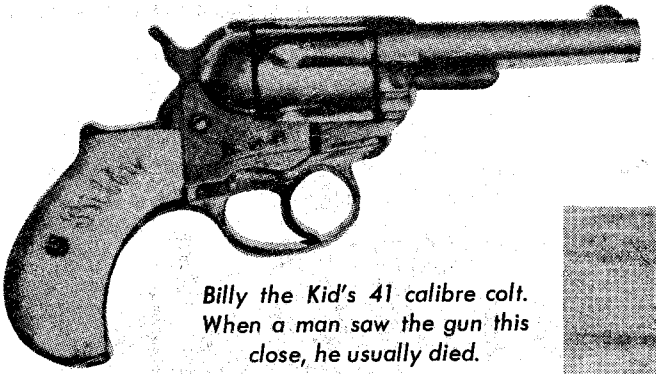
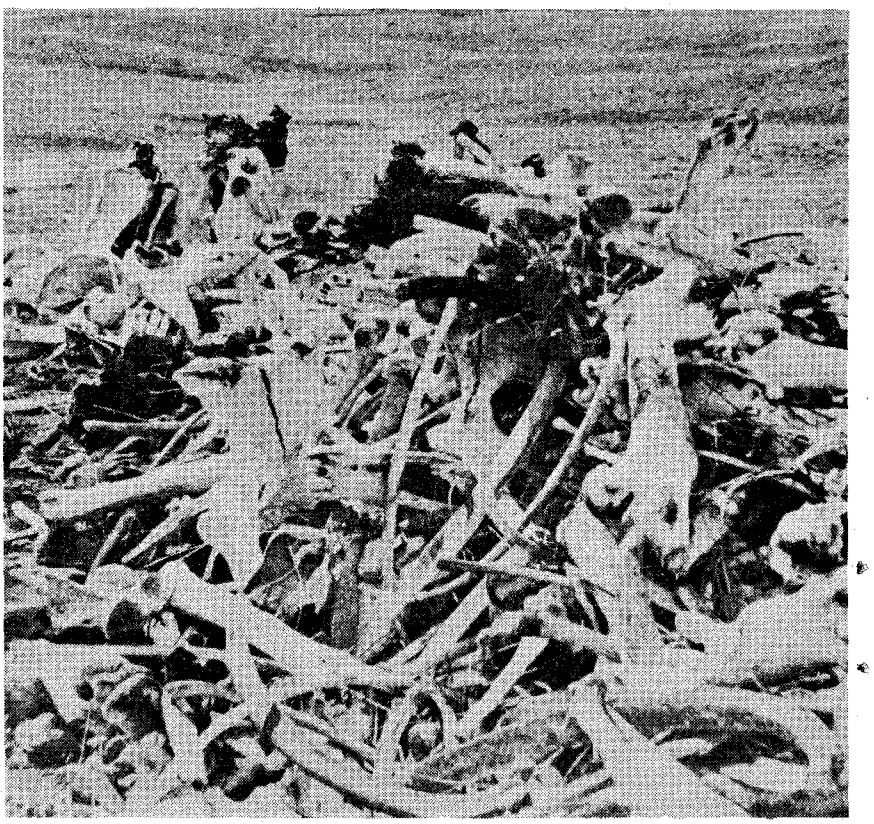


Billy the Kid's 41 calibre colt. When a man saw the gun this close, he usually died.

Tangled pile of bones at the Little Big Horn, some are human, some animal, all stripped clean by decay and hungry beasts when the mutilated corpses lay strewn about the blood soaked soil of the Custer battlefield.



The horse COMANCHE survived the Custer massacre and was later preserved by Prof. Dyche at the Univ. of Kansas.

Inside view of a notorious opium den in San Francisco in the old West. Here in the Chinese underground, the thrifty Chinese found his main source of pleasure, sometimes an escape...to death.

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PICTORIAL

Legendary cowboys who live now only in the romantic tales that are still told about them. Top: Roy Robinson, Newt Abbott, Wm. H. Ashby. Bottom: Shockey Hall, Bartlett Richards, John Harris. Maybe you knew these boys, ideals of the mysterious cowboy life.

National Live Stock Producer

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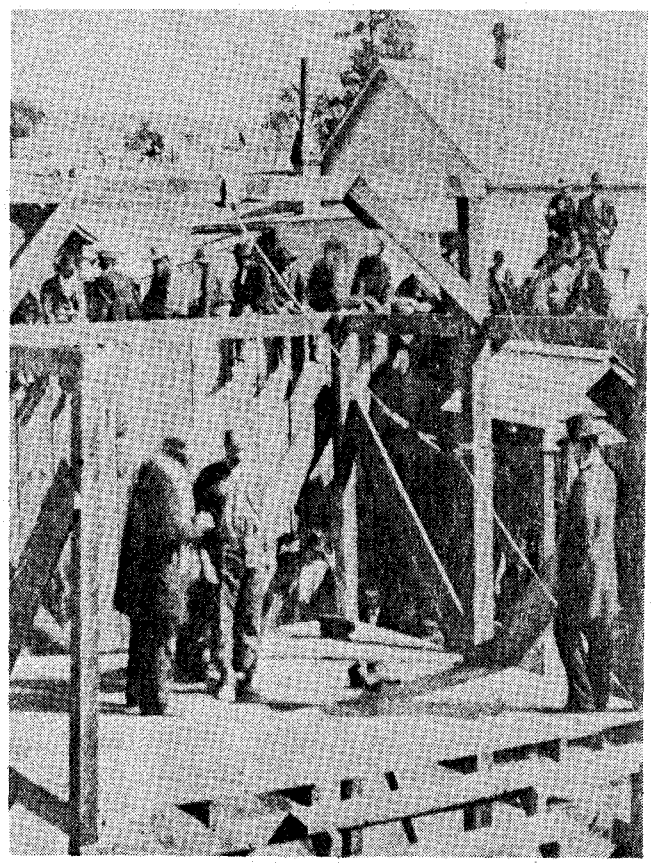

Rare snapshot of a soldier of the 8th Infantry, Prescott, Arizona, moments before he dangled at the end of the rope. Spectators perch on fences and crowd around the gallows to witness the grisly scene.

Early washing machine made of cedar. A load of wash took about 3 1/2 hours.

Du Pont Company

Cowboys, Indians, soldiers, Indian Agents -- but it's all friendly. Buffalo Bill poses with the gathering of Chippewa and Sioux at Ashland, Wisconsin. Lt. Mercer, Chippewa Agent, is left center.

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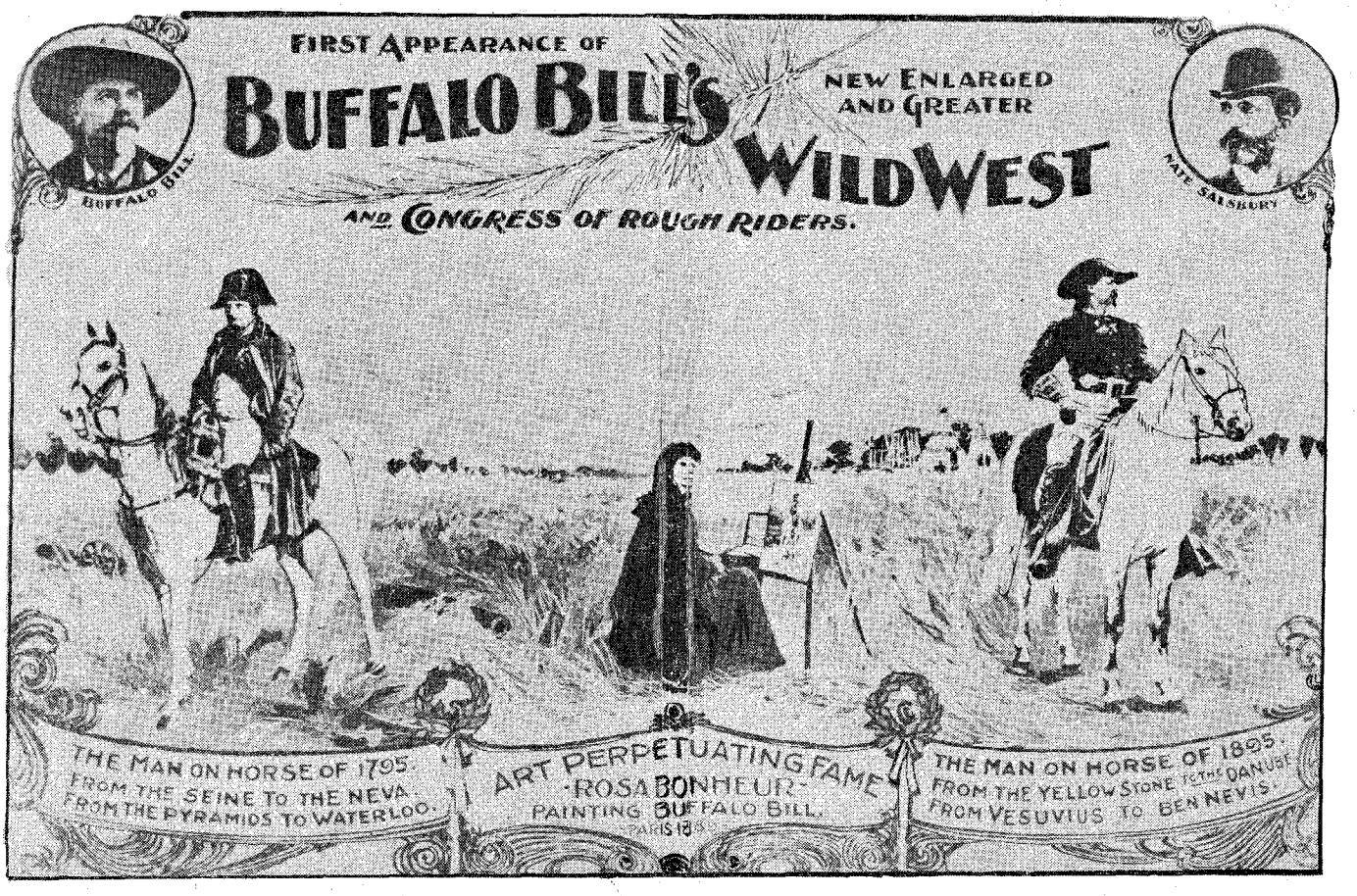
Photo furnished by author



BUFFALO BILL'S secret life

Here is the part of his life that Buffalo Bill tried hard to erase and that many others wished they had never seen!

by Paul Nolan

The tall man with the full dress suit, flowing hair, and western-style Stetson watched nervously as the curtain at Niblo's Garden in New York was being drawn. He had been to the theatre there often, so often, in fact, that the managers, Jarrett and Palmer, had given him a pass to see their most popular play, The Black Crook, as often as he pleased. But this night was different.

The theatre was playing a five-act melodrama, Buffalo Bill: The King of the Border Men by Fred G. Maeder, adapted from the stories by Ned Buntline; and the tall man was William F. Cody, the "Buffalo Bill" of Buntline's stories.

The play opens in Buffalo Bill's cottage. On stage are Mrs. Cody and her daughter, Lottie, "feeding a bird in a cage hanging on a tree. An air of contentment, and quietude, reigns around, so as to form a contrast to subsequent scenes."

Mrs. Cody: Lottie, has not Lillie returned yet?

Lottie: No, mother, let us hope by her absence, she received a letter.

Mrs. Cody: My dear Son--I presume he writes as regularly as he can, but it's hard to bear such suspense.

Lottie: Here is Lillie, Mother!

Lillie: News! News! The war is begun. The Confederates are fortifying all over the South, and threaten Washington from Manassas--and ah! Mamma, brother is coming home! He says he will be here before the Sun sets on the 25th!

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Mrs. Cody: Today is the 25th, is it not?

Lillie: To be sure it is, and he will be here. Our William is wild, but is too proud to tell a falsehood.

In a few minutes, Buffalo Bill, "Our William," and his friend, Wild Bill, burst on stage; and for the next two hours little of this opening "air of contentment, and quietude, reigns." Among the scenes which caught the attention of the dramatic critic of the New York Herald, who watched the play, was one in which Buffalo Bill, "finding himself surrounded by Indians, . . . slipped like a snake into a hollow log; which log the redskins presently added as fuel to the campfire; but the trapper soon found it grew uncomfortably hot, so he threw his powder horn into the fire. There was a grand explosion and the Indians went yelling skyward, while the hero escaped unscathed."

Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright in writing about Buffalo Bill and the Wild West try to read Cody's mind during his viewing of this performance. "What might have been in Buffalo Bill's mind as he saw himself portrayed on the stage? It must," they decided, "at first have seemed like an incredible nightmare that such a distorted version of his life should be the subject of a play and that such a drama would appeal to New York audiences." Sell and Weybright conclude that it was only his need for financial assistance that finally led him into the theatre as a professional actor and playwright.

The idea that William F. Cody was a man of action who was trapped into becoming a popular performer now has almost universal acceptance; and even during his own lifetime, it was generally accepted that not only was Cody a poor actor and a worse writer, but that he hated the stage and probably never wrote the words to which his name was signed.

His enemies shouted these charges. In 1894, for example, when he and one of his former co-stars, John W. "Capt. Jack" Crawford, were feuding, Crawford wrote him a stinging letter: " . . . you know very well that you yourself never wrote a paragraph for publication in your life and that you are not in reality the author of your book or any other dime novel supposed to have been written by you."

Cody and his friends suggested that Buffalo Bill's lack of concern with authorship was a part of his charm, an evidence that he was not really a stage hero at all, but the "real thing," caught for a moment on stage between Indian wars. In such "autobiographical" accounts as The Life of the Honorable William F. Cody (1879), Buffalo Bill's Own Story (1920), The Story of the Wild West and Campfire Chats (1888), Life and Adventures of Buffalo Bill (1917), Cody frequently suggested that he did little of the writing and was therefore not completely responsible for the "lies and bloodshed of the author." It was all a kind of game, played by a fun-loving, action-seeking man.

The only similarity between Cody and Shakespeare, Buffalo Bill, his enemies, and his friends would all agree is that they were both named William.

Cody, however, was neither as indifferent to the stage nor as opposed to writing as his friends and critics pretended. After he started his Wild West show in the 1880's, it is true that it became almost official policy to make fun of the early melodramas in which he had appeared; but the Wild West show was trying to sell a new kind of drama to the Americans who frequented such theatres as Niblo's to see such plays as Buffalo Bill: The King of the Border Men. When Cody left the stage for the circus arena, others were still writing the western stage melodramas; and other scouts, like Capt. Jack Crawford and Texas Jack Omohundro, were anxious to pick up Cody's audience. It was only good business to make fun of such drama, and the easiest way for Cody and his company to do it was to make fun of their own.

Over and over again, Cody would tell colorful stories about how bad these plays were. In telling his readers of The Story of the Wild West about the critical reception of Buntline's Scouts of the Plains, the first play in which Cody appeared as an actor, for example, he wrote, with obvious glee: "The next morning [after the opening performance] there appeared in the Chicago papers some funny criticisms of our first performance. The papers gave us a better send-off than I expected, for they did not criticize us as actors. The Chicago Times said that if Buntline had actually spent four hours in writing the play, it was difficult for anyone to see what he was doing all the time. Buntline, as 'Cale Durg,' was killed in the second act, after a long temperance speech; and the Inter-Ocean said that it was to be regretted that he had not been killed in the first act. The company, however, was very good, and M'dlle Morlacchi [who later married Texas Jack], as 'Pale Dove,' particularly fine; while Miss Cafarno 'spouted' a poem of some

Bill in gear he wore on stage for duel with Yellow Hand.

Bellman Collection

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seven hundred and three verses, more or less, of which the reader will be glad to know that I only recall the words 'I was born in March.'"

In describing the composition of Life on the Border, the first play to which he signed his name as author, Cody gave credit for "arranging it for the stage" to J. V. Arlington, an actor. He described the play in terms that would have made even the most severe critics speechless. "It was," wrote Cody, "a five-act play, without head or tail, and it made no difference at which act we commenced the performance. Before we had finished the season several newspaper critics, I have been told, went crazy in trying to follow the plot. It afforded us, however, ample opportunity to give a noisy, rattling, gunpowder entertainment, and to present a succession of scenes in the late Indian war, all of which seemed to give general satisfaction."

The stories that demonstrated the inability (and unwillingness) of the "real" scouts to be happy as stage actors became a part of the legend. Wild Bill Hickok,

Bellman Collection

Buntline, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, first show, Chicago.

in particular, supplied many of the stories. At one performance, for example, the action of the play, Buntline's Scouts of the Plains, called for Wild Bill to tell a story as the scouts sat around the fire, "passing a whiskey bottle." Wild Bill took a swig of the stage whiskey (cold tea) and then threw the bottle into the audience. "You think I'm the worst fool east of the Rockies," he shouted. "I can tell whiskey from cold tea. I can't tell my story unless I get real whiskey."

Probably some of the old scouts really did object to stage work. Wild Bill not only quit the stage, but he, also, chased an actor off the stage for using the name of "Wild Bill Hickok" without his permission. But the scout-actors also know that the audience loved it when they kicked up their heels and made fun of the dramas in which they were appearing. Cody brought his son, Kit Carson Cody, to his performances, for the audience loved it when the little boy would shout to him, "Good house, Papa." And early in his career as an actor, Cody discovered that shouting "Oh, I'm a bad actor, Mama" to his wife, Louisa, was good for a round of applause.

Such stories and such "unscheduled" performances, however, do not obscure the fact that for over ten years Buffalo Bill was not only a playwright and actor, but that he was one of the most successful actor-playwrights on the American stage, even out-drawing the famous Edwin Booth in Hamlet. While the other "frontier heroes" came and went, Buffalo Bill lived on; and anyone in show business will admit that ten years' success in the highly competitive race for audience approval is not won except through hard work, talent, and careful planning.

One of the reasons that Cody's career as an actor and playwright has been viewed as a kind of short-run joke is that the Wild West show was so spectacular, so successful that it overshadowed his early work on the conventional stage. But even if the Wild West show had never come into being, Buffalo Bill would still have a big place in the history of the American theatre for his work in the 1870's.

Cody's playwriting activity has received even less notice than his work as a legitimate actor. First, there is a general notion that he had nothing to do with the writing. Secondly, the general belief that such plays as Life on the Border, May Cody, or Lost and Won, and the Red Right Hand, or Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer are, in Cody's own words, plays "without head or tail" make even his most ardent biographers willing to accept the judgments of the most critical (and satirical) of the newspaper reviews as fact.

For some reason, Cody never allowed any of his plays to be published. Until recently it was impossible for anyone to give anything more than a second-hand judgment as to the real nature of a Buffalo Bill melodrama. It seems, in fact, that Cody intentionally destroyed every copy of his plays when he left the stage for the Wild West show, or, at least, that he tried. Even if critics doubted that the judgments made by the newspapers of the times were accurate, there was little that could be done with all of the plays gone.

Not only have copies of all of the plays written by Cody disappeared, but even copies of plays about Buffalo Bill are rare. Meader's Buffalo Bill: The King of the Border Men, for example, now exists in only one handwritten copy, owned by the rare book room of the Harvard University Library. This copy, once owned by William E. Coleman, a prompter at the Capital Theatre in Albany, New York, is in poor condition. Parts are crossed out and added; there are errors in both the writing and order of the story. But it is still so rare and valuable, that Harvard University will not permit an edition to be made or even a photostatic copy to be generally distributed.

In the spring of 1964, however a great-granddaughter of Capt. Jack Crawford, Mrs. Buford Richardson, found a copy of Life on the Border, Cody's first play. Capt. Jack joined Cody's company after the Sioux War of 1876, and Cody gave him the leading role of "Buffalo Bill" in the play. He also gave Crawford a handsome handwritten copy of the play, which Crawford kept for the rest of his life and then passed on as a legacy to his family.

This copy of Life on the Border, seemingly the only copy of any of Buffalo Bill's plays still in existence, is going to force a few revisions in the story of Buffalo

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THE BEAR THAT CRIED FOR HELP

It could have been a tragedy but even the bears ended up laughing at their strange brother who huddled in the tree and cried while dogs snapped at his rear and settlers took pot shots at him.

by Al Jenkins

HIS NAME WAS Fred Blakely, and he had a problem. Bears.

All the other settlers in the Pickering Valley Pass of Washington State had the bear problem, Fred wasn't unique in that. But Fred had a wife too. He wasn't unique in that either, almost all the settlers had wives. But in a way Fred was unique -- none of the others had Fred's wife, and he listened to her, which by itself may have made him unique.

Women, of course, will agree that is just what a smart man should do. Men -- some men -- will agree, some won't. Fred had been battling the bears for quite a while. He'd bought a trained pack of hounds which were supposed to be able to tree any bear that ever lived, and the man who sold them to him said his trouble with bears was now over.

Trouble was, the pack was old. The hounds may have been great when they had the vigor and noses of youth, but now their senses were blunted and their ambition stunted. Oh, they helped, they made noises and scared away some of the bears, and they treed a few. Fred decided he needed a new pack, so he sold that one to another settler from the other side of the mountain, and bought himself a new, young pack of hounds he'd train himself.

The last few years must have been good bear-growing seasons for some reason or other. They'd become a real menace, to the lives of his yearlings, and to his crops. During the growing season, just when his crops showed such promise, they'd come down from the hills and what they didn't eat they'd trample into the ground and ruin. And the yearlings they killed were what he depended on for his cash money. It's either me or the bears, Fred decided. And they may have been here first but I intend to outstay them.

Before he got his new pack of hounds, a good deal of time he could have put in around his farm he had spent, instead, hunting the creatures. But a man could shoot only so many, and it didn't seem to decrease the ursine population at all. There was one result of his shooting he was proud of, a big black skin he had hanging in the breezeway between the store room and kitchen, looking almost as mean and ugly as the day he'd snarled at Fred over the body of a yearling he'd just killed.

The new pack of hounds wasn't getting as much training as Fred wanted. The very reason he bought them made it tough to teach them -- they were young and eager, and in their eagerness their baying warned the bears and they stayed away, waiting for darkness, when the hounds would be penned. So they never had a chance at fresh tracks.

He was grumbling about it when his wife Mabel heard him. Like a woman, she talked. Unlike some men, Fred listened. The trouble was, she told him, that they needed fresh bear tracks to train on, and why didn't he put himself in that old bear skin he kept hanging? "You have to think like a bear and act like a bear to train them," she said.

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CANYON DIABLO'S 30 DAY MARSHAL

Skinny, homely, baggy pants, but he was the West's killingest Marshal--until he put on a new suit of clothes.

by Maurice Kildare

One of many nameless strangers followed the rocky road between the mile long string of shacks into Canyon Diablo. Dismounting before a rail he tied up, brushing trail dust from his clothing when two toughs rammed gun muzzles into his sides. The tobacco stained whiskery face on the left grinned evilly.

"Just stand hitched and you'll live longer!"

Though armed, the drop was on him so the stranger could do little else. While he seethed in rage, bone weariness evaporating quickly, the pair went through

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his pockets. Men lounging before the various joints on both sides of Rotten Street hardly bothered to show interest. Daylight robbery was an old story in the north central Arizona boom town. Those who dared butt in usually got killed.

The robbers found no valuables until getting inside the stranger's hickory shirt. But the money belt around him would never fall into their greedy hands. While they tugged at it eagerly, the man who had pinned on the former marshal's bullet-scarred and blood stained badge approached leisurely. A tall, lean hungry man, he headed for Hop Lee's chop suey counter to fill out his belly wrinkles. Now he stopped in mild disbelief, beginning to realize why the committee of businessmen who hired him vanished so quickly after he accepted their offer.

Taking a few steps closer, he blinked his pale blue eyes and his Texas drawl abjured, "Naow, naow, quit this unmannerly performance an' let that feller alone."

The robbers paused in surprise, staring at the marshal. So new he apparently didn't know about the unwritten law of Canyon Diablo: The local business men let them alone in exchange for like consideration. Four of his predecessors made that mistake and hadn't been able to hide out long enough to draw their first pay. This badge packer looked worse than nothing, ragged pants and shirt, and dirty, the most inconspicuous and unimpressive individual imaginable. As proof of his stupidity he had not yet dropped a hand to either Colt's .45 butt holstered above his knees. In fact his prominent adams apple worked up and down as if becoming scared over his own audacity.

An easy mark. The robbers shifted their pointing guns. One complained in an injured tone, "Mister Marshal, don't you know no better 'n this?"

"Git!"

An upstart marshal! The robbers' gun hammers clicked back. They never got any farther. The new marshal's appearance fatally deceiving. He not only drew unbelievably fast but fired both guns simultaneously, a difficult feat, and they were gut shots. Both robbers fell sideways to the stony ground, punctured through the middle. Weapons landed far from clutching fingers and their moans of anguish grew audible as gun crashes echoed away over the surrounding empty plain.

Holstering his colts, the marshal nodded slightly at the bewildered stranger, and walked on to Hop Lee's.

If the stranger was confused, the two score witnesses were more so. Not because of the kind of robbery that happened all the time in Canyon Diablo, but only over the gunswift marshal. In fact, only his appearance on the street notified them that another sucker had taken the job.

As for the plugged robbers, they were going to die very shortly anyhow. So they were carried across the tracks, past the two story depot, south to the Campo Santo. There they would be handiest for burial on expiring.

Callous, but that was the way riotous and thoroughly evil Canyon Diablo operated. Was the town tough? Perhaps more so than any other of its size and short life on the north American continent.

It sprang into being overnight, a hell hole of depravity from the outset. It happened in the summer of 1881 when the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, now the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe, reached the flat rim of 255 foot deep Canyon Diablo 26 miles west of Winslow. The company went broke before bridging the canyon.

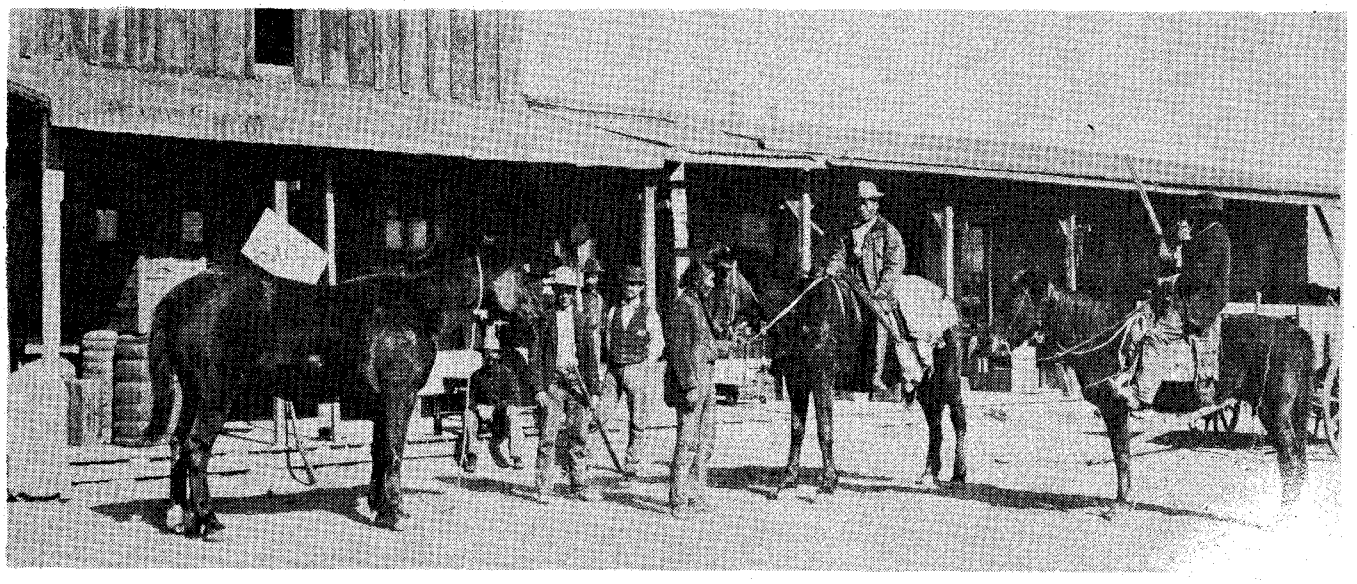
Steel rails ended there. Short runs of passenger and freight trains were made daily. The idle construction camps spread along both sides of the tracks. The depot, stock pens, water station, freight docks and warehouses were immediately against the rails. While the railroad company reorganized and refinanced, the mile long boom town parallel to the north side of the tracks roared murderously and insanely day and night. It wasn't going to last so none built for any degree of permanency. They did business with the attitude of robbing all, for tomorrow Canyon Diablo must die.

Maybe the climate accounted for some of its viciousness. For it stood on a treeless plain where the wind howled day and night, summer and winter, and the pitiless sun burnt even the rocks darker.

There existed no law and order. The county seat was more than 200 miles southwest at Prescott and the sheriff never came around. Murder, holdups and pillage were customary procedure. In and out of the town roved men singly and in groups, like lobo wolves bent on ac-

Rare photo of the first trading post at Canyon Diablo; seems everyone carried a gun.

Santa Fe Railway Photo 1-82



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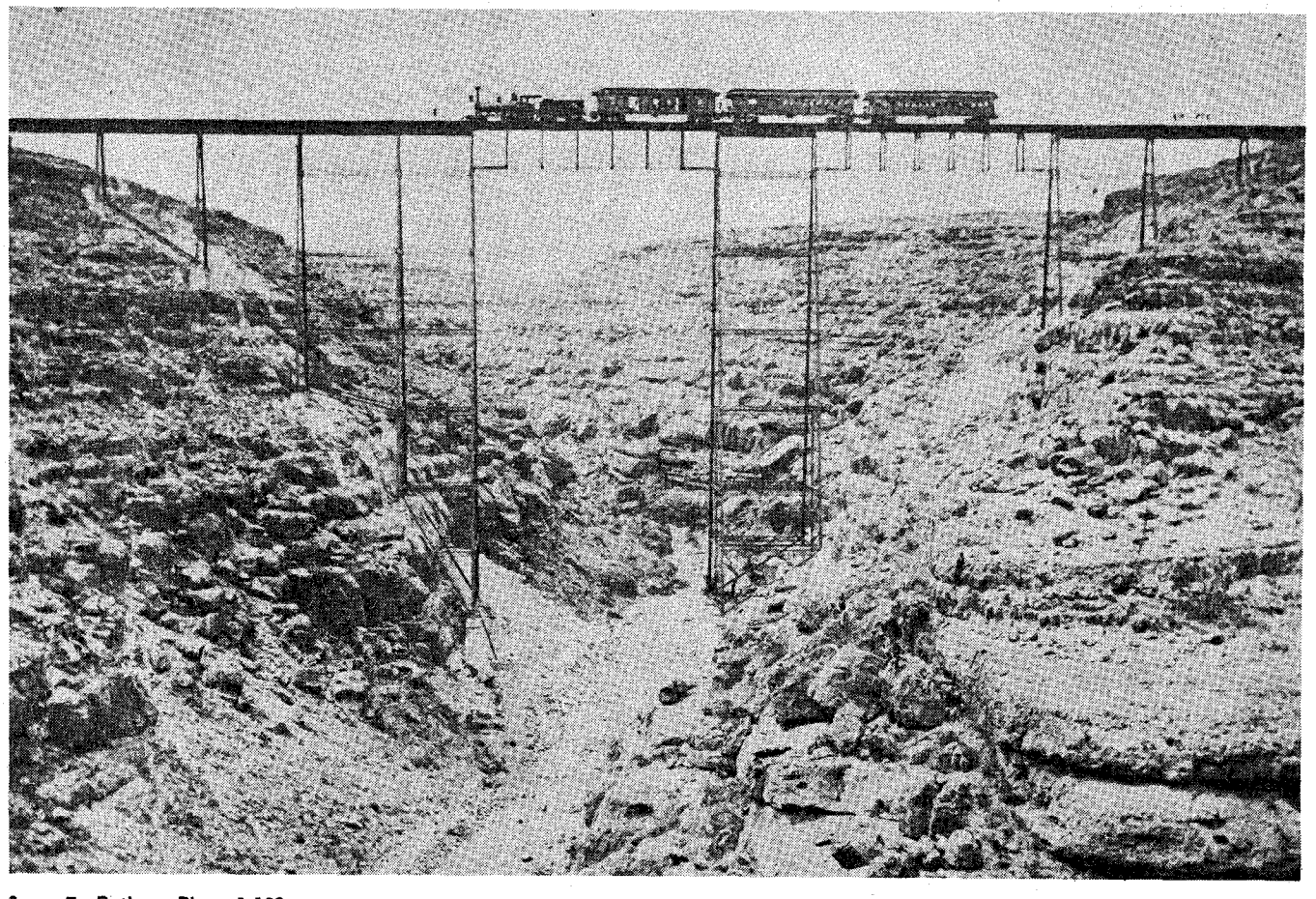

Santa Fe Railway Photo 1-132

The completion of the Canyon Diablo Bridge brought about changes in the tough community.

quiring whatever could be used to get them on their way elsewhere. New arrivals were held up solely on the premise they might be carrying valuables. Indeed, so bold were bandits, that they demanded and received bribes to let the freight trains alone. Lumber milling soared high in profits with the approach of the railroad from Chicago to Los Angeles so they kicked in.

While troopers put an end to outlaws around Flagstaff and largely on the freight road, Canyon Diablo continued to exist in its gore without protection for anyone. It remained wholly an outlaw town for the moment, a haven for criminals on the dodge. The principal businesses were saloons, poker flats and whorehouses. The few stores, greasy restaurants and eating counters were too wide open to robbery for making much profit.

Flagstaff storekeepers were in constant danger of losing their needed merchandise enroute. The lumber mill operators never knew whether new machinery or replacement parts would ever reach them from the railhead. The two groups banded together and propositioned the few honest men in Canyon Diablo.

Flagstaff men agreed to provide the pay if those at Canyon Diablo would hire the marshal. This they did, only to see their first one pin the badge on at three o'clock in the afternoon and be laid out for burial at eight that night.

The second marshal lasted two whole weeks. The third proved to be a character who carried a sawed-off shot gun. When he shot a badman he also liberally sprinkled the bystanders. Maybe that is why he managed to hold the job nearly three weeks before slugs between the shoulder blades ended his career.

The fourth, a gnarled little man with piggish black eyes, made a deal with the outlaw element. He served six full days before a victim of the bandits turned a gun on him in the dark to make him a fit resident of a hole in the ground.

Thus rested the sorry situation when the sallow-cheeked, gaunt, Texas preacher rode in early one afternoon. Later, he admitted coming West after a "misunderstanding" involving a deacon's wife, but allowed preaching hadn't been very payful anyhow.

He dismounted before a store unpainted like the rest of the shacks, before which three men conversed gloomily. The black-headed, two button coated one had become known there as "Keno" Harry, proprietor of the place graced by a badly lettered sign reading, "Keno Harry's Poker Flat and Saloon." Few in the sorry town went by their right handles. A year later when he got killed, a simple wooden board marked his grave, "Keno Harry."

The second saloon owner in the group arrived with a work gang, went into business for himself and was known as "Persiflerous" Murphy. What the name meant and how it came to be applied, no one knew. The third man, dressed well, a blond six footer, D.F. Coakley, represented sawmill interests and Flagstaff merchants. Later he would become Flagstaffs' justice of the peace but right then he worked for Ayer's Arizona Lumber and Timber Company.

Their business being to find another marshal, they viewed the prospect with little hope. Then right before their eyes appeared this bean pole, packing a gun thonged on each leg. On the mere chance he might take the job they called him over to offer it.

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When asked his name he spat tobacco juice to one side, wiped his mouth with the back of his left hand and said he could be "Bill Duckin." The three noticed that he wore cheap striped cotton pants known in Texas as "duckings." Matching the name and the garment looked suspiciously like sudden convenience. But the committee, in their desperation, wisely asked no silly questions.

As for the man, alias Bill Duckin, the offer of an immediate job so flabbergasted him he could only grunt assent. Forthwith they handed him the tarnished badge and announced the salary as eighty dollars per month. They didn't add, "If you live to collect it," before hastening elsewhere.

While 2,000 denizens discussed his first official act, and made bets how long before he got plugged, Duckin stuffed his belly.

They next discovered that he never hurried under any circumstances whatever. Duckin moved so slowly every movement seemed to come with pain. Like, perhaps, that he hadn't rested a full, undisturbed hour in his life. Very shortly they called him "Slow-go Bill."

Destined to set a killing record, it seems too bad no local newspaper existed to report his gun slinging, for he did bring swift order to Canyon Diablo. No chronicled report of his doings were inked because the nearest weeklies, The Flat at Flagstaff and The Winslow Mail did not begin publication until 1883. Arizonans who knew him during his very brief and spectacular career, mentioned him to their dying days in a kind of respectful awe. Duckin, they claimed, was a character absolutely unbelievable. They suspected him to have been a notorious gun marshal run out of a tough frontier town elsewhere. He reached Arizona, they said, with a heavy chip on each shoulder and apparently not giving a hoot if he lived or died.

Before his first night ended as marshal, Duckin dispatched another pair of bandits. Most town folk then concluded he might be around for a few days. Yet the following morning came near being his last on earth.

The two fattest madams in town were known fondly as B.S. Mary and Clabber Foot Annie. The madams' joints, mere board shacks with the usual corrugated iron roof, occupied opposing positions on each side of the street about one hundred yards east of Keno Harry's and the Colorado River Bar. Their keen competition often led to blows. Morever, every morning, on awakening from a hangover, they were wont to stand before their places of ill-repute yelling picturesque insults at each other.

On this particular morning, Clabber Foot Annie considered herself especially insulted during the battle of words. She rushed screaming for B.S. Mary and accommodatingly met her half way. They tore out hair and ripped clothing off. The laughing spectators closed in to enjoy the fun when Marshal Duckin meandered along. Men in the crowd shouted oath-filled advice. Observing the wanton display a few minutes, Duckin stepped in and separated them.

Clabber Foot Annie hurried away while Marshal Duckin stood soothing B.S. Mary's hurt feelings. The bystanders being more experienced in such seances, made haste to get behind cover. Marshal Duckin stood with his back to Clabber Foot Annie when she reappeared with greener in hand. He received a few buckshot while B.S. Mary got most of the load in her bottom.

At the end of the week, seven ruffians raided a freight train north on the canyon road. Huge packing cases in the wagons contained sawmill machinery for three small companies competing with Ayer's A.L. & T. Disgusted because it wasn't negotiable merchandise, the outlaws set the outfit afire and returned to Keno Harry's to drown their hapless luck. They sat at a table drinking an hour later when Duckin walked in.

"You fellers hadn't orta burnt them waggin's," he reproved aggrievedly.

He begged for it, the way they saw the deal. Seven against one? Hoorawing boisterously they leaped up pulling weapons.

They knew him to be a whiz with guns, so what happened to his victims was only their fault. Settling smoke revealed four dead on the floor, two wounded beside them. The seventh stood gunless, crying tears while begging for his life.

Outlaws began feeling Canyon Diablo was a very unhealthy place. The grateful sawmills and Flagstaff merchants promised an additional ten dollars to his stipend when Duckin's second week passed fairly tame. He used the lull to put the bee on dive operators. The $25 take

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The men at Knowles Bridge Camp, Johnson Canyon, Arizona, could go to Canyon Diablo for excitement.

Santa Fe Railway Photo 1-127

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LOCKUP

No matter where it was located, to the pitiful souls who rotted there, it was on the brink of Hell, with all its torture and madness.

by J.S. Paul

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED, in watching a movie or a program on TV, if their version of a place was anything like the real thing? I used to wonder about the fictionalized portrait of the territorial prison, where the warden was a heartless sadist, the sun beat down unmercifully, and the elements of nature combined with those of man to make a regular, escape proof, hell on earth.

One asset of an interest in the truth about territorial prisons is that this is a bit of western Americana that can still be investigated. At Yuma, Arizona, on the banks of the Colorado, is the old Arizona Territorial Prison, probably the most famous lockup in the whole of the Southwest.

In April of 1876, as a result of some fifteen years of agitation on the part of editors and peace loving leading citizens of the Territory of Arizona, work was begun on the Territorial prison, construction of which had been authorized by Congress in 1867. Unfortunately the Congress of 1867 had much more pressing matters and so left the actual building of the prison to the Arizona Legislature. They passed the required legislation in 1868, designating a site near Phoenix and then, plagued by the problem of where they should locate their permanent capitol - Prescott or Tucson - immediately did their best to forget about the prison issue. They might, in fact, have succeeded, if it hadn't been for Jose Maria Redondo, a legislator from the valley of the Gila.

Jose Maria Redondo, a Don with 3,000 acres and a fine stable of blooded horses, was not greatly concerned with the location of the capitol. Prescott or Tucson, neither, then, was either overly large or overly peacable. Redondo did, however, feel deep concern over the mounting lawlessness of the Territory, and the lack of progressive interest or decision concerning the prison authorization. His interest and efforts did, however, pay off, and in February of 1875 it was finally voted to issue bonds, some $25,000 worth, for the building of the prison. The site - Yuma.

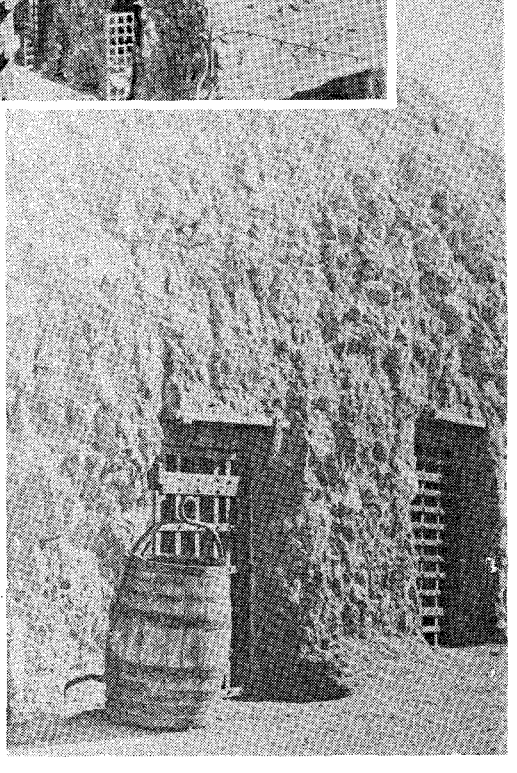
For 33 years, from its opening in June 1876 until 1909, when a new prison facility was built at Florence, this prison, and the adjacent town of Yuma, would be widely known as the "Hell-Hole of Arizona". Through its gates would pass the most desperate criminals of the Southwest.

The prison was built on a bluff at the convergence of the Gila and Colorado rivers. An adobe wall 18 feet high, with a base 8 feet wide and a watch tower at each corner surrounded the place, and the penetrating overlapping fire of tower mounted Gatling guns plus quicksand in the flats by the rivers made the place almost escapeproof. Almost-but not quite.

William Werninger was the first Territorial prison superintendent, a job he neither wanted, nor liked. Werninger was the sheriff of Yuma County and when, in mid-1875, the transfer of inmates for the not yet built prison began, it was up to him to provide for their custody. Unfortunately the county jail was no match for the skills of these hardened thugs, and foiling escapes and rounding up escapees kept Werninger well occupied.

Finally in June of 1876 enough of the place was built so that prisoners could be securely housed, and Werninger's charges were moved to the "Hell-Hole on the Bluff". George M. Thurlow was

Arizona Pioneers Historical Society



Paul, Bakersfield, Calif.

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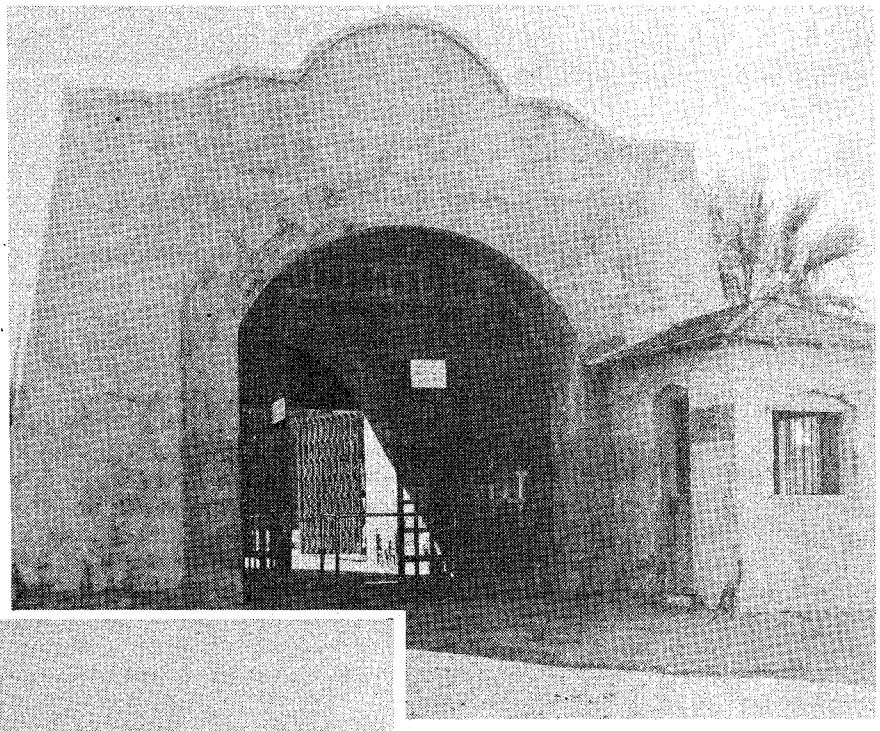
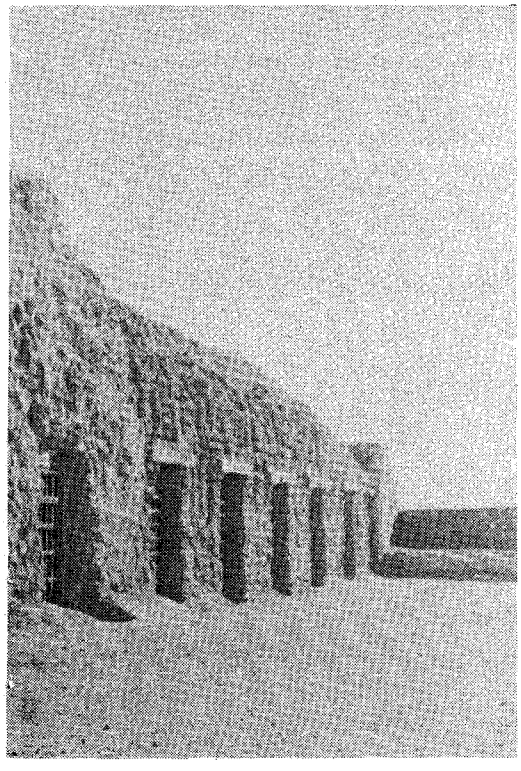
at YUMA

Through this gate passed killers, outlaws, and an occasional innocent man. Below are the preferred cells whose dungeon-like construction at least kept out the blistering sun. Inmates had a plank for a cot and miserable sanitation.

Paul, Bakersfield, Calif.





the first official, bonded, superintendent, and under his able direction the remaining buildings went up post haste. He was succeeded by Captain F.S. Ingalls, who was the first appointed superintendent, and who is credited with taking what had up to then been a loosely run overgrown version of a city or county jail, and turning it into a well disciplined institution.

Chester A. Arthur, when he succeeded to the presidency in 1885, appointed a new governor to the Arizona Territory, and he in turn appointed a new superintendent to the Territorial prison, Thomas Gates of Tucson. Gates was, to all intents and purposes, a good superintendent. He put the prisoners to work on the repair and upkeep of the facility and introduced garment making and blacksmithing into the prison program. It was during his term that one of the most famous and in its way singularly unfortunate "breaks" was tried. Late in the afternoon of a day in October of 1887 seven prisoners succeeded in snatching Gates, and, using him as a shield and "insurance" headed for the river. The Gatling guns were quickly brought to bear, but could not be used without grave danger to the superintendent. It looked like a clean break until B.F. Hartlee, a guard with a deadly eye and a steady hand calmly took a bead and began the slow, unnerving process of picking off the escapees one by one. As their bid for freedom faded into defeat the remaining escapees brutally attacked Gates, stabbing him in the back and neck. A "lifer" who went to Gates' aid probably saved his life. The "lifer" was later rewarded with a pardon. Gates, who never fully recovered from this ordeal, resigned some months later. He eventually ended his life by committing suicide, although whether or not the break at Yuma prison had anything to do with this is not known.

The superintendency once more fell to Captain Ingalls, who fell heir to two of the most notorious of a long line of notorious prisoners. In Tombstone a bartender named Buckskin Frank Leslie tended bar with about equal parts of whiskey and hot lead. He settled 13 "misunderstandings" with a bullet, and the town shrugged and added another mound to their Boothill. The fourteenth "misunderstanding", however, was with a woman, and a jury of his peers took issue with his lack of chivalry and sent him off to "the Bluff" for life.

In its useful days, Yuma prison played host to 13 woman prisoners, the most famous of which was "Arizona's Girl Bandit", Pearl Hart. She was caught in 1892 in Tucson, and after a trial was sent to Yuma for a protracted stay.

ABOUT THIS TIME there was another infamous escape plot. Prisoners, armed with guns secured from an unknown source (probably smuggled in in medical supplies) made their way toward the gate and freedom, in the meantime picking off guards who tried to get to the Gatling guns. Suddenly one of the Gatings began its stutter of death and the break was ended. The person at the trigger? Mrs. Ingalls.

There were other superintendents, but by this time the "color" of the lawless west was fast fading. Times and attitudes were changing, and the days of the crude, crowded cell, unknown sanitation, dungeon, leg irons, and chain were draw-

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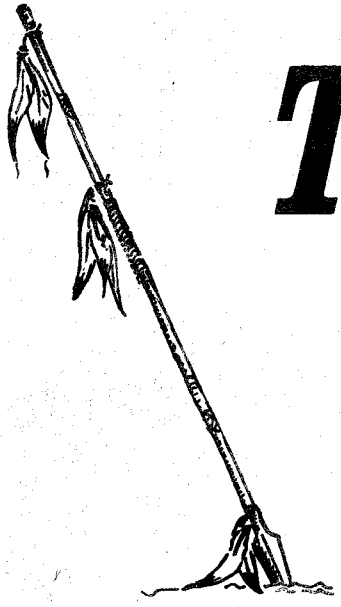

THE APACHE-COMANCHE FIGHT

The New Mexico countryside resounded with the shouts of warriors and screams of the dying as the two tribes took turns at killing each other off.

by Eve Ball

AFTER the Mescaleros ran away from the concentration camp in which they were confined at the Bosque Redondo, they returned to their old home on the Rio Bonito above Fort Stanton. The soldiers there had killed the deer, not for food, but for the love of killing, a thing unintelligible to Apaches. The Indians were hungry and almost naked. During the terrible years at Fort Sumner, they had been half-starved and unable to kill game for skins.

Big Mouth did not know his age, just that when the Mescaleros were taken to the Bosque he was about six or seven years old. On that terrible trip he had ridden a pack horse.

At that time no lines had been established for the Mescalero Apache Reservation, and the Indians, goaded by hunger, went to the Pecos in hopes of intercepting the migrant buffalo herds. They had to slip away for they were forbidden to leave. They had horses but few weapons except their primitive ones. One man had a six-shooter and two or three muzzle-loading rifles. But they were adept with bow and arrow, and used the lance and shield to an extent seldom realized by the white man.

They crossed the Pecos and struck the buffalo trail on the Llano Estacado. They followed it south to Monument Spring, and on to Comanche Spring, at which Fort Stockton was built later. But they were perhaps a week late for buffalo. Even so there were usually stragglers unable to keep up with the herd. Their meat was good, especially that of the calves, but on this hunt they did not find even one decrepit animal.

"And that was strange," said Big Mouth, "for I have seen the moving mass of buffalo come from the north like a great flood. I have watched for hours while it passed. And I've hunted, years later, and helped kill a supply of meat sufficient to last us for a year. People may tell you that they never came west of the Pecos, but that is not true. It was unusual, but I have killed buffalo west of that river.

"But this time we did not see one of the huge animals. We killed antelopes, many of them. And the women jerked the meat and we carried it in huge skin bags. But no buffalo."

The old scout shook his head and murmured something to his son, Percy, who was interpreting for him.

"Old Dad says that gradually the white men killed off the buffalo as they had the deer. Hunters built little rock houses at the water holes from which they could shoot not only the buffalo but the Indians who followed them. Many years later he went back and men were killing them for their hides - just wasting the meat; and on his last trip, with wagons they were hauling away the bones."

Near Monument Spring in what is now Lea County, New Mexico, the Mescalero Apaches found a Lipan who had escaped from the Comanches and was attempting to find his people. This boy, when a small child, had been a captive of the Mescaleros. He and his mother had gone with many of that tribe to a camp on Pajarito Peak to gather pinons. While the men hunted, women and children harvested the tiny nuts for winter use. One day Comanches swooped down on the camp near the spring and took several captives. This young man and his mother had lived so long with the Apaches, that like the rest, they did not want to live with the Comanches; and one at a time they straggled back to their people.

He talked with Big Mouth over the invasion of their country by the White Eyes, of their numbers and their weapons, and of the fate awaiting their people.

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"Is there nothing ahead for us?" asked Big Mouth.

"It seems not. The White Eyes must breed like dogs. There are such great numbers of them that they must produce litters.

"In a few years our people will have all been killed or imprisoned in terrible places like that at Fort Sumner. I sometimes am tempted to join their army as a scout as some of the Comanches have done. Of course, that means to incur the hate and contempt of our people."

"And do they help the white man against our own tribes?"

"Maybe not our own, but other Indian tribes, sometimes our enemies. Me - I would gladly fight against the Comanches."

"What if they set us against our own?"

"We need not find them."

Big Mouth thought it over during the journey southward. There were scouts at Fort Stanton, Indian scouts. They always had food, clothing, and blankets. They had weapons and a limited supply of ammunition. But they had, too, the contempt of the Apaches.

The Mescaleros followed far down the Pecos toward its confluence with the Rio Grande. If they did not catch up with the buffalo herd they might at least raid northern Mexico as they had done before the coming of the cavalry. There they were joined by a small group of Nednhis from the Sierra Madre. They, too, had found poor hunting, as had a few Lipans who had drifted in from the east. All were Apaches, and brothers.

They pitched their tepees in a spot well concealed from both streams, a place from which their women and children could easily escape to the low mountains toward the west. The camp was concealed from view to the east by hills. Between them and the Pecos, as was their custom, they placed a small camp and tethered a few horses so that an enemy might mistake it for the main body.

The women set about tanning hides. They also gathered seeds and mesquite beans for winter. Though not so good as meat, these things, with a sufficient quantity of baked and dried mescal, would alleviate hunger. Though the army might not give the food, clothing, and blankets they promised, the Apaches could survive.

AND THEY feasted and danced for four days. Four is the sacred number of the Apache; and the observance of the dance was a means of thanking Ussen for his goodness and care of His people.

Constantly they kept lookouts stationed on high places to watch for the approach of enemies. Young boys, ambitious to become warriors, covered their heads with the plumage of a bird, or tied a bush to their head bands, and lay on ledges or rock to keep watch.

They had gone so long without seeing signs of an enemy that Kah zhan went to the hills to hunt herbs for healing. When a lookout reported a dust cloud moving north toward the Rio Bravo Chief Peso immediately sent runners to look for him. "Bring him quickly," he ordered, "for he has good medicine. And I need his advice."

They trailed him easily for he had made no attempt to conceal his route. "Do not be frightened," he said, "I fix."

When he arrived in camp he commended Peso for having his warriors and arms in readiness for attack. When Kah zhan saw that his own war horse and weapons were also prepared he nodded his approval. And he said again, "Have no fear. I pray, and Ussen fix." Apaches

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do not pray for help, but for courage to help themselves.

The approaching band was identified by scouts as Comanches. They crossed the Rio Bravo and camped on its north bank. At the council held that evening, Peso asked for a volunteer to scout near their tepees and report their numbers and booty. That they had been to Mexico on a raid for horses and supplies he knew, for that was also an Apache custom. Going near the Comanche camp was an undertaking that required both skill and courage; nevertheless, there were many who volunteered for the task.

"Let me be chosen," said the refugee, "for I speak their language; and I want revenge."

Though no man spoke what was in his mind, each knew that this offer might be a trick of the Comanches to enable a spy to obtain information and pass it on to them.

"You may go," spoke Chief Peso, "but you are not to risk the danger alone. With you I send two of my warriors. I hope that all may return; but at least one must live to bring word to us, for upon that report depends the lives of all."

The three left quietly, on foot. They crept as near the Comanche camp as they dared before the sun set. After the fires were lighted, they separated and each wriggled toward the tepees. Though they lay on the sand and moved through clumps of vegetation armed with thorns, the many folds of the buckskin moccasins covering their knees were a great protection.

As the refugee had suspected, they overheard enough to learn that there were two bands, each led by its own chief. They and their head men debated the advisability of attacking the small decoy camp. One said, "Let's attack them and wipe them out. We will capture the horses and women. There are too few of them to oppose us."

But the other replied, "No. That's not the way. Let's camp with them, and we will feast and dance. We have brought many horses, blankets, and bracelets from Mexico. We have many kegs of liquor. Let's give them presents and have a good time. We have enough to share with them. And afterwards, we can go in peace to our own land; and in the future they will not attack us."

The first chief who spoke said, "No! When I leave my country I don't look to anybody for either friendship or peace. I am a warrior!"

That was an insult. The warriors waited for the fight they anticipated, but it did not come. The second was silent a long time before speaking: "Apaches are good fighters. Look at our young men! Are they not handsome? Wouldn't you hate to lose even one?"

There was no reply.

"The Apaches are great warriors. Even a few of them can put up a big fight. I have fought with them many times; and we always lost. Besides, how do we know that there are not many more hidden somewhere? You know how sly they are. We have everything we need from our raid in Mexico. We have not lost a man. Why should we risk doing that when we are on our way home?"

There was a long silence before the first spoke, "In the early morning my band and I attack." And with them he stood and left the council. The warriors sat in silence awaiting the decision of their chief. "He is young and ambitious. He is determined to fight. If I refuse he will call you cowards, and though we have no reason for fighting, I will not have my men treated with contempt. If he calls me a coward, I will meet him with my knife. But I do not want you to do so; nor can I have you called cowards, for that is not good."

"Then we fight," they said.

And the three returned to Peso.

VERY EARLY in the morning, before it began to get light, the Mescaleros put on their war paint. They prepared their weapons and their horses. Very softly they chanted their war songs. And very softly the women and children, with what they could carry, stole out of the camp and toward the mountains. They took all horses except one mount for each warrior. Always when the Apache was in danger, he fled to the mountains for refuge.

This was bad, very bad, for those who had volunteered to risk their lives and those of their families in the small camp. Their scout learned of the presence of their enemies in time to start the women and children toward

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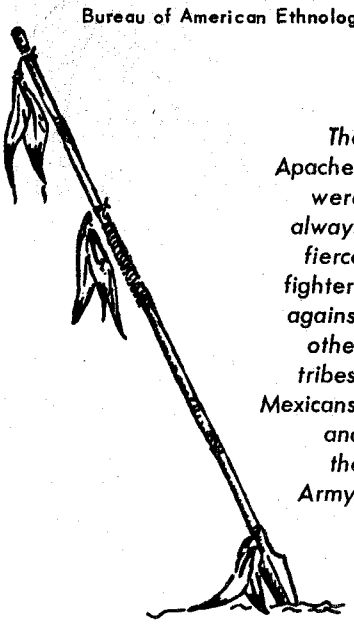

The Apaches were always fierce fighters against other tribes, Mexicans, and the Army.

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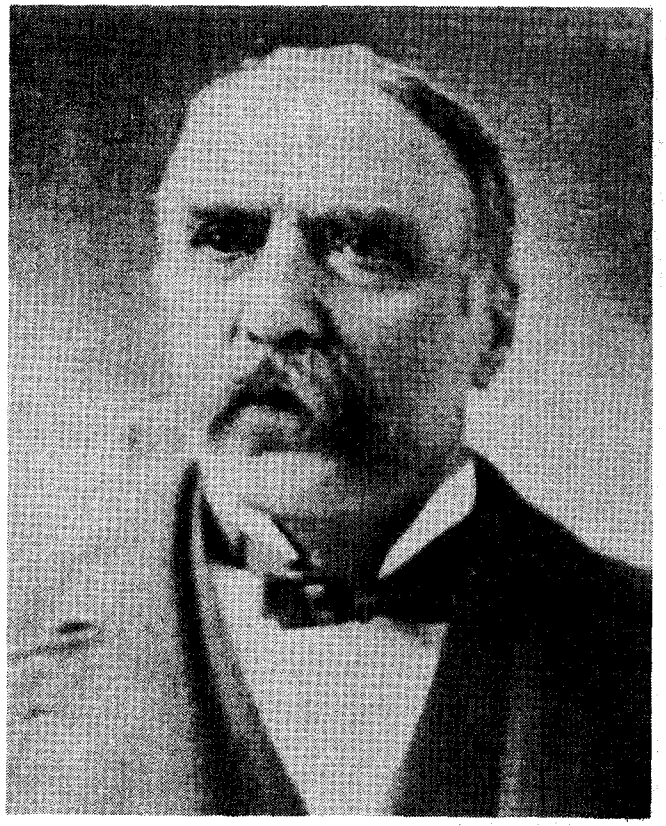
HAW TABOR'S SILVER TOUCH



Photos furnished by author

He failed in his search for wealth--until he quit looking, but this isn't the story of a millionaire, it's the story of the fabulous building he left for the people of Denver.

by Clark Secrest

Had gold not been discovered in the diggings west of Denver in the autumn of 1858, and had silver not become Colorado Territory's second precious metal discovery six years later, there wouldn't have been any men the likes of Haw Tabor.

The Territory's rich lodes perhaps produced more millionaires in a shorter period of time than any similar discovery in the history of the early west. This is not the story of the life of one of those millionaires, but rather the story of an elaborate brick and limestone monument which one left behind.

Horace Austin Warner (Haw) Tabor was born in Holland, Vermont, on Nov. 26, 1830. As a youth Tabor engaged in the stonecutter's trade. But he soon became restless with the reports that free land was being made available in Kansas for those who would promise to live on the land and make it productive.

Haw's homestead became 160 wind-blown acres near Manhattan, Kansas. Tabor and his new bride, Augusta, did the best they could. The year was 1856, and there were scarcely 100 cabins in all of Riley County, plus a smattering of Pawnee wigwams.

Two unproductive years passed for Farmer Tabor, Augusta and two-year-old son Maxcy. Then came fall of 1858, and borne on the wind which swept down from the slopes of the Rockies came the piercing cry that gold had been found! It didn't take the Tabors long to decide what to do.

Finally in April 1859 the Tabors scraped together enough money to join one of the battalions of gold-seekers which by now were creeping across the plains like ants.

First stop: Denver, for supplies. And then to join the hordes heading west into the hills, where it was said a man could kick at the ground with the toe of his boot and uncover great nuggets.

But in the diggings around Central City, Haw Tabor and thousands of others began to realize that it might take more than a day or a week to get rich. Some of those who didn't make it during the first months joined great stampedes of disillusioned miners who were going back to Ohio, or Pennsylvania, or Iowa or Missouri. "Go-backs," they were called, and for awhile in the early '60s there were more of them headed east than there were newcomers headed west.

But Haw Tabor was not a go-back. True, he hadn't found his fortune. But he had a few double-eagles in

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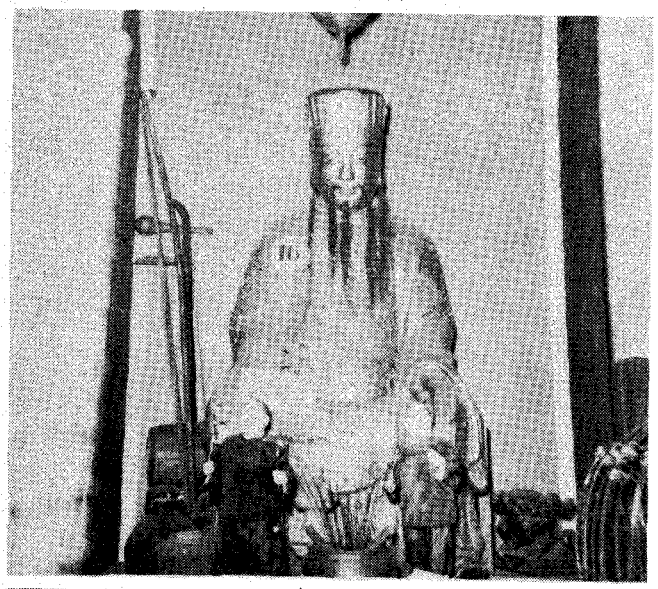

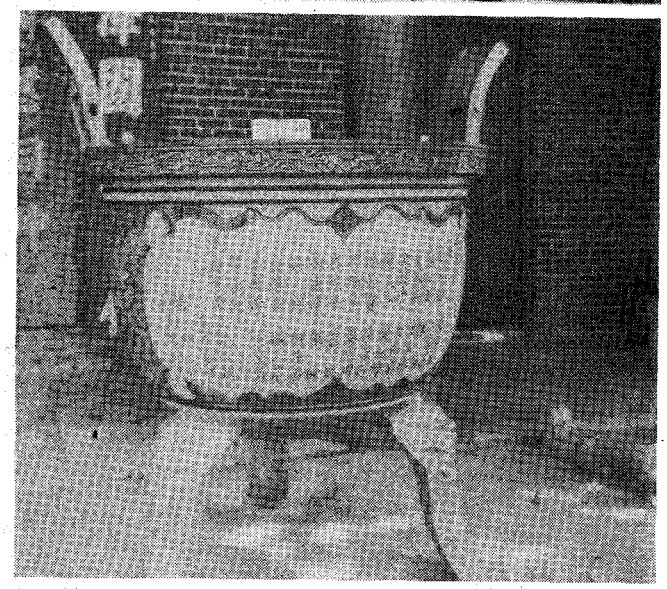

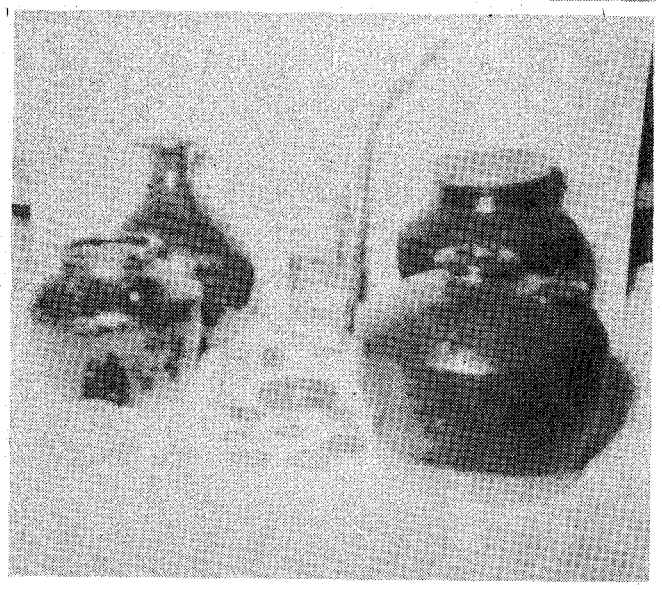

Photos furnished by author

Buddah, pottery, opium pipe, coins and other items found near Wah Cheng's store. A fortune in gold is still hidden somewhere in the area.

THE CURSE OF WAH CHENG'S GOLD

100 years have passed since the old Chinaman was murdered for his gold, but no one has gotten it yet...

by Ben Traywick

During the 1850's it was common custom for the mines of the Mother Lode Country to allow the local merchant to keep and ship all their raw gold. In a long forgotten gold camp near Mokelumme Hill this particular merchant was an old Chinese storekeeper called Wah Cheng. Cheng had a strong iron box in which he kept the miner's gold until it could be shipped to the mint. On the occasion the old Chinaman had $75,000 in raw gold securely locked in his sturdy iron box.

The night before the shipment of the gold, a Mexican whose identity has been lost in the depths of time, sneaked into the store to rob old Cheng of the miners' gold.

Though the Mexican's wicked knife slashed and jabbed bloody gashes in his skinny body, Cheng steadfastly refused to tell where he had hidden the box of gold. The Mexican hurriedly ransacked the store from attic to cellar, dragging the bleeding Chinaman with him. Still there was no evidence of the iron box of gold.

At length, the would-be thief, impatient and frightened at all the commotion raised in the torture of Wah Cheng, slit the old Chinaman's throat from ear to ear. Several suspicious miners, alerted by the noise, descended on the store. They arrived just in time to apprehend the killer as he bolted from the building.

Upon entering the store they found the battered and slashed body of old Wah Cheng. Infuriated at the sight of Cheng, the ransacked store, and the blood splattered walls, they swiftly and efficiently dispensed mining camp justice by hanging the Mexican from the limb of the big tree in front of the store. (This tree still stands before the ruins of the store).

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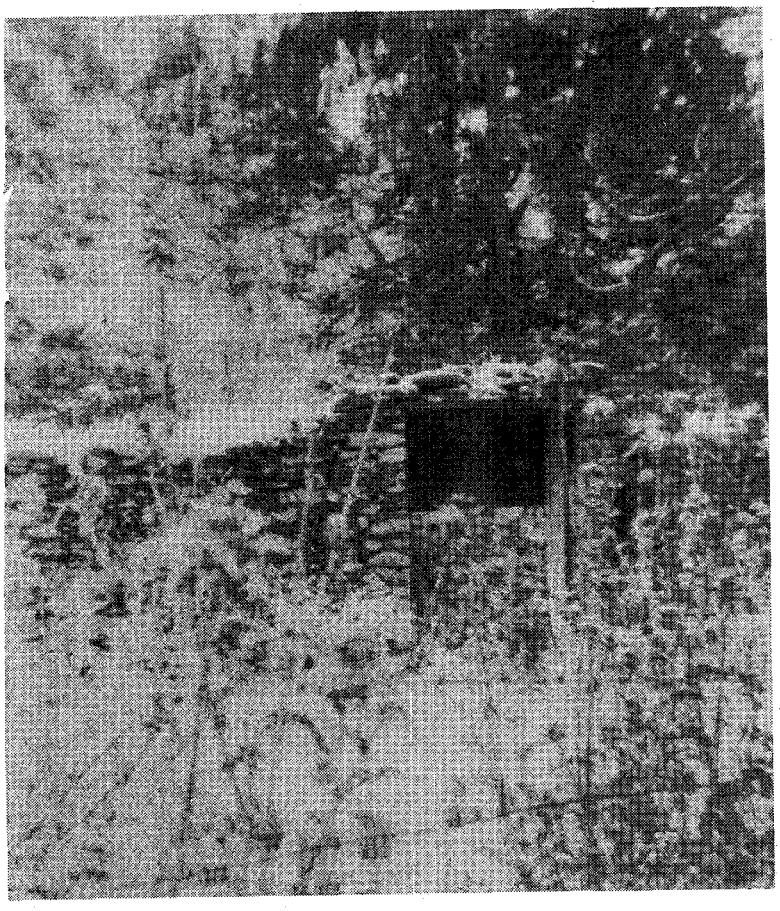

Ruins of the old Chinaman's store are still standing.

The miners searched the store and general area thoroughly, but none of them was ever able to find the iron box holding their gold. As far as is known the $75,000 still remains in the spot where old Wah Cheng hid it.

Thru much painstaking research the site of Cheng's store was located. The ruins and surrounding areas were combed with a metal detector. Many relics were located, but no treasure. However, it was impossible to search the most likely hiding spot the store basement which had been large and deep. Over the passage of many years all the heavy beams and timbers have fallen into it, filling it with a broken and splintered mass of wood. A bulldozer is needed to remove this jumble before the basement floor and the base of the stone walls can be thoroughly searched. The store is now on private property, and the use of a bulldozer would require a great deal of time and expense as well as some destruction of property. To add further hazards the basement now appears to be a veritable den of scorpions and rattlers.

On a ridge, close by the old Chinese store, a rock fence, built by Chinese miners, yielded a bean pot filled with jewelery and gold coins valued at $1700.

The big bonanza of gold still lies in the old gold camp near Mokelumme Hill, guarded for over 100 years by the ghost of the old Chinese. Get it, if you dare.

RW

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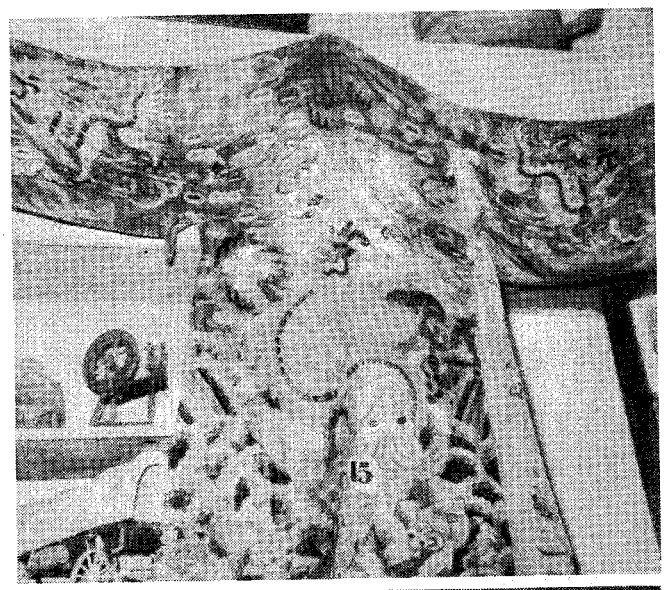

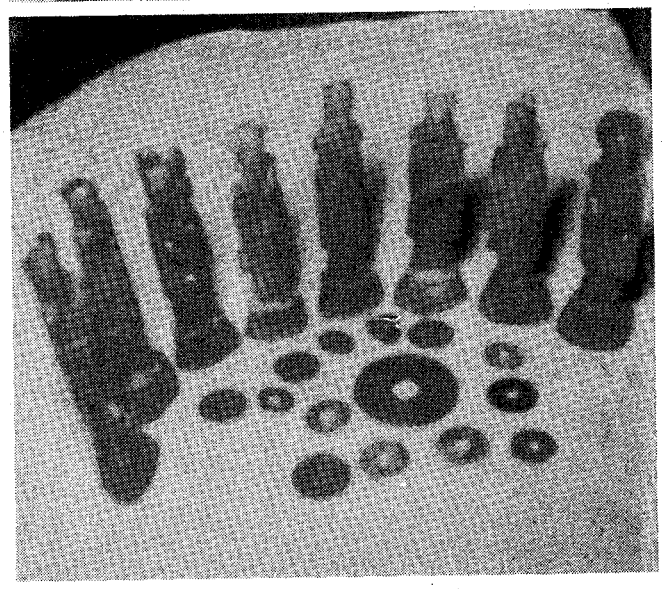

Photos furnished by author

Top: Chinese robe with forbidden stitch. Center: bottles and other pottery. Bottom: The eight gods of China, in jade.

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WHO REALLY SHOT BILLY THE KID?

On July 14, 1881, Billy the Kid, the most noted outlaw of his day, was fatally wounded by Pat F. Garrett, Sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico. Garrett claimed that he had acted in self-defense while attempting to arrest the 22-year-old desperado in the Pete Maxwell house at Fort Sumner, a small community in east-central New Mexico.

In popular accounts the Kid is often treated as a kind of Robin Hood of the West, although his contemporaries agree that he was a ruthless killer. In recent years, enough has been learned to clear up many debatable points about the Kid's career, but a number of details concerning his last moments are still open to dispute.

A book on the life of Billy the Kid, attributed to Pat Garrett, and published in Santa Fe in 1882, is considered a basic though dubious source of information. It has been definitely established that this book was a collaboration between Garrett and a close friend, a local journalist. Research has proved also that the collaborator inserted many doubtful episodes into this extravagantly written chronicle. The full title is: The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid, the Noted Desperado of the Southwest, Whose Deeds of Daring and Blood Made His Name a Terror in New Mexico, Arizona and Northern Mexico: (by) Pat F. Garrett, Sheriff of Lincoln Co., N.M. by Whom he Was Finally Hunted Down and Captured by Killing Him.

by George Cronyn

When I was working as a ranch hand in the upper Cimarron Canyon, northwestern New Mexico, in 1908, the Authentic Life had long been out of print and forgotten by all but a few frontier buffs. As far as I was concerned, Billy the Kid was a legendary outlaw who

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had been disposed of, and that was it. However, the ranch foreman, Mack Cameron, told me such an engrossing story of the Kid's final moments that it made quite an impression, partly because it was the sole occasion when Mack indulged in personal reminiscences. Usually he discussed only the most practical matters -- how to train a horse, build a fence, et cetera. Years later, when I read Garrett's book, I was amazed at the discrepancies between the Sheriff's version and Cameron's. The more I pondered the circumstances, the more apparent it seemed to me that the flaws were in Garrett's narrative.

Many events in the life of Billy the Kid are matters of record. He was born William H. Bonney, in 1859, in New York City. At the age of twelve, the Kid was in Silver City, New Mexico with his mother, a widow who had remarried. There, according to the Life, he committed his first crime when he stabbed a man whom he accused of insulting his mother.

At seventeen, the Kid's career as an outlaw was in full swing. Among other disreputable activities in which he became involved was the notorious "Lincoln County War" between rival cattlemen. By 1878 he was a leader of the faction headed by cattle baron John Chisum, until he made the mistake of killing a sheriff. For a long time he avoided capture despite "deeds of daring and blood" until, on December 25, 1880, he and three other outlaws were taken prisoner 16 miles from Fort Sumner by a large posse under the command of newly elected Sheriff Pat Garrett. This feat made Garrett a hero in New Mexico.

The Kid was tried for the murder of Sheriff Brady at Lincoln Courthouse in March, 1881, and sentenced to be hung on May 13. On April 30 he shot his way to freedom, killing two law enforcement officials -- Deputy Sheriff J.W. Bell and Deputy Marshal Robert Olinger. These slayings profoundly shocked and enraged the whole Territory.

The recapture of the Kid was obviously up to Garrett, but for weeks he remained inactive on his ranch, claiming that his seeming indifference would lull the Kid's suspicions. Then, on July 10, mindful of his prestige and duty, he set out for Fort Sumner with two companions, Poe and McKinney. In Sumner, a fellow by the name of Jacobs was added to the small posse. Garrett states that at this time he did not know positively that the Kid was in the area of Fort Sumner, but he wanted to confer with Pete Maxwell, a long-time resident.

Maxwell lived in a structure that was unique even for the New Mexico of that day. It should not be confused with the more famous Maxwell House, a fabulous gambling casino at Cimarron, built by Pete's father, Lucien Maxwell, hunter, trapper, and land speculator. The ruins of this once-flourishing enterprise are still pointed out to tourists. At the height of Lucien's affluence, he and his wife were the sole owners of the "Maxwell Grant," a cattle kingdom in northern New Mexico.

When the War Department abandoned Fort Sumner, which lies far south of Cimarron, the elder Maxwell purchased at auction the officers' quarters and the adjacent land. He then proceeded to lavishly furnish the 20-room building that had housed the Army brass. At the time of his death, in 1875, most of Lucien's fortune had been dissipated, and his son Pete inherited the Fort Sumner property, which was already being referred to as the "rookery."

Artist's sketch of the Maxwell house at the time the Kid was killed, based on old reports.

Toward midnight on July 13, the Garrett party headed for Pete's run-down mansion. During the hour or so before the Sheriff arrived there, the events as described in the Authentic Life have an air of fantasy. It is stated that at practically the same time that Garrett was approaching his destination, Billy the Kid had decided to pay a call on Maxwell for his own reason: he was hungry.

As narrated in the Life, the Kid was stretched out on a bed, fully clothed except for his boots, in a friendly Mexican's shack, reading a newspaper. Feeling the pangs of hunger, he decided near midnight, to go over to

{Continued on Page 55}

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"SHE BURNS GREEN, ROSIE!"
(Continued from page 15)

left town. He explained that he had dared the first thief because he recognized the broken gun being held by the man he knew it wouldn't shoot.

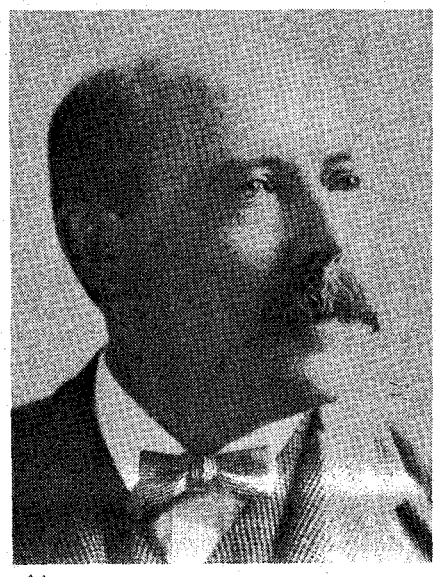
Before the days of the great teams ended around 1890 and borax operations moved to the Calico and other areas, there were some colorful, tragic and humorous aspects of the valley named Death.

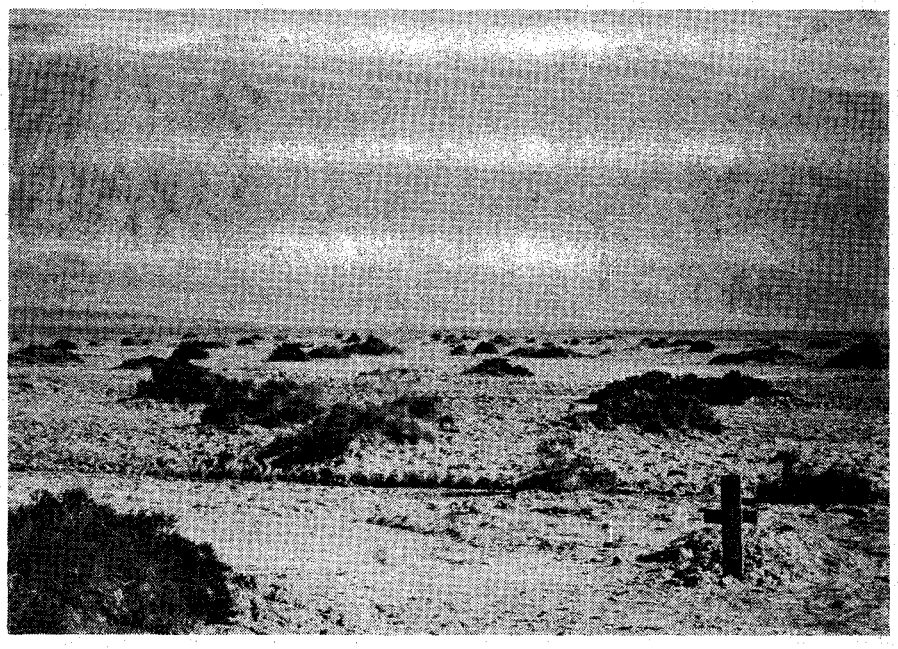
Because they required drivers who feared nothing, needed little water, scant food or comfort, there were many attempts to supplant the mule teams. One of these was a highwheeled tractor, which is still on exhibit, along with some of the old ore wagons in front of the Furnace Creek Inn.

The tractor could haul tremendous loads on level ground,--if it was hard packed ground. But in soft ground it would simply dig a hole for itself and fall in. Because of the chemical composition of the soil, climbing even a mound was like pulling up on a bar of soap. It would lose all steerage way and rear up like a fractious mule, even with loads of sand bags in front to hold it down.

Besides, when the tractor made any mileage at all, someone would have to be hauling both coal and water to fuel it along the way, which took about as much effort as to make the whole trip with the mule teams anyway.

John Ryan became Coleman's partner.
U. S. Borax Photo





U. S. Borax Photo
Only the desert knows who lies in this lonely grave in desolate Death Valley.

Mechanics were constantly swarming over the enormous piece of machinery and by servicing it all night, they usually could get it to run all the next day--or almost anyway.

In time, it blew up, and the remains were hauled away, repaired and put on exhibit as a desert curiosity, which it was indeed.

Tales of the Windy Gap trail were speckled with pathos, murder and Indian custom.

Of the latter, Stiles, Perry, Cahill, Ryan and others tell of the desert Indian custom of leaving their unwanted elders along the trail to die. When food was scarce, hunting was bad, or the tribe was simply going to move, the tribal chiefs selected the least useful members of the tribe, usually toothless old hags or withered old men who no longer could serve the tribe. With two or more braves, five or six of these unfortunates would be taken to a scum-covered water hole, naked, given a small sack of pinon nuts and abandoned to the desert. After a few days of surviving on bugs, lizards and plant life, the desert would claim them and passing teamsters would scrape enough sand over them to provide a semblance of a burial.

The air was so dry that a person succumbing to the elements was almost immediately mummified and as such could be buried days or weeks later, almost like sticks of wood. Dreadful tales of thirst-crazed desert men are told and imagined from the finding of bodies stretched stiff as jerky on the desert, sometimes their throats and clothes clawed away as they scratched for a bit of moisture or relief from the heat.

Borax complexes of all sorts were found and exploited in the Calico, Funeral Mountain and other areas. The Death Valley R. R. and the Tonopah & Tidewater R. R. were built to haul away the ore to calcining plants, but the modern giant of the industry, the U.S. Borax, is solidly anchored to deposits of Boron, first discovered in 1913 and constantly developed and explored by the company. The Boron ore body is said to be the world's richest deposit of borate ores and these average about 70 per cent pure borax as mined. It has a grasp on the centuries to come and will produce billions of wealth and a myriad of fine products, not the least of which will be rocket fuel which may put some of the desert mens' ancestors in the firmament.

But much of the romance is gone now, and it is the Death Valley Days, which tell the strength of the men and women who made the west in which we live.

Of all the desert men one of the most curious was Gordon Ellis, who was not only a certain shot but had such an aversion to murder that he crippled his opponents, after giving them the right to draw first, by shooting them in the legs.

Ellis acquired a borax claim in a gambling game. Since borax took work to convert into money, he sold it, then rode over to Bennett's Ranch, where there was plenty of entertainment including green whiskey. Ellis encountered trouble there.

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Ellis fussed with a Mexican youth and shot him in the leg.

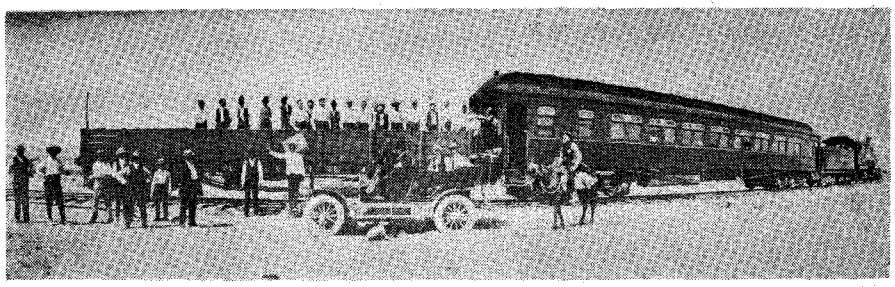
Next day, Ellis exchanged brisk words with Pat Shea and crippled him with a shot in the leg. When Shea didn't quit, Ellis shot him in the other leg. There were too many men bearing the "Ellis Gimp-leg" and the latest shooting was just the last straw. They grabbed Ellis before he could get away, bringing him back to face the desperately wounded Shea.

Shea was giving Ellis a fine old Irish cussing when someone slid a gun across the floor to him. With astounding courage, Shea got to his shattered legs and leveled the gun at Ellis. Un-nerved to see him do this, Ellis tried to rush for his horse and get away but before he mounted, Ellis turned and shot Shea in the groin.

Shea staggered but squeezed off a shot. Missed. Then another. Ellis was mortally wounded and slipped down in front of his horse.

"I've got enough. Don't let him shoot," Ellis muttered just before he died. On his body they found $100 which gave him "a proper burial." Shea recovered to limp about the rest of his life.

The borax country had tales of another sort, those of mirages of vision and tales which appear to be something like a mirage of the joker's mind.



U. S. Borax Photo

The Tonopah and Tidewater railroad was built to haul ore to the calcining plants.

But one grizzled old-timer credited an amazingly plausible mirage with saving his life. He was plagued with the "dry trouble,"--far out in the desert, without sufficient water. Then he saw a twenty mule team ahead of him in clear detail down to the skinners. The prospector knew if he could see such detail, help was near at hand. He quickened his pace towards the sight, but when he was no more than a mile away the entire picture dissolved before his eyes.

A mirage.

He moved to shade himself in a desert cluster, then saw another wonder of nature. A tank. It is where a hard strata of rock holds moisture for a fantastic time, despite heat if there is a scrap of shade. With a bit of moisture there, the prospector then made it to safety, having been saved by a mirage.

Heat in Death Valley is at times said to be such that the lizards spit on their toes to keep 'em cool. And it was for such tales that Shorty Harris, Death Valley Scotty, Seldom Seen Slim, Badwater Bill and John Lemoigne were all known. They all knew and strangely loved the borax country and the fabled Death Valley.

RW

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U. S. Borax Files

MAJOR LOGAN'S BLEEDING HEART

(Continued from page 9)

heart of Bruce in a silver casket, rushed to the head of his troops. He hurled the silver casket far into the ranks of the Moors, exclaiming,

"Go first, brave heart, as thou in battle here want to do, and Douglas will follow thee."

He plunged forward. The long spears of the Moors faced him in deadly array. Inspired by his action, the Scots charged after him. Furiously the fight waged. Slowly but steadily the Moors were pushed back and finally routed. The body of Douglas was found clasping in his arms the casket bearing the heart of Bruce. A Saracen spear had pierced the casket as well as Bruce's heart. The body of Douglas and the heart of Bruce were transported to Scotland for burial.

The "bleeding heart" became the emblem or crest of the clan of Douglas. Two signet rings were made bearing the crest and they descended through succeeding generations from eldest son to eldest son, eventually coming by descent into the Logan family.

William Logan emigrated from Scotland to the United States about 1850. Before he left Scotland his father gave him one of the two signet rings and told him he would be the head of the Douglas clan in America. He soon enlisted in the United States Army, won a commission and later was promoted to a captaincy. In 1867 his regiment, the Seventh infantry, was transferred from St. Augustine, Florida, to Fort Shaw, a frontier post on the Sun River about midway between Helena and where Great Falls was later built.

Army life was free and easy those days at frontier posts. William R. Logan, the captain's eldest son, often accompanied his father on minor expeditions, and it was thus as a small boy that he was with the first party of soldiers to reach the Custer battlefield after the massacre. Even as a man he sickened at the memory of the hacked and mutilated bodies that were strewn around.

But the Sioux and Cheyennes who wiped out Custer were not the only restive and embittered Indians. In 1868 some Nez Perces chiefs signed a treaty under which the tribe relinquished all rights to the Wallowa valley in Idaho where they had lived for many years. Chief Joseph refused to recognize the treaty and charged the signers had no authority to cede tribal lands. Notwithstanding, in increasing numbers settlers poured into the Wallowa valley. Friction mounted, finally resulting in 1877 in young warriors slaying some white settlers. Thus began the Nez Perce war. The Indians fled eastward into Montana, hoping to reach sanctuary in Canada. Soldiers from Montana army posts, accompanied by Montana militiamen, set out to capture them. The Nez Perce eluded their pursuers until they traversed the Bitter Root valley and crossed over the Continental divide. They stopped to rest in the Big Hole valley. The morning of August 9, 1877, General Gibbons made a surprise attack upon the camp which became the battle of the Big Hole. Captain Logan was in the thick of the hand-to-hand fighting. Survivors later told what happened. A warrior suddenly jumped out of the willow brush. Logan killed him. As the warrior fell, an Indian woman snatched the weapon that was in his hands,

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and turning upon Captain Logan, shot him through the forehead.

His body was recovered later, unmutilated, save that the third finger of his right hand had been cut off and with it had disappeared the signet ring of the clan of Douglas and also a Masonic ring that he always wore upon the same finger.

Many years later when William R. Logan was the agent in charge of the Blackfeet Indian reservation, he said the last words his father gave him as he departed from Fort Shaw to hunt down the Nez Perce, was that if he fell in battle to take the signet ring of the clan of Douglas and also the Masonic ring from his finger and to wear them and then pass them on to his eldest son. (He never had a son). But the rings were gone. Officer friends of the slain captain thought perhaps they could be found on the person of one of the Nez Perce captives who surrendered after the battle of the Bear Paws to General Miles. But they declared they had never had them nor even seen them.

So William R. Logan wrote his grandfather in Scotland to request that the second clan ring be sent him as the new head of the clan. His grandfather replied immediately not to regard his father's ring as having been permanently lost; that in the long history of the clan there had been other disappearances of the ring, but that it possessed talismanic virtues and would certainly be located and restored during the son's lifetime. He promised, however, that if the ring had not been restored within two years of the dispatch of this letter, he would give the duplicate ring to his grandson.

Some weeks later a half-breed Mexican cowboy riding the range in the Sweet Grass hills in northern Montana came upon the bodies of some Nez Perce and Cree warriors. There had been a fight between the bands and both sides had left their dead behind. The cowboy dismounted and examined the bodies. On the third finger of one of the Nez Perces was a ring, but the finger was so badly swollen he couldn't get the ring off. He cut the finger off and took the ring.

He was in Fort Benton broke, in the spring of 1878, and wanted a grubstake. He went to trader Billy Todd. Todd demanded security. The cowboy said the only security he could offer was a ring. He pulled it out, and Todd, who had been a friend of Captain Logan's, immediately recognized it and promptly struck a deal for it. He sent it to the First National Bank in Helena which forwarded it to W.R. Logan who was then living at Fort Missoula.

In 1899 W. R. Logan was the Blackfeet Indian reservation agent. A squaw came in one day to make a request. Across the desk she faced Major (all agents those days were called "major") Logan and rested her hands on the desk. Suddenly Logan noticed she was wearing a Masonic ring. He asked if he might look at it. She took it off and handed it to him. Engraved on the inside of the ring was his father's initials. He told the squaw, the ring had belonged to his father and been taken from him when he was killed in the battle of the Big Hole. He asked her how it came into her possession.

"Many moons ago," she told him, "I was married to a white man and living on the Milk River. One fall a strange Indian appeared before my house. We couldn't understand each other, but by signs he told me he was hungry, barefooted, weaponless, on his way west to some friends. I took him in, fed him, gave him clothes and moccasins. When he was leaving, he told me by sign language how good I had been to him, and he took this ring off his finger and gave it to me. He made me understand it was his dearest possession and had been taken from the hand of a white chief killed in battle. He told me he would return some time, plenty rich with plenty horses which he would give me for the ring.

But he never showed up again.

RW

NOTORIOUS BUT NOT REMEMBERED

by Lance Robbins

Like many outlaws of the Old West, Pony Diehl, though notorious in his day, is little known today.

So obscure now that his career is hard to trace, Pony Diehl was referred to by New Mexico newspapers when tried for rustling on April 3, 1884, as "one of the worst and most notorious outlaws that has ever cursed this frontier."

It is believed that Pony Diehl was born Charles Ray in the state of Illinois and drifted into Dodge City in the 1870's. According to news accounts of the Lincoln County War in 1878, he was one of the old Lincoln County gang. From here he made an appearance in Tombstone, as part of Curly Bill Brocius' rustling operation. Brocius and Deihl were arrested by Wyatt Earp on at least one occasion.

When Diehl was wanted in Arizona for murder and stagecoach robbery in addition to rustling, he fled to Wyoming and, in 1882, back to New Mexico to join the John Kinney gang.

Operating out of Rincon in Dona Ana county this outfit rustled thousands of cattle before a battalion of New Mexico militia routed them and sent Kinney to prison. Diehl at this time escaped to Chihauhua, but was pursued by the militia and brought back to Las Cruces, New Mex. terr., for trial.

At his trial before Col. Fountain, Pony Diehl admitted stealing cattle with John Kinney, but stubbornly refused to reveal his real name or background.

Diehl was convicted, but if he served time in prison, it could not have been for long, for according to Arizona records, he met death in a gunfight in the mid '80's in Greenlee County, north of Cochise, Ariz.

BUFFALO BILL'S SECRET LIFE

(Continued from page 28)

Bill as a playwright. In fact, this play suggests that if Cody had not been so successful in a life-time career of playing Buffalo Bill on stage, in the arena, and off-stage, he might well have developed into a competent writer of melodrama. While it is probably true that nothing he ever wrote was staged or published without corrections and revisions by ghost writers and editors, it is also pretty clear from a comparison of Maeder's play and Cody's first play that Cody brought more to the play than a lazy charm and a handsome exterior.

When Cody went east in 1872 to become lionized by New York society, he came in contact with the theatre. Even before he thought of the stage as a career, he was stage-struck. His frequent appearances at Niblo's occurred before he saw Maeder's Buffalo

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Kansas Historical Society

Julia Cody Goodman, Bill's sister.

Bill, not after. His introduction to theatre, in fact, convinced him that "as yet I had seen but a small portion of the world." And he was pleased with this "new world" in which everything was "new and startling."

He was, it is true, uneasy when he first saw himself as a character on the stage. "The audience," he remembered "upon learning that the real 'Buffalo Bill' was present, gave several cheers between the acts, and I was called on to come out on the stage and make a speech. Mr. Freleigh, the manager, insisted that I should comply with the request, and that I should be introduced to Mr. Studley (the actor playing the role of Buffalo Bill). I finally consented, and the next moment I found myself standing behind the footlights and in front of an audience for the first time in my life. I looked up, then down, then on each side, and everywhere I saw a sea of human faces, and thousands of eyes all staring at me. I confess that I felt much embarrassed--never more so in my life--and I knew not what to say. I made a desperate effort, and a few words escaped me, but what they were I could not for the life of me tell, nor could any one else in the house. My utterances were inaudible even to the leader of the orchestra, Mr. Dean, who was sitting only a few feet in front of me. Bowing to the audience, I beat a hasty retreat into one of the canyons of the stage. I never felt more relieved in my life than when I got out of the view of that immense crowd."

After this experience--which would have dismayed even a Richard Burton, Cody turned down an offer by Freleigh to take over the role of Buffalo Bill at five hundred dollars a week. "I told him," Cody said, "that it would be useless for me to attempt anything of the kind, for I never could talk to a crowd of people like that, even if it was to save my neck, and that he might as well try to make an actor out of a government mule."

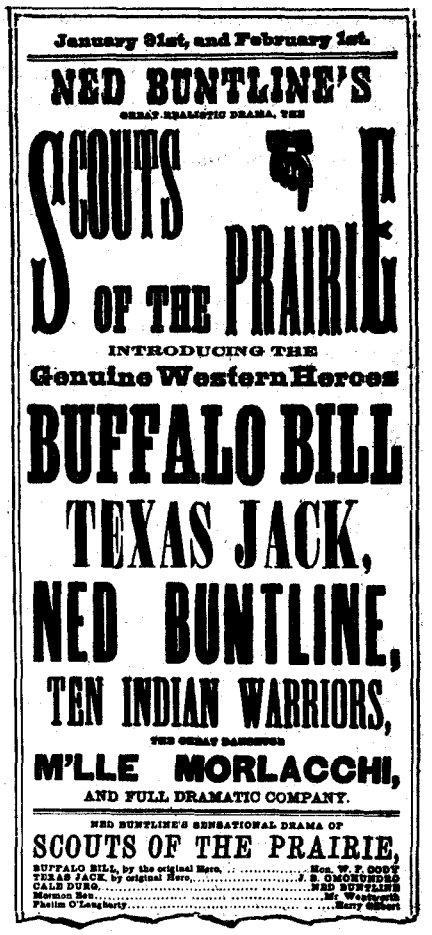
Cody, however, had nothing but praise for the play itself. J. B. Studley, he said, was "an excellent actor, ... in the character of 'Buffalo Bill,' and Mrs. W. G. Jones, a fine actress, taking the part of my sister, a leading role." The drama, itself, he concluded, "was played smoothly and created a great deal of enthusiasm."

In less than a year, in the fall of 1872, Cody changed his mind about his acting capabilities. He accepted an offer from Ned Buntline to star in a play, Scouts of the Plains, and took his friend, Texas Jack (J.B.) Omohundro with him to play a supporting role.

The preparations for that play were terrible. Buntline not only did not have the arrangements made--the theatre rented, the actors hired, the scenery prepared, but he had not even written the play. In a burst of energy, Buntline threw together a play in four hours, but Cody and Omohundro were unable to learn the parts. In spite of these difficulties, however, the play went on; and at least for the audience--and the box office--the debut for Buffalo Bill in Scouts of the Plains was a success. The newspaper critics thought the play and Buntline's performance were so bad that it almost made the show worth seeing for the unintentional comedy. Cody, however, improvised his role as he went along--playing the role of the "hero of the West" with tongue-in-cheek; and even the reviewers liked him.

For a year, Cody toured with Buntline, but when the profits were distributed and Cody got the mouse's share while Buntline played the lion, Buffalo Bill decided that he would run his own company. Buntline let him keep Scouts of the Plains, and in addition to the changes that Cody had made in the play for his own performance, further changes were now made, including the cutting of a long prohibition lecture by Ned Buntline; and an important character, Wild Bill Hickok, was added.

Cody toured with this play for almost four years, and during these years, he not only made a small fortune and became a national hero, but he also developed ideas about what



a play should be. In 1876, with the aid of an actor, J.V. Arlington, he wrote his first play.

Cody's first play shows a remarkable improvement over Maeder's Buffalo Bill. Although in public, Cody joked that the play had neither "head nor tail," in the privacy of the writer's study, he made a play that is tight in its construction and consistant throughout.

Life on the Border deals with the young Buffalo Bill in the early years after the Civil War had ended. There is one principal villain, Captain Huntley, a self-appointed head of local law enforcement, a counterfeiter, an Indian-rouser, and murderer; and he and Buffalo Bill are opposed in every activity, even in their rivalry for Emma Reynolds. In the course of the drama, Buffalo Bill outshoots the Indians, out-wrestles a bear, and out-draws Huntley; but throughout the play, all his actions are limited by some notion of the possible. He does not blow himself up to frighten away the Indians, as the hero did in Maeder's Buffalo Bill.

Then, too, although he is the "heroic man" of the West, brave, strong, and honest, he is also a modest fellow with a sharp sense of humor. Both heroes and villains hate the Indians, but Bill holds a "moderate view."

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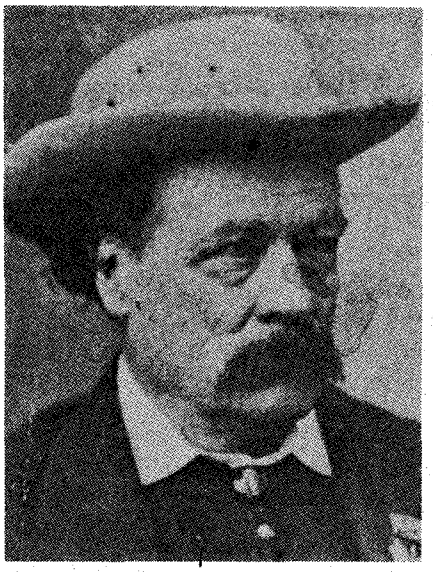

Nebraska Historical Society

Ned Buntline, fiction writer, hero-maker.

He recognizes that the Indians are a threat, but he also recognizes that they have cause to hate the white settlers. Nor is he a part of a prohibition campaign, as he was in Buntline's Scouts of the Plains. True, he turns down a drink offered him by General Duncan, but his refusal was caused by a lack of time, not a lack of taste. Finally, although his friends and enemies--Longtrailer, Old Sloat, Grasshopper Jim, Toothpick Ben, sing (or curse) his praises, the stage character of Buffalo Bill, as created by Cody, does not pose as an heroic man. He would rather trick the enemy than out-talk them or out-shoot them.

The results of these changes in plot and characterization were remarkable in the final product, the play itself; and if Life on the Border does not make Cody as good a playwright as Shakespeare, at least he compares well with the writers of Gunsmoke and Bonanza.

After one season's success with his own play, Cody became a perennial playwright. In 1877-88. He dramatized a story about himself, May Cody, or Lost and Won, written by Major A.S. Burt, one of the better known dime novelists. This play proved to be an even bigger stage success than Life on the Border. That same year, capitalizing on the publicity of his fight with Yellow Hand, he wrote the Red Right Hand, or Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer. Critics, it is true still made fun of the plays. One critic, for example, wrote that he couldn't decide if one of the characters in the Red Right Hand, Land-Wha-Hoo, played by the Irish comic, Dennis O'Gaff, was supposed to be an Indian or a Chinese; but no longer were the entire reviews written as one long joke, as the critics had treated the first performances of Scouts of the Plains.

There can be no doubt that Cody played the leading role in all of his plays, but many of Buffalo Bill's biographers have serious doubts about how much actual writing Cody was doing. They complain, too, that all of his plays followed a "tried-and-true formula." By 1888, however, Cody had written, in part or whole, at least a half dozen plays. In addition to Life on the Border, Red Right Hand, and May Cody, these plays included Knights of the Plains, Buffalo Bill at Bay; or The Pearl of the Prairie, White Beaver, and the Prairie Waif. Although no copies of these plays remain for comparison, judging from the reviews, one would conclude that the longer Cody wrote, the smoother the plays became, the more the character of Buffalo Bill became realistic and believable, and the closer the plots came to real life.

With the success of the Wild West Show in the mid-1880's, Cody not only left the stage and destroyed his plays, but he also started a systematic campaign to mock the old Western melodramas as such. If this campaign did not succeed in ending the western melodrama--as the later success of Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, and Matt Dillon proves it did not, it seems at least to have ended Cody's reputation as a playwright.

In passing, it is interesting to note that another Bill--Shakespeare--after a playwriting career of about the same length and success, also threw away his plays and fled the stage. Fortunately for Shakespeare's reputation as a playwright, his fellow actors gathered together the manuscripts of the discarded plays into a single volume. When Cody left the theatre, however, he took half of his actors with him to the new Wild West show; and the other half--Capt. Jack and Texas Jack--stayed on the stage, borrowed some of Cody's ideas and play techniques and hoped their audiences would forget there ever was a Buffalo Bill.

RW

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EDGAR PAXSON
FRONTIER ARTIST
(Continued from page 18)

his masterpiece to be "Custer's Last Battle." Into this magnificent oil painting, Paxson put 20 years of research. Eight years went into its actual painting. It measures nine by six feet and it holds over 200 figures, many of the faces on the engagees in the battle actually resembling the men who fought and died at the battle of the Big Horn. Indians who lived to tell of the fierce fighting actually posed in later years for Paxson, men like Chief Two Moon, Sitting Bull, Gall, Rain-in-the-Face. While generals were to become his friends, men like Marcus Reno, who lived to regret the tragedies of that sad engagement.

In 1879, Edgar sent for his wife and son to join him in Deer Lodge in Montana Territory. He began to take orders for painting, doing local murals for theatres and saloons, serving as a sign painter, doing oils and water colors in his own home and painting in the home of others whatever they desired in the way of decoration.

Always eager to be in on the action, Paxson went to war when he was 46 years of age. He saw engagement in the Phillipines in the Spanish-American War. He was awarded the rank of First Lieutenant in Company G of the First Montana Volunteer Infantry. In this war he contacted malaria and was to know many months of poor health. But beautiful paintings resulted from his journey to the Phillipines, the native women and children gorgeously portrayed by this versatile artist.

Charles Marion Russell, another great frontier artist, wrote generously of Edgar's art abilities. Paxson was

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Photos furnished by author

Descendant Shirley Paxson displays buckskins worn by the artist. Right: Signaling Arrival of the Buffalo, *another Paxson painting from the collection of Dr. Franz Stenzel.*

a much older man than Russell, and preceeded him in the far West by several years. But the two were contemporaries, and when Paxson died, Russell wrote his finest obituary:

"A few days ago Ed Paxson crossed the big range. For several years the trail on this side was rough for him, so the Angel of Death, who is a friend to those who suffer, took his hand and led him to a smooth, well-worn trail that has been traveled since time began. He will not be lonesome, or a stranger for many of his friends have gone before."

"Paxson has gone, but his pictures will not allow us to forget him. His work tells me that he loved the Old West and those who love her I count as friends. Paxson was my friend, and today the West that he knew is history that lives in books. His brush told stories that people like to read."

"Civilization is nature's worst enemy. All wild things vanish when she comes. Where great forests once lived, nothing now stands but burned stumps - a black shroud of death. The iron heel of civilization has stamped out nations of men, but it has never been able to wipe out pictures and Paxson was one of the men gifted to make them."

"I am a painter, too, but Paxson has done some things that I cannot do. He was a pioneer and a pioneer painter. He was also a soldier who fought under the colors of our country."

"Paxson loved Montana. May the land where he has gone be even more beautiful than the mountains that he loved."

All biographers of Paxson praise his contributions toward preserving in art a record of the American West. Although his stature does not equal that of a Russell or a Remington, it has sizeable significance to a wide audience. Mike Kennedy of the Montana State Historical Society wrote: "In my opinion, both Russell and Paxson must be considered among the greatest of the diverse assortment of artists who attempted to capture the broad flavor of the Frontier West during the period generally characterized by final subjugation of the Indian, end of the Buffalo, the change from roaring, wide-open camps to crude cow-towns, beginning of fencing of the vast open range and last of the Texas trail herds. This was the period of limbo just preceeding the avalanche of so-called 'civilization' which moved in on the last of the mountain men, renegade road-agents, wolfers, whiskey traders, buffalo slaughterers and professional Indian exterminators; offending the dignity and sanctity of the horseback Indian; and was sometimes condoned and sometimes disparaged by the finer types of frontier missionaries, professional men, builders, doers of civic and cultural deeds and non-exploiters of the rich natural endowments of this majestic land."

As the years pass, Paxson will continue to grow in the esteem of those who love the history of the early West and he will rightly take his place among its ace recorders, a man whose life was dedicated to the pursuit of beauty and who fulfilled his obligations with dignity and honor, both in serving his country, his family, his friends and his art.

RW

Portrait, Chief Lewison, Flatheads.

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Information for this article was furnished by friends and relatives of Mr. Paxson.

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BIRD CAGE
THEATRE
(Continued from page 19)

known character, "Russian Bill," rented a box nearest the stage every night for two years at $25.00 a night. "Russian Bill" was a mystery. He professed to be a desperado, but he could not conceal the fact that he was a scholar and a gentleman. To make people think he was an outlaw, he stole a horse. He was hanged in the same day. Later it was learned that he was a member of the Royal family of Russia.

It is estimated $80,000,000 worth of minerals was taken from the Tombstone mines.

When surging, relentless underground water flooded the mines and ruined the mining boom, the great exodus began. It was then that the Theatre closed its doors.

For fifty years the Bird Cage remained closed. Then it opened as a museum rich in historic, romantic lore.

The Rosewood bar with its big mirror is still intact. Located at the end of the bar is the dumb waiter suspended on frayed ropes holding the empty wicker serving basket.

Old painted posters of the last show appearing on the stage are still pasted on the partition wall.

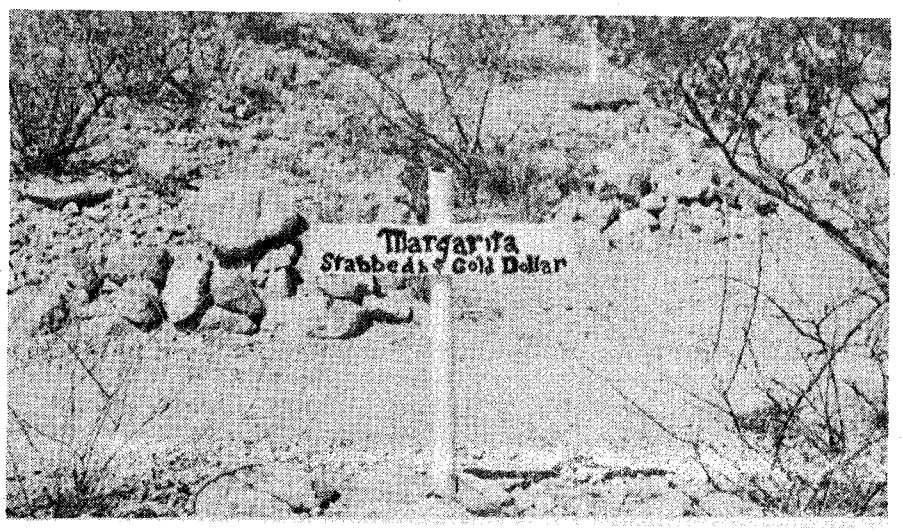
It is easy to visualize the place as it once was in all its wild and wooly gaiety of the 80's.

The old hand carved Rosewood grand piano that was brought by mule train in 1881 from San Francisco, is still there close to the stage. Through a small screened door one can see the wooden steps leading down to the old wine cellar underneath the stage. The dusty old wine casks supported on wooden frames, occupy one side of the celler. Across the floor a row of flimsy doors led into the performers dressing rooms.

Schieffelin Hall, one of the oldest buildings in Arizona, named for founder.

Mercaldo Archives

Grave of Margarita, dance hall girl stabbed in fight over a man. Above: Immortal Ed Schieffelin of Tombstone fame.



Just above the screened door are three bullet holes, the ones that missed the actor! Around the room sits a hand made dice table tacked with carpeting; a faro table; and the "look out's chair" occupied by a man or woman, a discreet spy, who watched to see that no cheating took place. The oldest roulette wheel in the Southwest is there, too.

Circus posters on the wall are rare relics--they were litgraphed from old wooden cuts and smuggled into this country from Sweden in 1883. The man who made them never saw a circus!

A battered theatrical truck strapped with leather is pushed underneath the stage stairway; you can almost hear the approaching rumble of the stagecoach that brought it here.

A broken chair in the corner looks as though it were only recently flung there by some rowdy cowboy.

Significant of the fancy ladies and performers who frequented or entertained at the old Theatre, eerie echoes of the sad lament "I am only a Bird in a Gilded Cage: float soundlessly around the dangling upper boxes.

Touching the tinsled finery, one can almost hear the loud voices and raucous laughter and the rinky-dink music that once echoed in this historic place, flowed out, and sounded up and down the dusty streets.

RW

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HAW TABOR'S
SILVER TOUCH
(Continued from page 39)

his pocket. He would move to the new mining camp near Leadville and open a general store! It was easy to see that the miners were in sore need of provisions, and if a man couldn't make his fortune mining, why not cater to those who had?

Haw Tabor's store in California Gulch was an instant success. The settlement was known as Oro City, and Haw Tabor's zeal soon resulted in a Post Office for the town, with him as postmaster. But there was always time on the side for a little gold or silver prospecting. Luck in the diggings continued to elude Haw Tabor, however, while the years ticked away.

Mayor Haw Tabor was the First Citizen or Leadville in 1878 when two newcomers in town, August Rische and Theodore Hook approached the Tabor Store. They had heard that Tabor on occasion would grubstake a miner who needed a little help.

Haw Tabor had heard the story before.

"Please Mister Tabor. Just a few utensils and a jug of whiskey to see us through?"

Haw shrugged and gave his approval. The bill came to $64.75, and Haw was to get one-third of whatever was discovered.

It was on the first day of May, 1878, that Hook and Rische made their strike. They took a ton of silver ore out, and that one ton brought $800. During the month of July, the newly named Little Pittsburgh Mine shipped $10,000 worth of ore a week to the smelter. This was the beginning of the fabulous Tabor fortune--a fortune which within five years would be unmatched by any of Colorado's silver kings.

Haw Tabor soon bought out Hook and Rische's shares of the Little Pittsburgh. Then followed Tabor's acquisition of the Matchless and Chrysolite Mines, which, along with Little Pittsburgh would pour thousands of dollars weekly into the itinerent stonecutter's pockets.

Haw, Augusta and Maxcy moved to Denver, as did many of the silver kings. Tabor, whose tastes ran to the flamboyant, bought Henry C. Brown's mansion--the biggest, fanciest in town.

A man of means, Tabor reasoned, was obligated to erect suitable monuments to his success. As wealth he had never before dreamed of continued flowing from the mountains. He built the Tabor Block in downtown Denver. It was one of the few buildings over three stories high between Omaha and San Francisco.

But even the Tabor Block wasn't enought to satisfy his ego. In 1880 the word went out that Tabor would build the most magnificant amusement palace money could buy--the Tabor Grand Opera House.

Chicago architect W.J. Edbrooke had designed the Tabor Block. Now Tabor invited Edbrooke to inspect outstanding American theaters with him and design a building befitting Denver's glory.

"Don't pattern after those chicken coops," Tabor told Edbrooke, "but pick up any good ideas they've got laying around, see?"

In the spring of 1880, Tabor's land agent, the John W. Berkey Co., arranged to buy the A.B. Daniels property at 16th and Curtis Streets for $41,000. For an additional $16,000. Tabor bought two lots adjoining the Daniels property. The site was right in the middle of downtown.

The existing buildings were demolished and trees cut down, and the excavating already had begun when Tabor and Edbrooke returned, bringing with them ideas for the Tabor Grand.

By the following February, Edbrooke and his associate, F.P. Burnham, had completed blueprints for the $700,000 structure. The opera house, rising five stories, was 75 feet wide and 150 feet long. Carved stonework showed leaves, flowers and musical emblems. Above was a heavy stone tablet bearing the name, "The Tabor Grand Opera House," cut in relief.

Higher on the building was Tabor's name, and a small date block even higher displayed the numerals "1880." (The block was changed to read "1899" when the building was remodeled in that year.)

The Tabor Building, adjoining the opera house on the east, featured a corner tower. The entire building was of red brick and limestone.

Crowds watched the Tabor Grand rise, and believed they were beholding the structural marvel of the age. They were told the general style of the architecture was modified Egyptian moresque, and they gasped without knowing what that meant.

The sub-structure of the Tabor Grand had been laid, and the brick work on the outer walls was rapidly rising, when at 4 a. m. on Jan. 13, 1881, during a windstorm, disaster struck.

The greater part of the west wall fell into the alley, the damage estimated at $5,000. Construction was set back 30 days, which would prohibit the building from being fully completed on opening night eight months later.

John W. Roberts, the architect-in-charge during Edbrooke's absence, blamed the wind's force against the newly laid bricks. But he nonetheless asked for a city investigation to absolve the architects and workmen of blame. Such was the offical ruling.

The theater's 1,500 seats were sold out well in advance of opening night Sept. 5, 1881, and there was a great demand for standing room. Reserved seats were $2 "down front," and $1.50 was the price for seats towards the rear of the main floor. Those in the balcony paid a dollar.

Railroads offered special fares from Salt Lake City, Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo. as well as from the Colorado cities of Boulder, Longmont, Fort Collins, Pueblo and Colorado Springs.

Tabor and Billy Bush, his longtime friend who had been named man-

SPURRING IS ESSENTIAL IN BAREBACKING

A handhold on a surcingle is all the equipment a cowboy has to keep him on top of a bareback bronc for eight long, action filled seconds. His wild spurring is not showing off, it is a rhythmic motion of his legs to keep the rigging from being torn out of his hands. He keeps his seat close to his riding hand as he throws his feet forward in time with the horse's jumps. He knows the farther back on the horse he gets the more likely he is to take up a homestead on the hard ground. The rider must have his dulled spurs over the break of the horse's shoulders when the mount takes the first jump out of the chute. The rider hopes for a fast, high jumping, twirling horse, or unless the animal is a hard bucker, the rider doesn't get marked high.

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ager of the opera house, had negotiated with many great singers and actors for the opening night. Finally engaged was the Emma Abbott English Opera Co., which arrived in Denver Sept. 3. Denver never had known an invasion by such culture!

Opening night found a drizzling rain to greet the first-nighters. Nevertheless, virtually every carriage in town was engaged and by 7 p.m. the crowds began arriving. Police Chief D.J. Cook and nine of his men were on hand to maintain order.

As the patrons entered the vestibule they ascended a short flight of marble steps and passed through swinging doors into the rotunda, and then into the beautifully paneled foyer. From both sides, richly carpeted stairways led to the balcony.

By 8 p.m. the audience was assembled, with scores standing along the walls.

Haw Tabor's private box couldn't be missed. It was Box A, with a two-foot-long block of solid silver six inches thick, on which the name TABOR was inscribed in relief letters of solid gold. Even the frames of the crimson plush chairs in Box A were of solid silver.

Curiously, Tabor's box was empty on opening night. By now, he was Colorado's lieutenant governor, and he was downstairs gladhanding the elite. Augusta, whose frugality and distaste for immodesty began annoying Haw when he got rich, sat home. Haw hadn't answered her written request that she be allowed to attend opening night.

There lingered in the crowd on opening night, however, a beautiful blonde divorcee who was half Tabor's age. She was Mrs. Elizabeth B. McCourt Dow, soon to become Haw's second wife at a lavish wedding in Washington D.C., attended by President Chester A. Arthur. Few noticed the glances Haw and "Baby Doe" exchanged on opening night at the Tabor.

A stage fully set for a chamber scene greeted the audience, for the Abbott Company was to perform the "mad scene" from "Lucia de Lammermoor," in addition to the opera "Maritana."

The audience found itself in surroundings which could challenge the best theaters in Europe. The first-nighters beheld the interior of the theater, with its high ceiling designed in gold, maroon, blue, orange and black; its six districtive boxes looming to within 20 feet of the ceiling; its chandelier suspended 28 feet from the dome, and the small gas lighting fixtures around the walls.

Throughout was rich-stained glass, heavy crimson carpets with green borders and expensive wallpapers. A sky was painted on the great domed ceiling. It was the work of six artists.

Billy Bush stepped forth and introduced Miss Abbott, who accepted from him a large floral display. At the close of the "mad scene," I.E. Barnum stood before the gas footlights and said:

"If Governor Tabor is in the house, will he kindly step upon the stage."

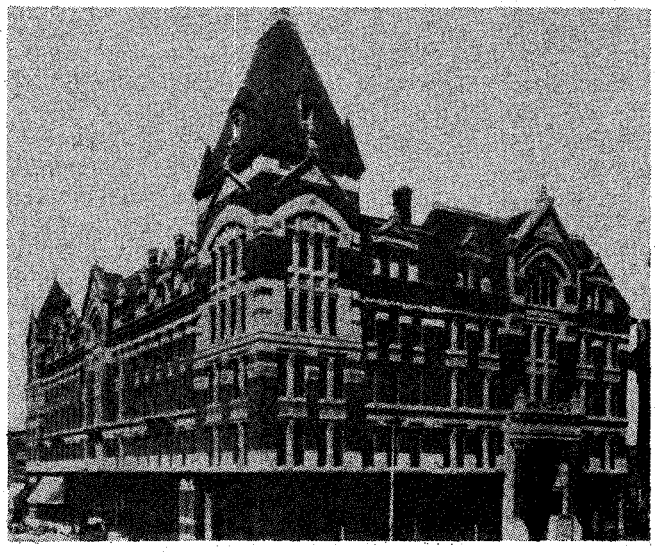
Dressed in his finest and fingering a huge diamond stud on his boiled shirt, Tabor received from Barnum a massive gold watch fob. It cost $500 and was the gift of 100 leading citizens.

Tabor spoke.

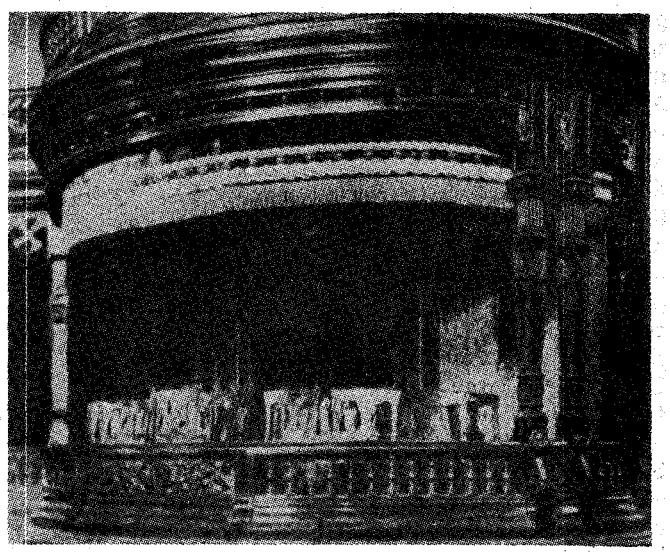
"Ladies and gentlemen. It is 16 months since I commenced building this opera house. At that time I looked Denver over carefully. I found it a town of great beauty. I found it a city of some 40,000 inhabitants; the finest city of its size on the American continent. It needed an opera house, and I decided to build one. Here is the opera house. I shall leave it to your judgement to say whether I have done my duty."

Tabor withdrew among the applause and the first act of "Maritana" began.

Eugene Field, then a young reporter on the Denver Tribune, wrote the next day:



Tabor Grand Opera House as it appeared at opening in 1881.



Haw Tabor's private box in the magnificent theatre of art.

"The opera house, a union grand,
Of capital and labor
Long may the stately structure stand,
A monument to Tabor."

So ended opening night at the most glorious theater between Kansas City and San Francisco. So ends the story of Tabor Grand, save for its many illustrious years of service. And so ends the story of Haw Tabor, who lost everything--including the Tabor Grand during the Silver Panic of '93. He would die penniless anddisillusioned on April 10, 1899.

RW

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APACHE-COMANCHE FIGHT

(Continued from page 38)

the big group. The Comanches sighted the fleeing people and knew that there was a big band near. Peso sent the women on with as many horses as they could take, to follow the noncombatants. And he told them to hide and await his coming.

"Now," said Peso, "while our brave brothers hold them off, get your best war horses and fastest buffalo mounts for the attack comes soon."

And it did, with five brave Mescaleros falling back slowly to delay the approach of the enemy. When the first appeared over the top of the hill, the Apaches with lances fixed, charged. At the crest, they saw that the Comanches were within arrow range and they fired. They had men so skillful that one could keep three arrows in the air at one time. But they could not waste even one arrow. They retired over the crest to await the charge of the enemy. And they turned that charge. They followed, alternately charging and retreating, for some time. Upon each charge they killed some Comanches; but there were many, many of them. The outcome of the battle seemed doubtful until the wise and good Comanche chief who had counciled peace was killed. Then Peso knew that victory was his.

"This is our time," he said. "For they will begin to cry for the death of their chief; and their aim will not be good. It was his warriors who were the best fighters. It is bad to

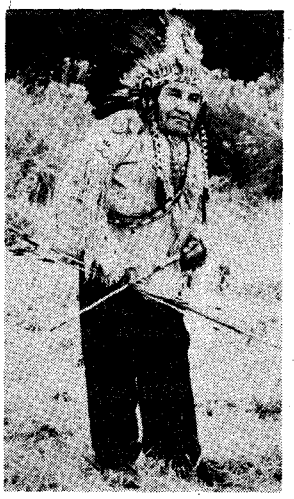
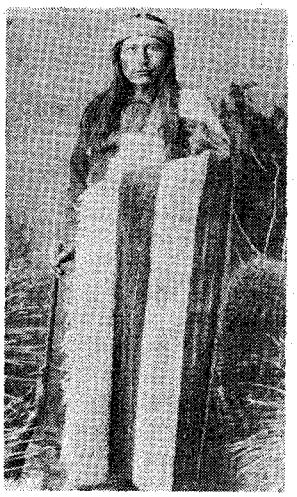


Photo by author

Smithsonian Institution



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Left to right: Percy Big Mouth; "Old" Big Mouth, last survivor of the Mescalero Apache scouts who lived to be over a hundred; and Naiche, second son of Cochise.

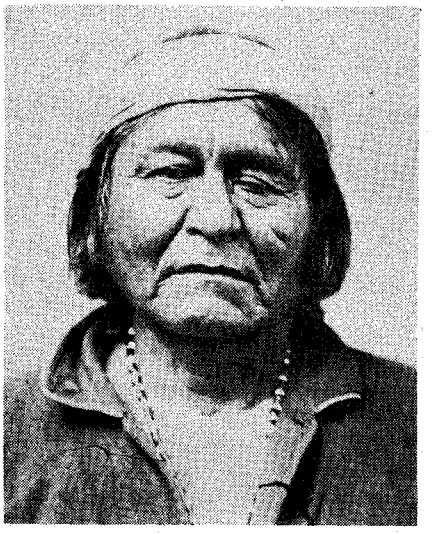
Photo by author

Photo by author

Left: Eugene Chihuahua and Lucius Peso; both men were sons of Apache Chiefs; Peso was the last Mescalero Chief. Right: Apache woman with Comanche Husband.

Arizona Pioneer Museum

Apaches gathered in their village were armed even when repairing their homes.



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Head Chief Loco of Chiricahua Apache.

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kill them, but it is our only chance."

They fought till the young chief who counciled attack had only seven men left. But he was brave. Though his body bristled with arrows he still lifted his bow. When he fell, the Apaches called to his warriors: "Go back to your country and tell the Comanches that it is useless to fight the Apaches. Say that you are brave, too; but say that we want some to live so that the Comanches may know of our victory."

Big Mouth was detailed to carry the wounded Apaches to their camp, and did not know how many Comanches left the battlefield. Peso thought that six left, but that some were wounded.

Many, many years later, when the Mescaleros stole some Comanche women, one of them reported that only one warrior returned from both bands to his people. He was wounded, sick, and weak. When his horse stopped in the camp he slipped from it and said, "They are dead. Only I am left. I am a woman, unworthy to be called a Comanche brave. I wish that I had died with my brothers. Spare me shame; kill me!"

Big Mouth was young and it was his first big battle. He did not know how many Comanches were killed. He said scornfully that Apaches do not count the dead. The living, perhaps, for it might be necessary to meet them again in battle; but the dead, no!

But he knew of the Apache losses. He said, "One Comanche, he have rifle that shoot once. He shoot Lipan in head before Peso's lance struck him.

"Another Comanche have pistol. His horse rear and pistol go off. No time reload. He get spear set and charge a Mescalero on top hill. Mescalero step backward and stumble over mescal. He fall and Comanche kill him."

Several of Peso's warriors were wounded; but Kah Zhan made Medicine for them; and Peso help bind their wounds with split leaves of prickly pear after thorns were burned off. And everybody joined in the victory dance and sang prayers for the recovery of the wounded. And Ussen heard. And every one of them lived.

RW

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Alton Peso, son of Mescalero Chief Peso
Big Rope Bessie, daughter of Kahsban, Medicine man

THE BEAR THAT CRIED

(Continued from page 29)

It seemed like an idea worth trying. He took down the skin and she sewed him into it, taking a tuck here and there where it didn't fit well enough. When she finished he looked exactly lide a bear, and when he walked away it was with the odd shambling gait of a bear not going anywhere in a hurry. He stopped to rub himself bearlike against the fence where the dogs could get a good whiff of him, and they went wild. Mabel, watching him, thought that if she didn't know it was Fred, she'd have gone for her gun and popped away at him. The dogs were making enough noise to wake the dead, the sound echoing across the valley. Having done what he wanted, Fred started across into the wooded hills. Mabel waited, as planned, until he had a good head start, then she let the excited dogs out.

They picked up the trail at once and went pell-mell down it, tumbling over each other in their eagerness, each one giving tongue. Fred, hearing the sound from a distance, felt a chill go down his spine. It lent wings to his paws.

I'm a bear, he thought, now what would I do when I heard hounds? He went across a small stream to lose the scent, and he heard their puzzlement as they stopped, and then the sound picked up again as they crossed over and were back on his trail. When they got too close, he did just what a bear would do -- he went up a tree, and watched as they gathered around it.

He intended staying inside the skin until the lesson sank in so he settled down as best he could, in his perch. When he decided it had gone on long enough, he tried to get out of the suit. It wasn't as easy as it should have been, and not made any simpler by the fact that he had to use one hand, paw, or whatever, to hang onto his perch. Twice he almost fell out. Mabel, carried away by her zeal, had sewn him in too well. He couldn't get out.

As he was pondering that, he found another unexpected problem. The dogs had been making so much noise they'd attracted every hunter in the area. A shot rang out and seemed to go through the empty muzzle...another one almost took off a paw.

He heard another shot but it must have not come close. Desperately trying to get out of his bear suit before he got killed, he fell out of the tree and into the clump of hounds.

The hunters afraid of shooting the dogs, or another hunter, moved in and started clubbing the bear whenever they could find a space not being attacked by a dog. Then they stopped, suddenly frozen by the human sounding moans. The dogs were making so much noise they could hardly hear, but they did get what seemed like speech. A muffled, "For God's sake, get me out of here before you kill me."

A couple of the men waded in and drove off the dogs, and eventually got a bruised, battered and shaken Fred Blakely out of his animal suit. Relieved that they hadn't killed their neighbor, they started laughing though Fred didn't see anything funny in it. The laughter went up and down the valley until every rancher and farmer heard about it.

But it had its rewards. The real bears learned to stay clear of Fred's place, because he had a pack of young, eager hounds, the best-trained bear dogs around. Even so, they treed many a bear. But Fred never got out his gun and blasted one out of a tree. He'd just stand in his doorway and listen, shaking his head. "But for the grace of God, I'd be in his skin. Poor old bruin."

After all, what was a yearling or two? Even a bear had to eat. But after a time, the bears decided those hounds made the valley poor pickings, and moved away. Fred sold most of his pack, but as long as he lived, he never lost his reputation -- the man who thought he was a bear and whenever strangers were around, someone would ask him to tell his story.

RW

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JUDGE REQUIREMENTS

Judges of rodeo events must be R. C. A. members in good standing and active participants themselves. A judge's decision is final. Wages run from $25 to $100 per day depending on the size of the rodeo.

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WHO SHOT BILLY THE KID?
(Continued from page 43)

Maxwell's -- "which was but a few steps distant" -- for a snack of beef. The text says that the Kid set forth in his stocking feet, holding a butcher knife. The reference to stocking feet is a bit odd, since no cowpuncher or equally knowing outlaw ever ventured anywhere without boots, except in an emergency. (A point to remember).

Meanwhile, the Garrett group, on foot, was passing through an orchard near the house when they observed a figure rising from the ground among the trees. Although it was a dark night, Garrett describes this apparition as wearing a "broad-brimmed hat," a dark vest and pants, and in shirt sleeves ...This, Garrett explains must have been the Kid, although at the time he failed to recognize him. Since Billy could have reached Pete's front door in a couple of minutes, from his starting point, one wonders why he chose to creep through the orchard, wearing a sombrero but lacking foot gear. Then, Garrett recites, the Kid "went to the fence, jumped it, and walked down towards the Maxwell house."

At this moment, the posse decided to circle the building. After leaving his companions some distance from the front porch, the Sheriff made his way to Pete's bedroom. According to the Life, the room was in total darkness. Undaunted, Garrett went straight to the bedstead and sat down, close enough to Pete so that he could whisper in his ear. Without disclosing his name or mission, he simply asked if the Kid were in the neighborhood. Pete evidently recognized the voice for he replied that the Kid "certainly had been around but he didn't know whether he had left or not."

At this critical juncture, Garrett relates, a man "sprang quickly into the doorway," looking back over his shoulder, and called twice in Spanish, "Who comes there?" Getting no reply, he entered -- bareheaded this time -- carrying a revolver in his right hand and a butcher knife in his left. He was in his stocking feet, says the Sheriff, when he approached the bed. Garrett whispered, "Who is it, Pete?"

Possibly taken aback by his midnight visitors, Pete did not reply at once. The Kid then leaned over the bed until his gun hand almost touched Garrett's knees and, unlike his usual trigger-happy self, asked softly: "Who are they, Pete?" Pete's answer was addressed, not to the Kid, but to Garrett. Referring to the second intruder, he in turn whispered, "That's him!" In the darkness, and with all the whispering going on, Garrett states: "Simultaneously, the Kid must have seen, or felt, the presence of a third person at the head of the bed." The Kid's well-known alertness to danger and his acute hearing make this a remarkable conclusion.

Having at length satisfied himself that he and Pete were not alone, the Kid stuck his gun close to Garrett's chest but, instead of firing, he "retreated rapidly across the room," still asking querulously, "Quien es?" ("Who's that?") Without further delay, Garrett drew his gun and fired and, as the Kid staggered, he fired again. Pete Maxwell, at the sound of the shots, "plunged over the foot of the bed onto the floor, dragging the bed-clothes with him." Thus, in effect, Maxwell could claim not to have witnessed the shooting. The deputies, who had been left outside, were now called upon to survey the scene and verify the Kid's death.

The Kid's grave at Fort Sumner.

On the following morning a coroner's jury reached the verdict that "William H. Bonney came to his death from a gun-shot wound, the weapon in the hands of Pat F. Garrett, that the fatal wound was inflicted by the said Garrett in the discharge of his official duty as sheriff, and that the homicide was justifiable."

Less than a week after the shooting, on July 20, Garrett was questioned by a reporter about Maxwell's part in the affair. The Santa Fe New Mexican of July 21, 1881, carried a lead news story that began:

"There is a disposition on the part of a good many people to censure Pete Maxwell for harboring Billy the Kid, the finding and killing of the desperado in Maxwell's house having given rise to much talk on the subject."

Garrett is quoted as saying that Pete was not "in with the Kid at all," but that Pete had been intimidated and was afraid to "speak above a whisper when the Kid was around..." To make certain there would be no misunderstanding, Garrett stated firmly, "What I want you to say, is, that Maxwell is not guilty of harboring the Kid."

"I shall do that," the reporter agreed, "but I also want to ask you a few questions first.

"How do you account for the Kid not shooting when he first recognized you?" To which the Sheriff answered, "I think he was surprised and thrown off his guard..." Later in the interview he stated that the Kid "was quick as a flash." The reporter asked whether the Kid ever gave a man whom he had cornered a chance. The somewhat lame reply was "...I saw him give a man one once." Another query: "Why do you suppose he hung around Lincoln County, instead of leaving the country?" "Oh," said Garrett, "he thought that was his safest plan..."

The newspaper article concluded: "From the statements of all who knew Pete Maxwell, it would appear that Garrett's idea is the correct one, and that he (Maxwell) is guilty of nothing except of being abjectly afraid of the Kid."

Obviously, Garrett's protection saved Pete Maxwell from considerable unpleasantness, or worse. If Pete had known that the shooting took place under very different circumstances, it is not likely that he would have disputed the Sheriff's account.

In Garrett's story, as related in the press and subsequently in his book, there is a remarkable omission. Where was the Kid's horse -- so essential to his life of crime -- on the night of July 13? The Authentic Life in an early chapter plays up the cow pony, describing how the Kid's enemies "gazed at the sight of a gray horse, saddled and bridled, dashing across the valley with no semblance of a rider save a leg thrown across the saddle and a head and arm protruding from the horse's neck, while at the end of this arm the barrel of a pistol glistened in the sunlight."

It is plain from the last chapter of the Life, that people were still skeptical about some aspects of Garrett's report. The entire chapter is devoted to denying questions raised by the "disciples of Paul Pry," one of whom is termed an "unfortunate moonling" and a "demented fishmonger."

Nevertheless, Pat Garrett was the

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recipient of a generous cash award for ridding the country of Billy the Kid. He also received other honors, and was appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt, a collector of customs at El Paso, Texas. However, toward the end of his life, as a rancher, he was far from successful. His death occurred on February 29, 1908, at the hands of a disgruntled tenant, Wayne Brazil, who shot him in the back. Brazil pleaded self-defense and was acquitted. But mysterious circumstances, which have never been explained, suggest that others were involved in the murder.

On the day that Mack Cameron told me what he knew about Billy the Kid's last moments, Pedro, the top ranch hand, had gone to Cimarron, twenty miles away, to get the week's mail and the Cimarron paper. We also needed additional supplies for the three carpenters who were building a log barn, early in March, 1908.

When I knew him, Mack was in his fifties, a veteran of a lifetime spent as a cowpuncher and ranch foreman. There was no phase of ranching with which he was not thoroughly familiar, and it was plain that he was highly regarded by the ranch owners. Furthermore, he was an excellent cook.

On the return of Pedro late in the afternoon, I sorted out the mail, took my own and gave the rest to Mack, including the Cimarron weekly. I hadn't bothered to look at the paper, and was astonished to notice Mack's reaction as he glanced at the front page. Habitually poker-faced, he registered disbelief, perhaps shock. Then he folded the paper carefully and walked off without saying a word.

After the evening meal, Pedro and the carpenters retired to the bunkhouse to play cards while I stayed behind to watch Mack prepare a batch of biscuits for the next day. He seemed to be in an unusually reflective mood. When he finally set the dough away to rise, he dropped into a chair and, without preliminary, began to reminisce about Billy the Kid.

In 1881 Mack was working for an outfit near Santa Rosa, county seat of Guadalupe County, about fifty miles north of Fort Sumner. He explained that Santa Rosa was made up mostly of Mexicans -- the common designation of Spanish-speaking Americans. He had a nodding acquaintance with the county sheriff (whom he did not name) and met him again at the Fourth of July celebration in Santa Rosa that year.

"Some way or other we got to talking about Billy the Kid," said Mack, "how he shot his way out of Lincoln jail after being sentenced to hang. That was in May, and the Kid had lit out for parts unknown. Sheriff reckoned Billy might blow into old Fort Sumner, where he once headed a gang, but then, said the Sheriff, if it gets too hot, he might head up this way. And that I wouldn't care for one little bit. The Mexicans sort of favored the Kid, even though they knew damn well he knocked off quite a few of 'em down below the Border."

That ended their conversation, but a week later, Mack recalled, a message came from the Sheriff asking him to drop around...something important had come up. "That sounded mighty interesting," Mack said, "seeing I was young and hankering for excitement. So I told the boss I'd be away for a short spell, saddled up and tucked in my gun, just in case the Sheriff wanted to deputize me on a posse. It wasn't that simple, I found out. In his private office, the Sheriff introduced me to a Mexican, named Jose as an old friend. Then he asked Jose to step out for a minute."

Mack paused, as though to bring the picture into sharper focus. "Sheriff told me it was about the Kid. Jose and his younger brother Juan hated the Kid's guts. They'd found out Billy was holed up in the Pete Maxwell house and they were set to finish him off. Reason? Because the Kid blew into Fort Sumner, where there's a bunch of Mexicans living, and first thing he did was to kidnap a woman. She happens to be the wife of Juan. The Kid caught her walking alone and gunned her right up to Pete's big old shack. There he put his gun down on Pete and told him he was stopping over a while, and for Pete just to keep his trap shut, if he wanted to stay alive.

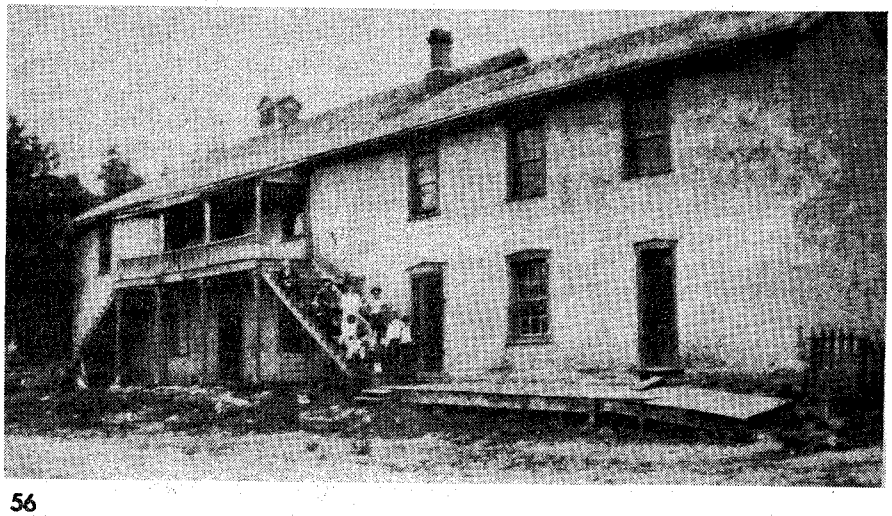
"Pete Maxwell didn't amount to much but his old man was kingpin in his time. So I asked the Sheriff if he was aiming to send out a rescue party. He thought for a minute, then he said there was a catch in the proposition. The brothers were good hombres, he'd known them a long while, and they sometimes came to him for advice. But in this business, no matter how they felt about that bloody murderer and kidnapper, they couldn't rightly fix him like they wanted to -- not with the consent of the law!

"And there was something more to it. Jose had found out that Pat Garrett was on his way to the Fort, and would be there any day. Now, said the Sheriff, Pat is no friend of mine, but this whole shooting match belongs to him. He first landed the Kid behind bars and he's responsible for getting him in again, or, if he has to, letting him have it from his six-shooter. That's what I've told Jose. He listened right close, but that's not saying what Juan will do. After all, says the Sheriff, with the Mexicans, like with lots of other men, family honor comes first.

"Yes, sir, I said. But where do I come in? Well, he didn't really want me in the picture, any more than he wanted a hand in it himself. But all the same, I was supposed to go back with Jose, study the lay of the land, and use my best judgment. That was a mighty tall order, believe me! Sheriff said, too, I'd better keep my gun out of sight; I wasn't to get into a shooting match if I could help it. We shook hands and I got ready to go with Jose.

It was a fifty-mile jaunt and we didn't reach his place until about three the next morning, July 13, as I recall. Jose didn't speak much better Eng-

Lincoln County Courthouse where the Kid was confined until his murderous break.
J. P. Guinon



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lish than I did Spanish, but on the trip down he managed to tell me a lot about the Kid I never knew. How many men he'd killed is anybody's guess. They say the Kid bragged on his twenty-first birthday he'd killed as many men as the years of his life. Anyhow, he was just a rattlesnake type who'd strike when he felt like it, for a good reason or none at all."

Mack leaned back and studied the ceiling, then he went on: "I spent the rest of the morning and most of that day arguing with the brothers, especially Juan who, as you could guess, was a lot more stubborn than Jose. Since they knew I stood for what the Santa Rosa Sheriff had in mind, I finally got my ideas across. Juan, who spoke pretty good English, explained their plan.

"Both these boys were carpenters by trade so they knew that Maxwell house from top to bottom, from having worked there. Juan told me they had already done some scouting and they had marked the Kid's bedroom from the candle he left burning all night. They also figured out that Pete was upstairs, but not starving or raising a rumpus either. The main idea of their scheme had to do with the Kid's horse. So they studied his routine. Daytime, the pony was kept in a shed next to the house and fed there. At night he was staked out for a bit of grazing, about thirty or forty yards from the bedroom door, which opened on a porch. The Kid reckoned that if he needed to, he could light out that door, untether the horse and get away quick, like he'd done many times before.

"The brothers' plan was simple -- if it worked. Sometime in the middle of the night, the pony would be cut loose and left to ramble. The Kid had ears like a bobcat. He'd know when the horse was moving off and would run out to tie him up again. Meantime, the brothers would be sneaking in another door, down the hall and into the bedroom. Josewould get Juan's wife out pronto, leaving Juan to take care of the Kid from behind that door, and when he came in, Juan would let him have it -- one, two!

"I asked them who'd do that job of cutting the horse loose. Juan said they had an Indian friend who had scouted with the Army against the Apaches. The Kid wouldn't catch him at it in a million years. It was this Indian who had trailed Garrett when he and a couple of pals were heading for the Fort.

"That gave me my line of argument. Garrett, I told them, was the Law. He had first claim on the Kid, dead or alive. Furthermore, if he found out the Kid had already been finished off, he'd raise bloody hell. Besides, I said, the plan they had in mind maybe could be worked out, if Garrett agreed, so that Juan still could do the job and Garrett get all the credit. Also, there was the wife. The plan had to work just so, or she could get hurt. That shut Juan up and he agreed to let me try my hand with Garrett.

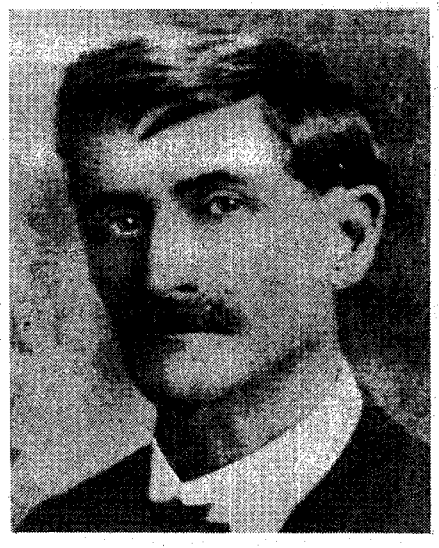
"Luck was with me," Mack continued. "Near sundown on that day, July 13, I came on Garrett and his two men on the road from the South. I reined in, asked if he was Sheriff Garrett, and could I have a word with him in private. Naturally, he was suspicious as hell. He asked my name and what I was doing there. I told him I worked up near Santa Rosa and had come down to see Pete Maxwell about a deal on milk cows. I said I didn't see Pete because a Mexican had warned me not to go near the Maxwell place -- Billy the Kid was holed up there. That made Garrett prick up his ears and he pulled off the road, telling his deputies he'd be with them in a jiffy.

"After some palavering, I gradually broke it to him that there was a scheme on to kill the Kid before he could be arrested. At that, he flew into a rage and demanded to know who was in on it. 'I can't rightly tell you,' I said; 'I'm not getting mixed up in this deal, I just wanted to tip you off.' So he calmed down and asked if these plotters knew what part of the house Billy was in. 'Yes,' I said, 'exactly. He's got a woman with him -- wife of one of the chaps who's going to plug him.'

"That set Garrett on his ear for sure. He'd not figured on a woman in the game and it had him plenty bothered. Also, I could see he wasn't counting too much on his deputies. So then he asked what my notion was. I hedged a bit but I sort of hinted that it might be better to have the Mexicans go ahead with their plan. Then, at the right time, with them out of the way and gone, he, Garrett, could step right in, take over and get all the credit. Nobody else wanted it, I told him, least of all, the Mexicans, who's be scared of being pulled up for murder. Garrett mulled this over, then he allowed as how the Mex might give it a try."

For once, Cameron permitted himself a grin. "Would you believe it," he said, "the whole scheme worked to a T. Juan shot the kid just like he figured to, then the brothers scooted out with the woman, letting Garrett step in alone -- he'd left the deputies outside somewhere. First, he had the sense to fire a couple of rounds from his own gun, just to prove it had been used. Inside, was something odd – the Kid, when he dashed out in his stocking feet after his horse, had left his gun on a chest. Garrett picked it up and put it into the right hand of the corpse, lying just inside the front door.

"Soon as I saw that everything had gone according to plan, I headed for Santa Rosa, where I reported back to my friend the Sheriff. He was mighty pleased the way things turned out --"



Mercaldo Archives

Controversial hero, Pat Garrett.

Just then Pedro came in to say that the men would like some coffee before hitting the hay. Overcome by fatigue from a long day's work, I went off to my bunk. Billy the Kid was not referred to again. It would have been unlike Mack to tell his story to anyone, even a stranger from the East like myself, while Garrett was alive. And I have no doubt that Garrett's murder was reported in the Cimarron paper which Pedro brought up from town that day.

RW

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life.
By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

POISONS AND THE INDIAN

Plant and animal poisons were known and used by many of the American Indian tribes in their hunting, warfare and in special ceremonies. A few of the tribes were very much afraid of poison and did not use it, yet many others used it to destroy their enemies or captives. There were many methods of producing poison. The Cherokee used the poisonous wild parsnip, sometimes giving it to their prisoners. Some individuals are said to have eaten it in order to commit suicide. The Zuni poisoned certain springs, at the entrance of their valley, with yucca juice and cactus spines. This caused suffering and even death among the forces of Diego de Vargas during his march against the Indians in 1692.

The Priests among the Yokuts Indians of California drank a decoction of the roots of 'Datura metaloides' to produce religious frenzy and an overdose would often cause death. The Hopi, Navajo and other tribes of the Southwest were also acquainted with the poisonous properties of the 'Datura.' The Hopi claim this was used by their sorcerers.

Perhaps the most widely used method of poison was in the use of poison arrowheads. Arrow poison, of vegetable and animal origin, was generally known among all tribes from the Lipan Apache, who dipped their arrows into the sap of the "Yucca angustifolia', to the Kaniagmiut Eskimo and the Aleut. The latter two poisoned their arrowheads and lance-points with a prepration of aconite, by drying and pulverizing the root, then mixing the powder with water and, when it became fermented, applying it to their weapons. The Opata Indians of Sonora used a plant called 'mago.' The poisonous milk of this plant was used to tip the arrowheads. During Coronado's expedition of 1540 several of his members were wounded by these poisoned arrows. The juice of quince was about the only remedy know for this, if given in time. In this type of poison, the skin rotted and fell off until it left the bones and sinew bare. The smell was horrible. According to records, this expedition lost seventeen men from arrow wounds of this type, during a punitive raid on the Sonora encampment. All seventeen died in agony and from only a very small wound. Their bodies broke out with an pestilential stink, and the victims died screaming in pain.

Many tribes dipped their arrowheads in decayed substance which would cause infection in the wound.

The Jova Indians of Sonora, as well as the Seri, the Apache, Blackfeet,

Kainah, Peigan and Teton Sioux used rattlesnake venom for their arrows. The Menomin also used rattlesnake poison on their arrows which was applied with much ceremony.

The Shoshoni and Bannock Indians claimed there was only one proper way to poison an arrow and this was to secure a deer and cause it to be bitten by a rattlesnake. The victim was then killed immediately and the meat removed from the carcass and placed in a hole in the ground. After the mass had become putrid the arrowpoints were dipped into it. The Indains claimed that by this method the serpent venom was supposed to be essential in the operation. It does not seem, however, that the serpent would have had the proper time to fully enter the circulation of the deer in the short interval between the time the victim had been bitten and then killed. If this method was actually practiced by these Indians as they claim it was, and mostly for the destruction of noxious beasts, the poison of the putrescent matter may have caused death by septicemia.

Many of the tribes applied to their arrows harmful substances which, they had learned from observation, were deadly.

Among the Ojibwa and Dakota the delicate spines of the leaves of the common cactus found growing in Mississippi and Missouri were used. These spines were very minute but could cause much pain if they punctured the skin. They were formerly gathered and mixed with grease in the form of an ointment, which was applied to arrowshafts as well as to small depressions bored in leaden bullets.

The superstitious Indian believed that the extreme pain, caused by the presence in the flesh of these delicate spines, suggested the belief that when a missle was shot into a human being or beast, the spines traveled forward in pursuit of life, or as the Indians say, more literally the shade of the creature and thus caused the abondoment of life in the body in which it had its abode. However the Medicine Man claimed to be very powerful in calling back the life of the victim if he was provided with gifts of sufficient value to appease the Spirits he must invoke to aid him.

Many tribes used poison in small doses to aid in the capture of fish. The Cherokee used plant poison of pounded walnut bark. They threw it into small streams and it would stupefy the fish so that they might be easily dipped out of the streams in baskets as they floated on the surface of the water. The Southeastern tribes used certain roots to stun the fish so they could be more easily caught by means of bows and long-shafted arrows.

When the summer heat dried up the streams to stagnant pools in California the Indians of this region would rub poisonous soap root in the water. This would paralyze the fish and they could be easily scooped up. The poison did not seem to affect the stomachs of the aborigines who later ate these fish.

Tribes of both east and west used poisons to kill and also to preserve their own existence.

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ONE-EARED DODGE

by Lance Robbins

The traditional horse thief of the early west was perhaps best exemplified by William Dodge, known as "One-Eared" Dodge after another roughneck cowboy took a swipe at him in a saloon one day with a sharp knife.

William Dodge was born in the panhandle country of Texas around 1866 and by '86 was making a name for himself as a horsethief and desperado in New Mexico's southeastern Three Rivers country.

It was a peculiarity of this rising young desperado that he became annoyed when referred to as just "Dodge". When this happened, he drew his .44 revolver, placed the muzzle at the offender's head, and forced him, on his knees, to say, "Mister Dodge."

It was during an attempt to pull this on an equally rough cowboy in Three Rivers in 1886 that the knife incident occurred, changing Dodge's name permanently.

Apparently, One-Eared Dodge considered himself due a certain amount of respect, despite his occupation.

In 1887, he was a member of a good-sized gang of horsethieves operating close to the Mexican border. They stole horses from American ranches and quickly disappeared across the border. On March 9, 1887, Dodge was actually seen stealing three horses. A posse of ranchers overtook him south of the border, prompting this news dispatch dated March 12, 1887, from Lordsburg (appearing also in many other New Mexico newspapers):

"Today a party of American ranchers from both sides of the International line organized a committee for the purpose of making a final disposition of the outlaw, and tomorrow he will be given an opportunity to unburden his soul in free confession before he plays the principal part in a private necktie party, to be given in his honor on Mexican soil, just across the line."

It must be presumed that there were few, if any, mourners on hand for the private funeral ending the career of young William "One-Eared" Dodge, perhaps as notorious as he could wish in his own day, but hardly known today.

CANYON DIABLO'S 30 DAY MARSHAL

(Continued from page 33)

from each saloon, poker flat and bordello had to be paid monthly in advance. None objected, considering themselves well ahead when not being held up regularly as before.

On two occasions, shots were fired at him from ambush. One would-be killer died, the other had his right arm blown off. Canyon Diablo had certainly never seen anything like the powder-burning Duckin. It appeared he would be around permanently, especially during his third week when two gunfights caused most to believe so.

A mean bunch of trail-hands piled into Rotten Street one night, roaring drunk, and started shooting up the dives. Duckin fell out of the narrow space between two shacks and mowed down those too stupid to run. Some reports claimed he killed five, others seven or eight.

The second session occurred when a pair of handcases plotted to take over Keno Harry's saloon in past approved fashion. This meant shooting the owner and assuming possession, until a faster gunman showed up to attach said property by identical lethal proceedings.

Despite his slow, sleepy manner, Duckin observed far more than anyone suspected. Suspicious of the two, he followed them into Keno Harry's the night they intended going into business for themselves. When they confronted Harry to kill him, Duckin bushwhacked them from the side without one word of warning.

That little stunt put him in aces high with saloon and poker flat proprietors. Now he got support maintaining order, and wounded more men than he killed. In fact too many gunshot victims filled the railroad hospital at Winslow. The doctor in charge dispatched word no more such patients would be accepted. In his opinion Marshal Duckin imposed on the hospital beyond reason.

Proving tougher than the outlaw element infesting Canyon Diablo, it appeared as though Duckin would rule the roost for good. Probably he would have, until the railroad boom moved on, had not prosperity eventually brought about his ruin, in a manner of speaking.

The bite on the madams, saloons and gamblers gave him big ideas.

Center is "Bear" Howard, killer, who came to Diablo to avoid lawmen.

Northern Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

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Photo furnished by author

Mustangs and citizens on Canyon Diablo's mile long, hell-roaring street.

He aped well known and famous marshals of the day who were notorious elsewhere. Sending orders to Winslow merchants he bought red striped silk shirts, striped black woolen trousers, and two scissor tailed coats. The latter were two-button with velvet collars. One he used for week-day work. The other he kept for Sunday wear, although there existed no church in Canyon Diablo to dike up for.

He did the working coat over. Bottoms of the side pockets were cut out. Walking around with hands thrust into openings, he had only to touch gun butts and fire with muzzles between coat edges. This little stunt fooled many of the hardened fraternity to their eternal sorrow. When they saw the marshal's hands pocketed, none imagined he could possibly beat them to the first shot. Therefore, they eagerly greeted the chance to kill him.

Duckin obtained much unholy amusement from the sly trick. Only the locals knew how it worked and they were in the minority. As before, Canyon Diablo boasted a constantly shifting population. Wayfarers went on and others followed them by droves.

Stock thieves were last to learn Duckin was plumb bad medicine. One afternoon a cowman off the river north accosted him.

"My whole remuda's been stolen and the culprits are loading them to ship at the pens right now!"

Duckin blinked his eyes, stared briefly west where dust rose in the air from milling hooves, and back at the bushy-faced cowman.

"Ain't you got no riders?"

"Hell, them three was my whole crew!"

Nodding his head, Duckin strolled casually west along the street. He paused at the stock pen gate. All were good cow horses and the car was half loaded when he threw the Bar to step inside. Two youngish, booted men wheeled to face him. The third came away from the stock car door after closing it. Probably they expected, if anyone confronted them, it would be the cowman. Only Marshal Duckin here, hands unconcernedly deep in coat pockets.

"You fellers got papers on them hosses, from the man who owns 'em?"

"What damned business of yours?" demanded the tallest one.

"I'm askin', gents. You shippin' 'em. Fine, good ridin' stock. Let's see the bill of sale on 'em."

"We don't need one, and besides," he winked at his companions, "these are our bills of sale!"

All three jerked guns simultaneously, sure the growing fame of the marshal would suddenly bite the dust. Twin muzzles flipped through between the fancy coat edges. Two never fired a shot, bored proper. Duckin jumped right, heard a hunk of lead whiz by and centered the third thief twice. A waste of lead he decided, for when the cowman entered the corral he asked him to fork over what he owed for recovery of his riding stock—four. 45 cartridges.

Relating the incident years later the cowman laughed, "I would of bought him a whole damned case. But he didn't seem to expect any reward."

Duckin, who pussy-footed around all night long like a cat, usually slept late of mornings. The morning following the demise of the horse thieves, the roar of a mob aroused him. Even so, he took time to shave, arriving on the scene beneath a telegraph pole on the railroad right-of way, he saw that the mob of two hundred men had one of Keno Harry's monte dealers beneath it, fastening a rope around his neck.

Tapping the nearest spectator gently Duckin inquired mildly," Sumpin goin' on?"

"This guy cut Stella's throat before daylight this morning!" The young and pretty prostitue had been a recent addition to B.S. Mary's cowyard. She made an instant hit with clients. Some even wanted to marry her out of the establishment.

An inhuman roar echoed from the mob. The victim's head appeared above standing men as they started dragging him upward to the cross piece, intending to strangle him to death. Out came one of Duckin's guns, a crash and the rope parted, dropping the gambler to the ground. As one man the mob turned to face the source of the shot.

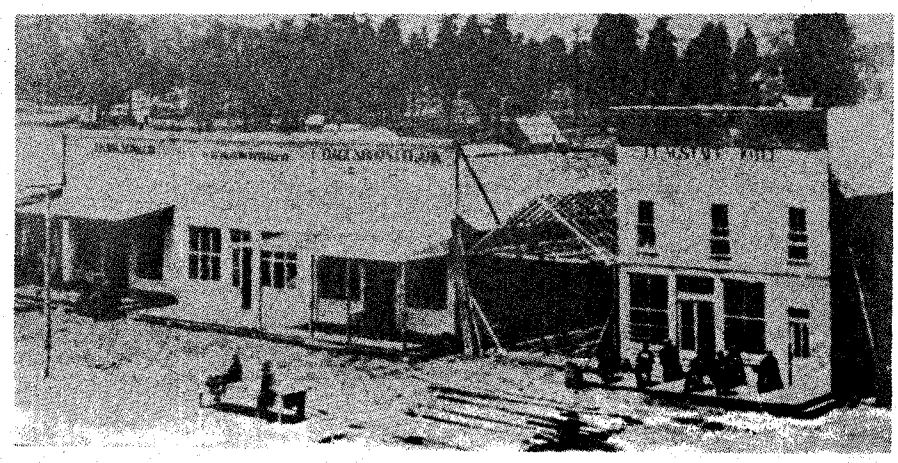
"Never been no hangin' where I'm marshal," Duckin told them. "Ain't goin' to be now."

Men known to him as friends protested long but Duckin remained adamant. He insisted the gambler be released unharmed.

Unable to budge him, the mob finally released the gambler. Of course he took the first train out. Clabber Foot Annie also rode it, as far as Winslow. There she got drunk and talked too much, although no justice followed her confession. It was she who had killed the young prostitute, thinking she bent over B.S. Mary in the dark.

Flagstaff, 1882, where freight was hauled until Canyon Diablo's bridge was built.

Photo furnished by author



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Next, came the tragic, mild Sunday morning. Bill strolled along the road enjoying a sense of well being. Attired in fancy go-to-meeting coat he headed to eat a late breakfast.

Ahead of him a booted and spurred man wearing a floppy brown hat backed out of the California Exhange, a sack of loot in one hand and a sixgun in the other.

Duckin watched the scene almost admiringly, until the stranger turned with pointed gun to discover him.

The sack of money fell to the ground. The bandit observed a very dudish marshal attired in splendid finery with hands actually reposing in coat pockets. He could hardly believe it, and his own gun levelled and ready. The marshal could never get his hands out to beat him to the fatal bullet. He started laughing loudly in derision.

Long before the hot chunk of lead hit him right in the center of the chest from six feet away, Duckin must have been stricken from unshorn locks to unpolished boot toes. Only when his fingers moved for the thrusty Colt's handles did he realize too late that this was Sunday morning. This fancy coat had pockets in it!

So passed Slow-go Bill Duckin, gun marshal extraordinary. The man nobody knew, the town-tamer from nowhere without a past but now with a very definite future. He never drew his first salary. For this was it, the thirtieth day on the job maintaining law and order in hell's own sink hole. Maybe no one mourned his passing but plenty of people remembered him the rest of their lives.

His passing heralded the end of Canyon Diablo. He cleaned out the bad men by shooting one a day on the average. The town never returned. They bridged the gaunt chasm and the tracks moved on west. The place died faster than it was born.

RW

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Daniel S. Hogan--Prospector.

William {Bill} Campbell--had sheep south of Canyon Diablo.

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Jack Lockwood--had sheep south of Canyon Diablo

Nat & Dick Greer--Brought cattle to Arizona. 1876.

BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

THE DEATHS OF THE BRAVOS
by John Myers Myers
Little, Brown and Company, Boston
467 pages - $6.95

Here is an informal, behind the scenes history of the men who explored, settled and fought in the mountains and plains of the West during its frontier growth. Written by a man who has devoted his life to research and writing of the American West, it is the most comprehensive presentation of American pioneers in action ever written. Mr. Myers includes a horde of colorful heroes and villains: Hugh Glass, Jim Bridges, Jed Smith, Sam Walker and many others. Mountain men, soldiers, gunfighters, Indians--all act out their drama on these pages. True adventure at its best, the Deaths of the Bravos is filled with the people, places and events that carved a new world out of the primitive frontier.

THE FUR TRADE ON THE UPPER MISSOURI
By John E. Sunder
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.
295 Pages. $5.95

The fur trade, particularly after 1840, indelibly marked the economic, political, religious, literary, and scientific life of the Upper Missouri Valley and reached out from the hunting grounds of the Sioux, Assiniboins, and Blackfeet to touch the nation and the world. The author's account characterizes first the strengthening and, then the gradual downfall of the fur trade, which led to the disorganized trade of the early 1860's. As a result, the American Fur Company relinquished its Upper Missouri Outfit in 1865 and St. Louis ceased to be the center of the once great fur trade. The reader will enjoy this authoriative account which provides an important addition to a hitherto neglected area in the history of the West.

EXPERIENCES OF A SPECIAL INDIAN AGENT
by E. E. White University
Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.
340 Pages. $2.00

In 1885 at the age of 31, Eugene White was embarking on a new career. He had already spent 10 years as a lawyer and suffered bankruptcy as a result of his journalistic ambitions. His duties as Special Agent were numerous, carrying him into the midst of discontented and sometimes hostile peoples. Serving in the West and Southwest, White inspected Indian agencies in Ute, Osage, Kans, Conconche, Kiowa territories. Sometimes he filled in as temporary agent, usually in the midst of danger and trouble. White's fist hand account of his experiences was published in 1893 but are even more thrilling today as the Old West recedes into history. Here is a book of real action and drama as it happened, written in an amusing and informative style that will take you back to the rugged days of the Old West.

THE SHADOW OF SEQUOYAH
By Jack Frederick Kilpatrick
and Anna Gritts Kilpatrick
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.
129 Pages. $4.50..

On these exciting pages you will see the Cherokees speaking for themselves, and what they say does not always conform with what has been written about them. The Cherokees were gifted and sensitive people, whose tragedy has always been that the white man has had no way of truly understanding them. As you read, you will see that the Cherokees reveal a work pattern and corresponding thought pattern entirely different from those of the white American. The authors have indeed constructed an inspiring picture of the inner working of the Cherokee mind. Through their interpretive and selective work, the Kilpatricks have given us a chance to step inside an exotic culture, which has always fascinated outsiders, but restricted their entry. The key to understanding the Cherokees and to good reading is "The Shadow of Sequoyah."

DISINHERITED
(The Lost Birthright Of The American Indian)
By Dale Van Every
William Morrow & Company, New York, N.Y.
269 Pages. $6.00

In Disinherited, the author presents a very important work of history: The powerful and moving story of the events preceding the Removal Act, its shattering effect on the Eastern Indians, and what significance it has had for all Americans. It is a tale of biased events weighted with doom for the Indians, depriving them of lands they had owned and loved for centuries. The author notes that even though the Indians tried in every ethical and defensive manner, their dispossession could not be avoided. In part, the greedy acquisition of land forced the north and south into an open sectional confrontation which laid the groundwork for the issue of States Rights, which eventually erupted into the Civil War! Disinherited is not only a readable and authentic book but is notable for the unique light it casts on a dark side of American history.

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LOCKUP AT YUMA

(Continued from page 35)

ing to a close. A prison where cells were unheated in the winter, where the blistering sun brought furnace like heat in the summer, and where scorpions and rattlesnakes were regular visitors was fast becoming a useless commodity. Thus, in 1907 some $150,000 was appropriated to build the present facility at Florence and in 1909, under the direction of superintendent Thomas Rynning, the Territorial Prison of Arizona at Yuma closed its gates behind the last prisoner.

Under ordinary circumstances that should spell the end, but it didn't, not quite. In 1910 the Yuma High School burned, and the school board decided to use the deserted prison facility to house the high school until a new building could be built. So, between 1910 and 1914 the buildings of the Territorial prison served as a place of higher education, and to this day the athletic teams of Yuma High are known as the "Criminals."

After the 1914 "desertion" the place "up on the hill" deteriorated rapidly. The Southern Pacific sliced away the west wall and perhaps a fourth of the prison proper for right-of-way. It finally got to be such an eyesore hobo jungle and lover's lane that the good citizens of Yuma began demanding that it be razed so that the land could be put to better use. Fortunately decendents of the "greats" of territorial days, people like Mrs. Clarissa Winsor, whose father, J.K. Brown was the sheriff who took Pearl Hart to Yuma, and Mayor Ingalls, son of Superintendent Captain F.S. Ingalls objected vigorously. Together with Councilman John Huber they pointed out that cities throughout the nation made capitol of their historic heritage. Instead of destroying one of the last remaining authentic prisons of the old territorial west, why not clean it up and make it into an historical landmark? There was a long lot of haggling, but the group for preservation won in the end, and on March 28, 1941, the Yuma Territorial Prison Museum was opened under the able guidance of Mrs. Winsor.

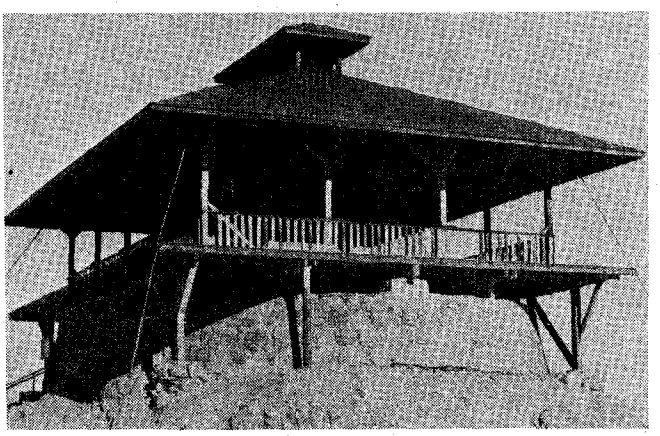
Today the Yuma Territorial Prison is an Arizona State Historical Monument, open every day except Monday from 9 to 4:30. Focal point of the monument is the old mess-hall/chapel building, which houses the present day museum. Not only are there momentos of life at the prison, but momentos of the Yuma and Southwest of yesterday as well. Over 10,000 items are on display. These include 44 rifles from the old prison arsenel, invitations to hangings, a hand carved china closet a "lifer" made for Mrs. Ingalls, the Ingalls family bible, a saloon clock with backwards numbers so it could be read in the bar mirror, the nickelodeon from the Barrel House Saloon, the "dust scales" from the King of Arizona mine, and a better collection of typewriters then the one owned by the Smithsonian Institute. There is also a scale model of the prison built by Charles Cushing, a museum caretaker.

A stroll through the cell blocks, TB wards, and solitary confinement cells produces vivid images of what the "Hell-Hole of Arizona" must have been like at the height of its usefulness. While there are detailed reports by and about the superintendents that served this institution, and the escape attempts and the outside exploits of its most famous inmates are well known, as a whole, a man seems to have lost his identity completely once the gates of Yuma Prison closed behind him. The prison items made by these men are displayed, but very little seems to have survived of the identity and attitudes of these men as individuals. There is but a single bit of scrawling preserved from prison days, and it is on the wall of one of the cells. It is a singularly odd thought to associate with this place, but does point up that perhaps all of the inmates of this pest infested, heat seared, dust blown place were not the scum of the earth. It goes like this:

"Have you had a kindness shown
Pass It On
Twas not yours for you alone
Pass It On
Let it travel down the years
Let it wipe another's tears
'Til in heaven the deed appears
Pass It On."

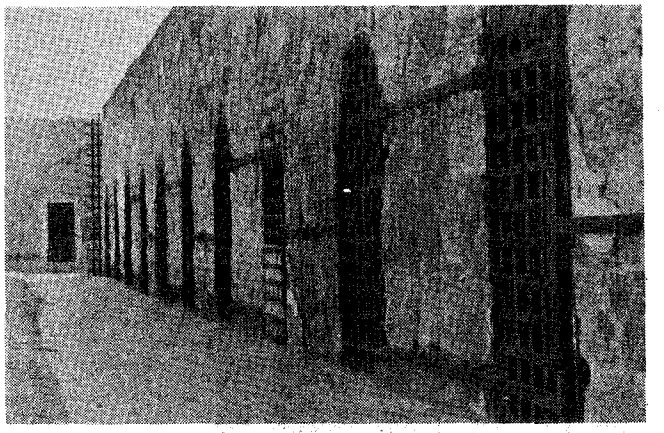
And strangely enough, when you go down by the river, to the fenced plot outside the last traces of the east wall, to the old prison cemetery, the final trip "outside" for many a "lifter," the words scrawled on the wall of that rough, uncomfortable cell, by a restless, desperate, forever nameless man of long ago go with you.

RW



Paul, Bakersfield, Calif.

Gattling guns on this tower could reach any part of the prison.



Paul, Bakersfield, Calif.

The desert sun turned these cells into ovens of torture.

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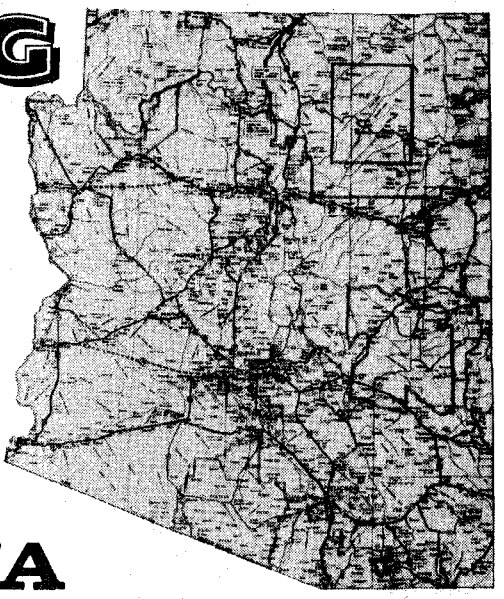
VACATIONING WITH THE INDIANS

A GUIDE TO CAMPGROUNDS AND TOURIST ATTRACTIONS ON INDIAN RESERVATIONS. DIFFERENT STATES EACH ISSUE.



ARIZONA

COLORADO RIVER RESERVATION (Colorado River Agency, Parker, 85344, Arizona) Pop. 1,431 Mohave and Chemehuevi; 225,836 acres in Arizona. This reservation is located along the Colorado River in SW Arizona and SE California, about 5 miles N of Parker, Arizona. There are adequate lodging and other tourist facilities at or near Parker, the Indian Agency Headquarters. Among local attractions are nearby Lakes Moovalya and Havasu, the ruins of the townsite of LaPaz, Arizona, a former mining town, and the annual Parker rodeo.

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FORT APACHE RESERVATION (Fort Apache Agency, Whiteriver, 85941, Arizona) Pop. 4,250 Apaches; 1,664,872 acres. The mailing address for information about all Fort Apache recreation areas is Box 218, Whiteriver, Arizona. The reservation is situated in east-central Arizona, about 85 miles S. of Holbrook, Arizona, along the Salt and Black Rivers. The White Mountain Apache Tribe, includes more than 750 camp and picnic sites located on reservation streams and lake shores. The Hon-Dah Motel offers first class facilities, while Hawley Lake, in a mountain setting 8,500 feet above sea level, provides fine fishing and complete recreation facilities. The Hawley Lake tribal enterprise also has lease lots available for summer homes. Fort Apache was formerly the site of a military post for the Apache territory. Local attractions include the Kinishba Ruins, site of an ancient Indian village; the annual White Mountain Apache Tribal Fair, and a rodeo held at Whiteriver every autumn.

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FORT McDOWELL RESERVATION (Salt River Agency, Rt. 1, Box 907, Scottsdale, Arizona 85251) Pop. 315 Mohave-Apache; 24,680 acres. The reservation is 20 miles NE of Phoenix on the Verde River. The area features fishing in the Verde and waterfowl hunting, for duck and geese. Roosevelt Dam and Reservoir, and Bartlett Reservoir are nearby.

FT. McDOWELL. Alt. 1,400'. Mailing address, Ft. McDowell, Arizona. On State Highway 87, about 13 miles NE of Mesa, Arizona. Open all year for one day visits. Unsupervised. Scenic area on the Salt River. SERVICES: 10 Campsites, fee of 50¢ per car. No attendants. Pets not restricted. No alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Swimming, hiking. $5 per season for hunting; $1 for fishing.

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HAVASUPAI RESERVATION (Colorado River Agency, Parker 85344, Arizona) Pop. 186 Havasupai; 3,058 acres. This reservation is situated at the bottom of Cataract Canyon, within Grand Canyon National Park in NW Arizona. Indian dances are held on Memorial Day and during August. The Peach Festival is held annually in August. There is a tribal lodge on the reservation that accommodates visitors.

NAVAJO FALLS CAMPGROUND. Alt. 3,000'. Mailing address, Supai, Arizona. 70 miles NE of Peach Springs, Arizona by road; 8 miles by horse trail. Open all year for unlimited visits. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: No fees for services, except telephone. 10 campsites. 1 pit toilet, 6 fireplaces, 6 water outlets, store, 8 picnic tables, garbage disposal. One paid attendant. Unapproved drinking water from spring. 78 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. No alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Swimming, hiking. Fee charged for horseback riding and Indian guide service. There are 3 beautiful waterfalls in the area.

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HOPI RESERVATION (Hopi Agency, Keams Canyon, 86034, Arizona) Pop. 5,176 Hopi; 2,472,216 acres. The reservation is situated in NE Arizona, about 70 miles N of Holbrook, Arizona. It is completely surrounded by the Navajo Reservation. For information about recreational areas, write to the Hopi Agency, at Keams Canyon, Arizona.
White Bear Lodge, at Oraibi, accomodates visitors on an irregular schedule. There are other facilities in nearby towns.
Of interest to tourists is Oraibi, the oldest continuously inhabited village in the United States; the Awatobi Indian Ruins; the Old Franciscan Mission; native Hopi village dwellings; Kit Carson Inscription Rock. Numerous dances and religious ceremonies are held throughout the year. Times and places of these events are usually announced very shortly before they take place.

KEAMS CANYON CAMPGROUND. Alt. 6,050'. On State Route 264 at Keams Canyon, Arizona. Season, April 1-October 15. Visits Limited to 2 weeks. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: No fees for services. 7 campsites, 5 pit toilets, 12 fireplaces, 6 water outlets, cafe, stores, telephone, 21 picnic tables, 11 garbage disposal units. Playground. No paid attendants. PHS approved drinking water. One-half mile to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. No alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Hiking. Indian ceremonials held throughout the year.

{Continued on next page}

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LAKE MAHO PICNIC AREA. Alt. 6,100'. Situated 1 mile E of Keams Canyon, Arizona. Season April 1-October 15, for overnight visits. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: No fees charged for services. 2 individual campsites, 4 pit toilets, 8 fireplaces, cafe, stores, telephone, 9 picnic tables, 3 garbage disposal units. No paid attendants. PHS approved drinking water. 1 mile to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. No alcohol permitted.
ORAIBI WASH CAMPGROUND. Alt. 6,000'. Located on State Route 264 one-half mile E of Oraibi, Arizona. Season April 1-October 15 for visits limited to 1 week. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: No fees for services. Two pit toilets, 7 fireplaces, 1 water outlet, 7 picnic tables, garbage disposal facilities, laundry, stores. PHS approved drinking water at campground. No attendants. 33 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. No alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Hiking. Indian ceremonials held at times during the year.

•••••

NAVAJO RESERVATION (Navajo Agency, Window Rock, Arizona.) Situated in NE Arizona, the reservation is about 30 miles W of Gallup, New Mexico and extends into Utah and New Mexico. It is the home of the largest Indian tribe in the United States. There are tribally operated motels and restaurants at Shiprock, New Mexico and at Window Rock, Arizona. There are other motel facilities in nearby towns.
Of interest to visitors are the forked stick hogans, a type of native dwelling; Indian ruins; a tribally operated Navajo Arts and Crafts Guild shop at Window Rock. The local scenery is spectacular, including Monument Valley, the Pillars of Hercules, and Shiprock.
An annual inter-tribal ceremonial is held at Gallup in mid-August and an annual Navajo Tribal Fair at Window Rock in September.
For further information about recreational areas on the reservation write the Navajo Agency, Window Rock, Arizona.

•••••

SALT RIVER RESERVATION (Salt River Agency, Route 1, Box 907, Scottsdale, Arizona, 85251) Pop. 1,936 Pima and Maricopa; 46,619 acres. This reservation is adjacent to Phoenix, in the heart of the Salt River Valley. Red Mountain. Alt. 1,400'. Mailing Address, Route 1, Box 907-X, Scottsdale, Arizona. Located 12 miles NE of Mesa on State Highway 87. Open all year for one day visits. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: 26 Campsites available for 50¢ per car. 26 picnic tables, 80 garbage disposal units. No attendants. No drinking water at the campsite. 12 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. No alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Swimming, hiking. $1 fee charged for fishing.

•••••

SAN CARLOS RESERVATION (San Carlos Agency, San Carlos, Arizona, 85550) Pop. 4,115 Apaches; 1,877,216 acres. This reservation is in E southcentral Arizona, four miles E of Globe. Motel and other tourist facilities are available at nearby Globe and Miami.
Local attractions are Coolidge Dam and San Carlos Reservoir; Tonto National Forest NW of the Reservation; the abandoned Dominion Copper Mine and Smelter, near Globe; and the Gila Country Museum at Globe.
Annual celebrations include the San Carlos Apache Tribal Fair in October, at San Carlos; Pioneer Day Celebration, at Stafford, in July; and the San Carlos Indian Round-Up, held on the Reservation in May and November. In January the annual Javelina Archery Hunt takes place.
For further information about recreation areas on the reservation, write the San Carlos Agency, San Carlos, Arizona.

ARROWHEAD TANK. Alt. 6,000'. Open all year. 36 miles NE of San Carlos, Arizona. Visits unlimited. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: Undeveloped campsite, picnic table. No drinking water. 36 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Hunting fee varies according to species. Fishing fee $10 a season.
BASKIN TANK. Alt. 5,600'. Open all year. 43 miles NE of San Carlos, Arizona. Visits unlimited. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: Undeveloped campsite, picnic table. No drinking water. 43 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Hunting, fee varies according to species. Fishing fee, $10 a season.
BEARGRASS BASIN. Alt. 3,500'. Open all year. 15 miles SW of Bylas, Arizona. Unlimited visits. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: No fees for services. 2 individual campsites, 2 campsite shelters, picnic table. No drinking water at campsite. 15 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Hunting, fee varies according to species. Area noted for Javelina.
BIG BONI TANK. Alt. 5,100'. Open all year. 26 miles E of San Carlos, Arizona. Unlimited visits. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: Undeveloped campsite, picnic table. No drinking water at campsite. 26 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Hunting, fee varies according to species. Fishing $10 per season. Big Boni is considered one of the better fishing spots in the area.
BLACK RIVER CROSSING. Alt. 5,500'. Located 43 miles NE of San Carlos, Arizona. Open all year. Unlimited visits. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: Undeveloped campsite; picnic table. No drinking water at campsite. 43 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Hunting fee according to species. Fishing, $10 per season. At this site, there is fishing from a running stream.
BOBCAT TANK. Alt. 6,000'. Open all year. 68 miles NE of San Carlos, Arizona. Unlimited visits. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: Undeveloped campsite; picnic table. No drinking water at the site. 68 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Hunting, fee varies according to species. Fishing fee, $10 a season.
B.S. GAP TANK. Alt. 6,500'. Season, March 1-November 30. Visits unlimited. 90 miles NE of San Carlos, Arizona. Unsupervised.
SERVICES: Undeveloped campsite, picnic table. No drinking water at site. 90 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted.
RECREATION: Hunting, fee varies according to species. Fishing $10 per season. This area is famed for elk and deer hunting.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 6)

Q: A number of us have an argument about where William Bonney, alias Billy the Kid was born. I claim he was born in New Mexico? Am I correct? Bill Seford, Long Island, New York.

A: If the birth records in Brooklyn, New York are correct, you are wrong. Birth records were not as complete as they are today, but the census records show that William Bonney was born November 23, 1859, in Brooklyn, New York.

———:———

Q: Are Indians property owners? Lelan Powers, Hampton, Virginia.

A: Yes, an individual Indian or an Indian tribe may own property just as any other person, or group. Like most other Americans, the great majority of Indians own property of some type. This may consist of personal property, such as automobiles, furniture, clothing and the like, or real estate. The fact that an individual is of Indian descent in no way inhibits his right to own property.

———:———

Q: Do Indian tribes still have hereditary chiefs? Charles DeHart, London, England.

A: A few tribes still have hereditary chiefs, but they are not always considered the heads of these tribes.

———:———

Q: Is it true that Little Crow, the bloody Santee Sioux Chief was a Christian? Peter Merritith, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

A: Little Crow was a sincere friend of the white man and a Christian convert, a devout member of the church at Fort Ridgely. But when the white men brutally disregarded the Mendita Treaty of 1851, Little Crow rose against them and before he was conquered had killed over 2,000 white settlers and soldiers.

———:———

Q: Could you please give me some information on Jack McCall, the killer of Wild Bill Hickok. Steve Pendleton, Dyon, Texas.

A: There are many stories about Jack McCall, but few have been accepted as fact. McCall claimed at the time he killed Wild Bill that Wild Bill had shot his brother in the back, but at the time he was hung, a sister in Kentucky wrote the authorities saying that he was an only son. His nephew claimed that McCall was from Missouri and that he was never hung! This is one of the mystery characters of the Old West.

———:———

Q: Did Cowboys have any rules of etiquette when eating out on Round-up? Jim Anderson, Flushing, New York.

A: There were strick rules and any cowboy disobeying them was in for trouble. No one ventured near the bean pot until the signal for grub was announced. He never took the last serving unless he was sure everybody else had eaten enough. Leaving food on a plate was frowned on. He was supposed to scrape his plate and rake the remaining food in the fire to prevent flies. Violations of the rules put the cowboy in hot water with the rest of the crew.

———:———

Q: How much hair did the Indians take when they scalped their victims? Robert Samuels, Pittsburgh, Penn.

A: It all depended on how much hair the victim had. If it was only average, the Indian would carve out a scalp the size of a half dollar, but if the victim had a heavy beard, the Indian might take all the scalp and the beard. It made little difference to the Indians if the man to be scalped was dead or alive. There are cases on record where men were scalped and lived.

———:———

Q: Please help me win a bet. Was Ben Daniels ever Marshal of Dodge City? Benjamin Franks, St. Paul, Minnesota.

A: Ben Daniels was quite an outstanding character. He started out as a teenage buffalo hunter in the Texas Panhandle, Lamb County. He was in the famous battle at Yellow Houses in that same county. He went to Dodge City with Bat Masterson and served as a police officer, but not as marshal. After that he wandered over the southwest serving as a peace officer, bartender, and any work he could get. He was a tall, handsome man, considered cool-headed with a gun. He enlisted with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, fought at San Juan Hill, and Teddy called him the bravest of the brave. Teddy made him United States Marshal for Arizona after the war.

———:———

Q: How did Hickok get the nickname, "WILD BILL." David Switzer, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

A: There is a dispute about this, as there is about many phases of Wild Bill Hickok's career. Some say that he got it in Independence, Missouri when a woman yelled at him, "Hey, Wild Bill." Others contend that Nichols, whose phony story about the killings at Rock Creek made Hickok a Hero, was the first to use the name. "Wild Bill" was a common name in the West and many communities had a Wild Bill.

———:———

Q: Were acorns really used for food in the Old West? Henry Dawson, London, England.

A: Acorns were called the "Mast Crop." They were used to fatten longhorns and hogs and were very effective as a food. In California the Spanish made bread from acorns and the old time buckaroo adopted this recipe.

———:———

Q: In your magazine, I ran across the term "fuzzy tail." What was this? Bob Jepson Butte, Mont.

A: They were wild or range horses, more often called "fuzzies."

———:———

Q: What's the meaning of the strange inscription carved on the wooden head marker at Devil's Gate? Dalton Lucas, Austin, Texas.

A: Devil's Gate is on State route 220 in Wyoming where this route makes a junction with a dirt road at Rush Creek. The Devil's Gate, is a deep chasm 300 feet deep. In 1860, in company with two other girl friends, 18 year-old Caroline Todd, climbed to the top, lost her footing, and plunged to her death. She was buried there and somebody later put up a wooden head marker with this inscription:

Here lies the body of Caroline Todd
Whose soul has lately gone to God;
Ere redemption was too late,
She was redeemed at Devil's Gate.

———:———

Q: Do wolves kill humans? Charles Bradley, Lincoln, Nebraska.

A: You are sticking your neck into one of the most violent arguments of the West. Several years ago, Max Hamilton, Editor of the Old Blue Book, offered a reward of $25,000 for anybody who could furnish documentation that a wolf ever killed a human. Nobody collected that $25,000. But you can find many who "claim" wolves do kill humans.

———:———

Q: I have been told that "Bawling" was first used by cowboys. How did they use this word? James Gilford, Baxter Springs, Kansas.

A: The noise made by bucking broncos

(Continued on next page)

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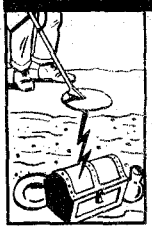

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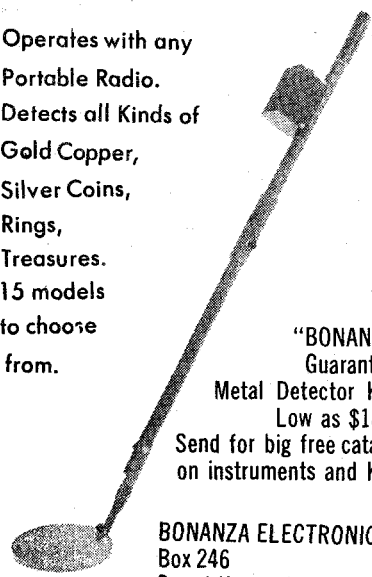

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was called "Bawling" by cowboys. From this came the expression "bawling out" used when they expressed their feelings against anybody whose actions they didn't like.

———:———

Q: What salaries did the marshals in Dodge City receive? Samuel Fielding, Dodge City, Kansas.

A: The salaries of the marshals and their assistants varied in Dodge City according to the financial condition of the city. The Ford County Globe, April 15, 1879, reported that Dodge City Council raised the pay of the assistant marshals to $100.00 a month but kept the marshal's salary at $100.00. Two months before, the salaries of the assistant marshal had been reduced to $50.00 a month. Officers were supposed to collect $52.00 for every arrest, but in Dodge City papers one finds a running quarrel between the city and the marshals over who was supposed to get these fees.

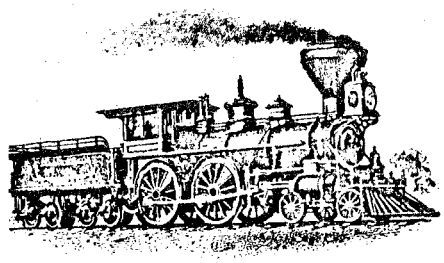
———:———

Q: What can you tell me about George W. Flatt, who was a marshal in the Old West? Paul Sealary, Johnsbury, Vermont.

A: George Flatt was the first marshal of Caldwell, Kansas. He has been described as a quiet man, who could handle six guns with thundering speed, and the man who brought law and order to that frontier cattle town. On June 19, 1880 he was gunned down on the streets of Caldwell by unknown assassins, four months after being appointed Marshal.

———:———

Q: How much freight would a wagon train carry over the Santa Fe Trail, say from Independence to Santa Fe? John Peyton, Beatrice, Nebraska.



A: The average wagon train to Santa Fe transported around 200,000 pounds of freight. The charge was $8.00 a hundred. This netted the freight company $16,000.00. However, some goods were charged at a higher price and it is safe to say the wagon train and its freight brought closer to $20,000.00.

———:———

Q: I read in another magazine that there were fifty saloons and dives in Little Texas, that area south of the railroad tracks in Abilene. Is this true? Pete Granger, Lincoln, Nebraska.

A: J. B. Edwards, who lived in Abilene during those wild days, wrote that there were only four saloons and two dance halls in Little Texas. Since Little Texas covered less than two blocks, it would have been impossible to have had fifty saloons and dives.

———:———

Q: Is the Indian population of the United States increasing or decreasing? Perry Fritz, Harrisburg, Penna.

A: Following the discovery of America by Columbus, the number of Indians gradually decreased from about 846,000 until in the latter part of the 19th century, the estimated Indian population was approximately 243,000. Since then, the number has increased steadily.

———:———

Q: Whatever happened to Blue Duck, one time lover of Belle Starr? Peggy Cambell, Macon, Georgia.

A: The prison records show that he served eight and a half years behind bars and developed tuberculosis. When he was on the point of death, President Cleveland pardoned him, March 15, 1895 so he could die outside prison, which he did.

———:———

Q: Could you tell us something about Bat Masterson's latter years in New York City as a newspaper reporter. Karl Synder, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

A: Unfortunately, the legend of Bat as a peace officer overshadows his career in New York. Bat was a peace officer only five years in the West and he spent over twenty years in New York. He was a sports writer for the New York Telegraph and one of the best in the city. If it wasn't for the legend of his work in the West, which he himself said was so much, hokum, he would be remembered as one of the great newspaper reporters.

———:———

Q: What part did George B. Cunbine play in the Dalton raid on Coffeyville, Kansas? George Peakin, La Cresenta, California.

A: Cunbine worked in the livery stable and was standing in front of a drug store when the Daltons rode up to the bank. Cunbine ran for his Winchester, but he never had a chance to use it. Bob Dalton fired and the bullet went through Cunbine's heart. He was one of the six citizens killed in the raid.

———:———

Q: Was Brack Cornett supposed to be a bandit in Texas in the 1880's? Allen King, Hutchinson, Kansas.

A: Brack Cornett was a member of the Bill Whitely gang in Texas in the 1880's. The gang's greatest feats were robbing the Cisco Bank of $25,000 and the I&GN train at McNeil in Travis County of $20,000. Cornett was killed in a gun battle with Sheriff Alfred Allee in 1880.

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RIP FORD
LONE-STAR GIANT
(Continued from page 11)

federate cavalry leader not only won some of the South's first victories of the Civil War, but topped off a brilliant military record by winning the last battle of the Civil War -- a month after Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

But while Ford's name was a household word in Texas for half a century, he is today a forgotten figure. Partly it was his own fault for scattering his enormous talents over a multitude of fields. Let a bugle sound, and Ford was in the saddle to lead his fellow Texans in battle; let his name be dropped in the smoke-filled room of a nominating convention and he was off and running for office.

Mainly, however, it's the fault of history, which often spotlights fools and phonies under a halo of glory for a single moment of heroism, while forgetting men of real substance and courage. If Ford had come to Texas in time to be killed at the Alamo like Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie, his exploits would also be grist for the television mill. But while Crockett and Bowie were immortalized for getting in the way of Mexican bullets, Ford -- whose contributions were in the league of Sam Houston -- has mouldered in his grave under a shroud of obscurity.

Like Houston, Ford came to Texas from Tennessee, where his farmer family had emigrated from South Carolina. A frontier doctor at 18, the precocious youth was burning to fight in the Texas War of Independence. But he arrived in San Augustine in June of 1836, two months after Houston had ended the war by decisively whipping the Mexicans on the San Jacinto.

Swallowing his disappointment, Doc Ford set up shop over a saloon. In those roaring days a bullet wound was more common than a cold, and the 21-year-old medic had more business than he could handle. But the restless Ford was never satisfied unless he had his hand in at least a half dozen kettles at a time. Between patients he helped organize vigilante groups to track down renegade Indians and outlaws; and when he wasn't healing or hanging, he dabbled as a newspaper reporter, playwright and town marshal. Passing the bar without formal study, he also became a lawyer -- fully qualifying himself, so to speak, to chase his own ambulance.

Loquacious and cocky, with a wit as keen as his scalpel and a definite gift for oratory, Ford decided to enter politics in 1838. When the blue-eyed Texan wanted to make his presence known, he didn't quietly tap people on the shoulder; he jarred them awake with a hearty thump on the back. Applying this principle to his political debut, he audaciously challenged Sam Houston himself for a seat in the legislature of the now-independent Texas Republic. To nobody's surprise, Ford was trounced. But he'd achieved what he had intended: his name was now on the lips of every Texan.

Five years of highly successful work as a trial lawyer put the final polish on Ford's rhetorical style, and in 1844 he easily succeeded in his second shot at the legislature. He arrived in Washington-on-Brazos, then the Texas capital, just in time to become embroiled in the bitter battle over Texas' admission to the Union. Jumping into the maelstrom on the side of Houston and annexation, the handsome young politico with the acquiline nose and scooped-out cheeks quickly became one of the Texas President's trusted lieutenants as well as a close personal friend. In recognition of his vital work, Houston granted him the honor of drawing up and introducing the 1845 annexation resolution.

Thus in the short span of a few months, John Ford, barely 30 years old, had launched a meteoric political career, with Houston as his patron and good friend. But his wanderlust kept his budding career from blossoming. Instead of running for reelection in 1845, when his chances of victory were as sure as death and taxes, he turned his back on political fame to become a full-time journalist.

After a brief pause to marry an Austin belle named Louise Swisher, Ford purchased the Texas Democrat, tripling its circulation in short order and making it the champion of every unpopular cause. He called for more schools, hospitals and libraries at a time when all anybody wanted to build were saloons and dance halls. He was also one of the first to urge a permanent Texas Ranger force to police the frontier. All this meant new taxes to raise money, and on the frontier anyone favoring taxation was about as popular as a rattlesnake.

But on the question of westward expansion -- which provoked the Mexican War in 1846 -- Ford was fully in tune with his readers. When a Massachusetts pacifist group denounced the war as Texas imperialism, he thrust back by cynically asking: "When did the Indians invite the ancestors of the present population of Massachusetts to come and settle at Plymouth?"

Words were not enough for a man of Ford's spirit, and he rushed off to become surgeon and adjutant in Jack Hays' famed regiment of Texas Rangers. (Ford was motivated too at this time by the need to forget the sudden tragic death of his young bride). It was while with Los Diablos Tejanos -- the "Texas Devils," as the Mexicans called Hays' Rangers -- that Lieutenant Ford picked up the nickname that was to stick with him. Part of his job was sending condolence letters to next-of-kin, and Ford always wrote "Rest in Peace" after his signature as a touch of sympathy. When the casualty lists and the resulting paperwork grew, he had to shorten it to "R. I. P.;" and soon the regimental wits were calling him "Rip Ford, the Devil's Messenger."

Baptised by the god of battle, the restive Ford found at war's end that his editor's chair was less congenial than a saddle. No new conflicts beckoned at the moment, but there was another type of hazardous adventure -- trailblazing.

Gold had been discovered at Sutter's Mill, and hordes of fortune-hunters were feverishly flocking to California. Texas businessmen saw their own bonanza if the gold-seekers could be diverted through their state. An overland route was needed between San Antonio and El Paso, but the question was whether or not men and horses could survive in the unchartered and seemingly impassible wasteland between the cities. It was just the challenge for Ford, and he volunteered to lead a pathfinding expedition.

Coincidentally, the U.S. Army was also interested in such a road and had hired surveyor Robert Neighbors to map it out. Ford and Neighbors decided to pool their resources. With two white scouts and some friendly Comanche Indians, they set out on March 2, 1849, to probe the unknown terrain. For 55 days they plodded through endless stretches of

{Continued on Page 70}

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A telegraph line was completed to Deadwood on Thanksgiving Day, 1876, to link the new territorial frontier to the "States."

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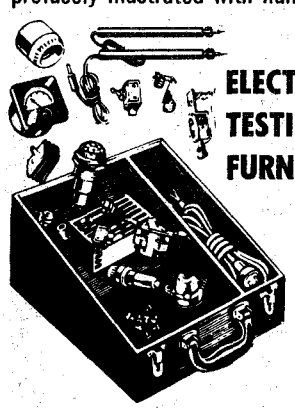

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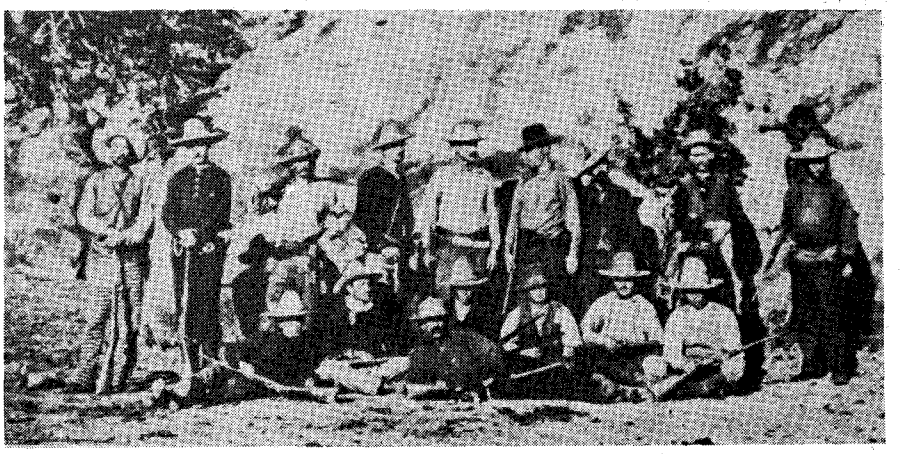
prairie and wound over 1,160 miles of rugged country -- land which at every turn held the threat of Indian attack.

Fortunately, the only tribesmen they met were in a single Comanche band, and the meeting turned out to be friendly. But it left a vivid impression on Ford -- one that helps to explain why he was to go down in history as one of Texas' fiercest and most uncompromising Indian fighters. With the Comanches was a captive young white woman, the squaw of a brave. She had been taken prisoner two years before, after her family was massacred, and she was a portrait of agony and despair, her once-pretty face brutally disfigured with long knife slashes.

There was nothing Ford could do for her, but afterward he wrote emotionally: "She was before my mind's eye from that day forward, and whenever I went into battle against the Comanches, I struck for her and for vengeance."

Ford's greatest strike for vengeance came in 1857. By that time he had returned to Austin with the information that laid the foundation for the El Paso trail; had led a Texas Ranger band that hunted down and exterminated diehard Mexican guerrillas who had terrorized the area between the Nueces and Rio Grande; had fought as a mercenary for Jose Carbajal, the Mexican aristocrat whose attempt to overthrow the regime of President Mariano Arista ended in failure; had served as a state senator and as mayor of Austin; and had briefly left the Democratic party to aid in the formation of the Know Nothing party in Texas. (Ford had bolted the Democrats because of his opposition to the party's antislavery Northern wing. But he returned to the Democratic fold in 1856 and later tended to pass off his flirtation with Know Nothingism as a mistake, "one of those inconsiderate things men sometimes do.")

Early in 1858, thousands of Comanche hostiles went on a brutal rampage. Throughout northern and western Texas, these "Cossacks of the Plains" spread death and destruction on a grand scale, wiping out settlements and ranches by the hundreds and threatening to overrun the entire Southwestern frontier. The few Federal troops in the area proved totally ineffective with their West Point tactics, and Rip Ford visited Texas Governor H.R. Runnels, a close friend, and offered to organize and lead a special Texas Ranger detachment against the warring tribes.



The Rangers were called on for any kind of battle. These pose at Musquiz.

The offer was accepted, and Ford immediately gathered together 100 of the best rangers, equipping each with four Colt six-shooters and a Sharps carbine. With these weapons, the entire unit could get off more than 1,500 shots a minute -- and in the 1850's this was quite a curtain of fire.

Ford's rangers were the most motley, rough-and-tumble lot possible to imagine. Their "uniforms" were anything from bobtailed frock coats to buckskin jackets, invariably black with grease and blood. They sported every conceivable variety of headgear from stovepipes to black leather caps. Without exception they were unkempt and tobacco-chewing -- short on polish but heavy on spit.

A regular-army officer who observed them wrote: "A more reckless, devil-may-care-looking set it would be impossible to find this side of the In-

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fernal Regions. With their uncouth costumes, bearded faces, lean and brawny forms, fierce wild eyes and swaggering manners, they were only slightly less savage than the Comanches."

Next to them, the more carefully groomed Ford looked like a dude. But his appearance was not misleading to the ranger veterans. They knew him as a skilled fighter who could ride and shoot with the best of them. In earlier scrapes with Mexicans and Indians, he had lost a finger and his right side had been partly paralyzed by a poison-tipped arrow. But as long as he had one good hand to fire a six-shooter, he was always in the heat of battle.

Ford's plan of attack was daring -- and novel. With his rangers and 113 friendly Tonkawa Indians from the Brazos reservation -- long-time Comanche foes -- he would penetrate deep into enemy territory and hit the marauding redmen in their own strongholds. Previously, soldiers and settlers had limited themselves largely to waging defensive warfare against the Indians.

On a drizzly April 22, 1858, the Texans and reservation Indians started north from Austin. Ford's objective was the Antelope Hills on the bank of the Canadian River, where the Comanches were known to be encamped in several villages. For 19 days the column of men and mule-drawn wagons and ambulances struggled over the sandy wastes and up into the sloping plateaus of northwest Texas. Ford took the most difficult route possible, determined not to be spotted by the hostiles until he swept down on them.

Finally, late on the afternoon of May 11, his Indian scouts sighted the enemy villages. The next morning, as the sun crept over the eastern horizon, the rangers saddled up while their Tonkawa auxiliaries dabbed multi-colored streaks of war paint on their faces and attached white cloth patches to their bonnets to distinguish them from the enemy. Then, in the pale half-light, Ford led his command down a gradual slope toward the closest Indian encampment. At his signal, his men spurred their horses into a canter, and then picking up momentum like a rolling snowball, into a full gallop toward the camp.

When they were within 50 yards of the outermost lodges, Ford yelled, "Hit 'em hard and keep on going through!" With piercing Texas yells

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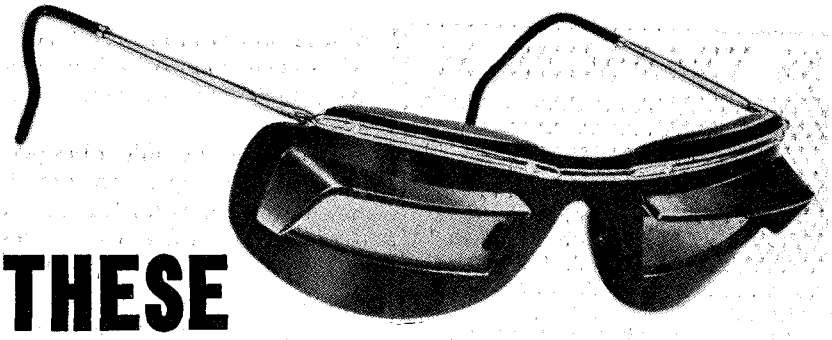

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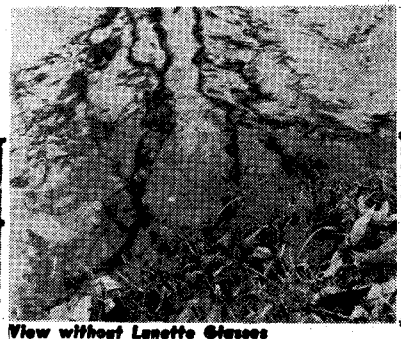
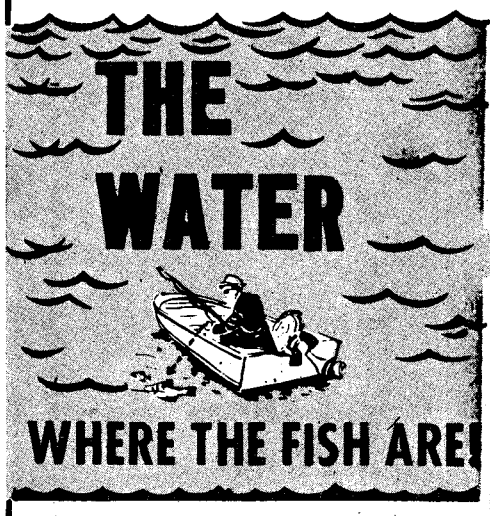
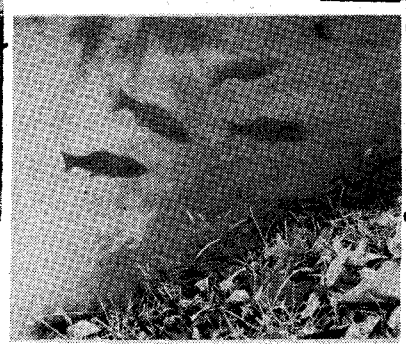


View without Lunette Glasses





Same view with Lunette Glasses

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and blasting Colts, the rangers stormed hell-for-leather into the village, bowling over Indians and smashing into wickiups Halfnaked Comanches stumbled in blearyeyed panic from their shelters, only to be cut down before they could fire their bows and antiquated muskets. Women and children were sent tumbling to the ground and trampled underfoot. In minutes, all opposition was wiped out.

Suddenly, Ford spotted two surviving braves scampering onto their ponies. Several of his men were about to cut them down, but he stopped the rangers. "They're more use to us alive than dead," he shouted. "Let's follow 'em up."

While the Tonkawas stopped to pillage the camp, Rip and the Texans galloped after the Comanches. Topping the crest of a low hill, the ranger chief pulled to a halt as he sighted the main enemy village in the distance. Below him, the two Comanches were sloshing across the muddy Canadian waters to the far bank. "That's what I wanted," Ford said with satisfaction. "They're showing us a safe way across the river." Spurring his mount, he led his men across the water to the high ground on the other side.

Meanwhile, the main body of Comanche warriors, alerted by the gunfire, were springing onto their ponies and moving out across the open tableland to meet the invaders. Ford was dazzled by the brilliant spectacle: more than 500 warriors, with feathery headdresses, brightly colored shields, scalp-ornamented lances, bows and muskets, were thundering toward his party.

At the head of the Comanches, haughty and defiant, rode their legendary chief Iron Jacket, wearing the coat of mial armor captured by his forebears from Spanish conquistadores centuries before. It was this armor that gave Iron Jacket his reputation for invincibility, and now he led his warriors like a knight leading a medieval army.

Ford suddenly had some doubts. Could his Tonkawas stand up to this awesome enemy horde? If his Indian allies broke and ran, the rangers wouldn't stand a chance; sheer numbers would overwhelm them.

Rangers of the '80's. Capt. Will Scott, third from left, top.

But he didn't have much time for conjecture. Quickly, he put into operation his plan of battle. To his left was a rise overlooking the open plain, and just behind it a narrow gulley. Old Rip led his rangers into the gulley before they could be seen by Iron Jacket. Meanwhile, at Ford's order, the Tonkawas advanced into full view of the enemy.

The ranger chief's idea was to trick the Comanches into thinking they were up against a small band of similarly armed warriors. When they were close enough, he and the rangers would hit them on their right flank. From his own experience, Ford knew how awkward it would be for the Indians to shoot their bows from the right side.

The plan worked like a charm. When the opposing redmen were 150 yards apart, the Texans bounded from the gulley and delivered a ripping volley at nearly point-blank range. A dozen Comanche saddles were emptied by the fusilade -- which also ended the myth of the indestructible Iron Jacket. The brawy old chief plunged lifeless from his horse, his metal vest splintered by a score of skillfully placed ranger bullets. Too late Iron Jacket learned that a suit that could stop arrows and 16th-century Spanish bullets was useless against the more powerful Colt slugs.

Stunned by the death of their leader, the Indians reeled back in confusion while Ford and his men cocked and fired their pistols at a furious pace. Old Rip blasted a heavily feathered subcheif from his saddle, then sent a shrieking horse and rider tumbling to the ground.

The Tonkawas now hit the staggering Comanche mass at a run from the front, catching the foe in a pincers. Throwing aside his empty Colt, Ford jerked a carbine from a rawhide saddle boot and used it to signal his men into a charge. The rangers responded with ear-splitting screams as they smacked into the Comanches. Amid the muddle of men and horses, Ford stood tall in his stirrups, completely oblivious of the storm of lead and arrows, urging the rangers to keep firing until the enemy broke.

It didn't take long. Trapped in the tightening squeeze, the Comanches fired a few ragged volleys from their bows and muskets, then kicked their ponies in headlong retreat, the rangers and Tonks bounding after them. For the next seven hours the battle continued as a series of running fights between small clusters of rangers and Indians. By early afternoon the powerful Comanches had been totally smashed.

With the memory of Indian atrocities in his mind, Ford ordered the Comanche villages sacked and razed. Soon the whole countryside was a vast funeral pyre of flame and acrid smoke. While Rip watched with mixed feelings, his rangers -- inflamed by the white scalps fluttering from enemy lodge poles -- tore scalps from the fallen Comanches. The Tonkawas were even more vicious; they cut hands, feet and heads from the dead and shrieking wounded, attaching the grisly trophies to saddle horns or

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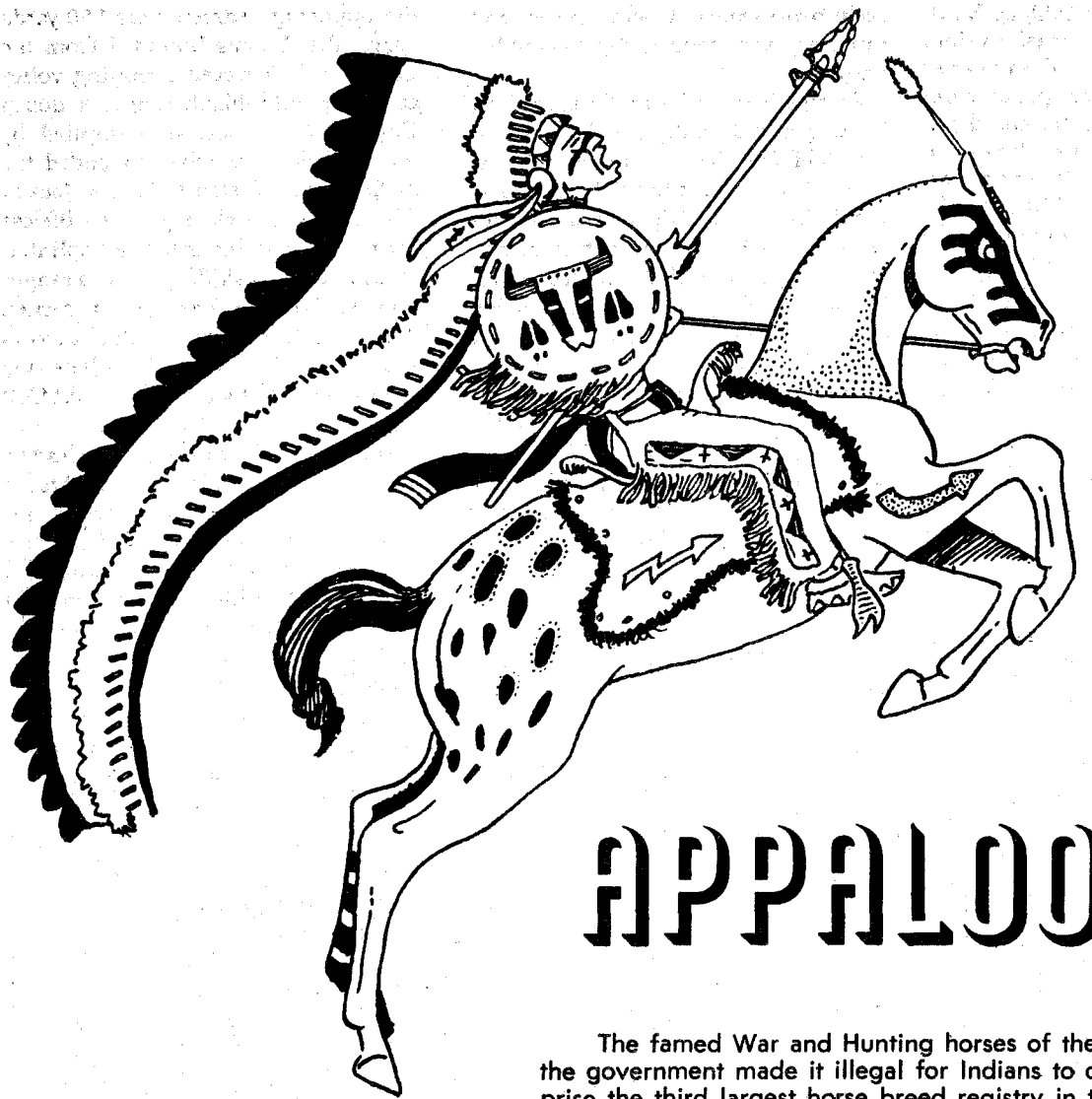

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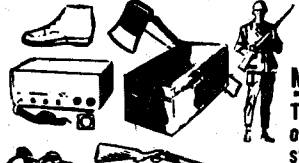

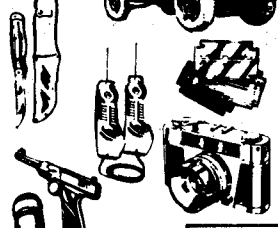

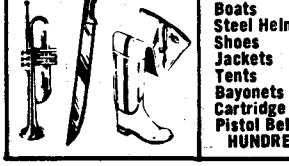

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stowing them away for the coming "victory feast."

To be sure, these aren't pleasant facts. But they are a true picture of frontier warfare – a picture of savage reality often obscured by Hollywood fantasy and popular novels.

All told, Ford's men had killed 76 Comanches, captured 60 more, wounded several hundred, and put the lid on a planned massive raid scheduled for the following month. Most important of all, the decisive triumph broke the back of the Comanche uprising and eventually resulted in the pacification of most of northwest Texas.

The price in ranger and Tonkawa casualties for all this was amazingly low: two killed and six wounded. In short, Rip Ford had achieved one of the most spectacular victories of pre-Civil War plains warfare.

Ford's campaign on the Canadian River served as a model for later operations by the U.S. Cavalry, and his tactics were imitated by such great Indian fighters as Custer, Ranald MacKenzie and George Crook. Yet the Ford expedition, with its trail-blazing strategy, would be overshadowed by these subsequent campaigns and would become a mere footnote in scholarly journals.

Of course, had Ford ignominiously led his men into a massacre, things might have been different. It often seems that as far as history is concerned nothing succeeds like failure, and had the rangers been wiped out, paintings of "Ford's Last Stand" would probably be hanging in every barroom in the West.

To the people of Texas in 1857, however, Ford's victory was not lightly regarded. When the ranger chief and his force returned to Austin, they were given a heroes' welcome which, in the words of one old-timer, was the "noisiest, happiest, rowdiest, most Texas-style celebration in these parts since Houston sent old Santa Anna scurrying on the San Jacinto."

But Rip Ford wasn't a man to rest on the laurels of one spectacular triumph. Within a short time, he would be back in the saddle, and this time his target would be Juan Cortina and his savage army of Mexican bandidos. Ford's brilliant campaign against the wily Cortina, as well as his colorful Civil War career and his dramatic role in ending carpetbag rule in Texas, will be described next issue in Part II of Rip Ford, The Lone-Star Giant.

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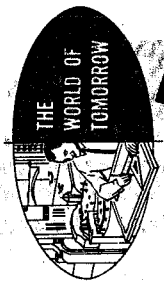

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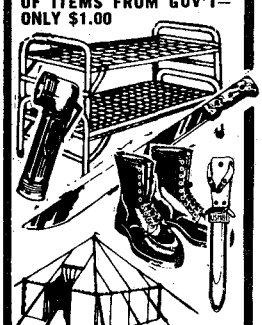

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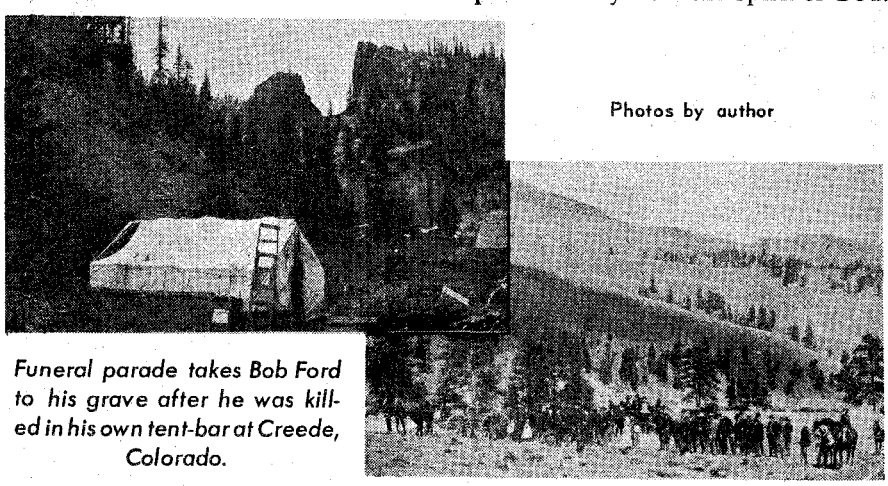
MAIL ROUNDUP

(Continued from page 8)

GHOST TOWNS

Can someone shed some light on the histories of three New Mexico ghost towns? I have photographed all three but have never seen them mentioned in print. One is La Madera, about twenty miles northeast of Albuquerque and not to be confused with modern La Madera some fifty miles north of Santa Fe. Another is La Bajada, about twenty miles southwest of Santa Fe, and finally, Pajarito, about twenty miles northwest of Santa Fe, not to be confused with its namesake about 5 miles south of Albuquerque. All three are completely abandoned but each one has a ghostly church and a cemetery. The origin and demise of each would be interesting.

A.V. Paulsen
1212 Carlisle SE, Apt. A
Albuquerque, N. Mex.



Photos by author

Funeral parade takes Bob Ford to his grave after he was killed in his own tent-bar at Creede, Colorado.

BOB FORD

Gentlemen:

These two postcard pictures might be of interest to you. I lived in Creeds for a while and as you will notice, they buried Bob Ford up on the hillside as he was hated, so they wouldn't allow him to be buried in the cemetery. I was told that later on some of his relatives had his body removed to one of the Midwestern states.

Ernest Pearson
Butte, Montana

CHEROKEES

Dear Sir:

As a one-eighth Cherokee I have some insight into the question asked by Mrs. O.R. Estes in a past issue of Real West Magazine.

My people called themselves Ani-yunwiya, which meant the Real People. There were three dialect groups -- kituwah, elati, and stali. These groups were differentiated by location, and section, each language group occupying a higher or lower area in the Cherokee nation. My own people were supposed to have been kituwah -- who sought and were given refuge in Arkansas during the Trek of Tears. There are seven clans of the Cherokee --Ani-Kawi (Deer) -- Ani-Tsi-skwa (Bird) -- Ani-wa-ya (Wolf) -- Ani-wa-di-Paint) Ani-saha-ni (panther or mountain lion) -- Ani-Ga-Tagewia and Ani-Gi-La-Ha, these two having no suitable English translation. The lines were traced through the women, and the most notable organization of the Cherokee in the "primitive" times was a group of women warriors; actually mothers who had warrior sons, or husbands. These women often made top level decision for peace or war -- and one of the most valued women of the Cherokee was the Blessed Woman -- a virgin of high rank who spoke directly from the Spirit of God.

Of course, this changed when the white influence spread across the Nation. At the time of the Trek, many Cherokees had converted to Christianity, and acted, and dressed as the white man. Many Cherokees were wealthy, and worked their land with slaves. They began taking an active affair in the politics of the surrounding white areas, and from the time of First Man, the tribe had voted for their council heads. But all of the progress the Cherokee made did no good -- my people were herded into pens like animals, and then led away to a land they hated. That they found oil and other riches on this new, hated land was only justice; yet the white man tried to take the new land away also.

{Continued on Page 78}

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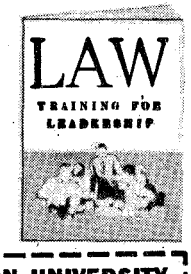

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This, thank Heaven, did not work, and many of my relatives today are enjoying their oil wealth, and taking an active part in their respective communities.

But all of this is known; however little is actually known of the ancient Cherokee ways. Friends tell me that the old ways are dying out, and will soon be gone -- along with Sequoyah's alphabet. This is unfortunate -- for the Cherokee are a great people and their old traditions and customs should not be lost. I only hope this letter will awaken people to what the Cherokee were -- are now -- and could be in the future. My thanks to you for reading my letter.

Sincerely,
Beth Oxford (Little Cloud)
Koweiithlaya, Little Cloud
Phoenix, Ariz.

BELLE STARR

Dear Editor:

I have never been one to quibble over the factuality of anything in REAL WEST. Consequently I am somewhat puzzled about "facts" published about the outlaw, Belle Starr. I am not really perturbed about it. It is just that everything in the article is so at variance with what was supposed to be common knowledge when I was a youngster at Lincoln, Ark., where my parents published the weekly newspaper. This is in the northwest of the state near the Oklahoma line. I was, in fact, born in Westville, Okla., where my father published the Westville American, before Statehood.

We had a nice little neighbor at Lincoln, Granny Bean, who had a large collection of photographs of everyone of note who ever lived in, or been in the Territory. I was particularly entranced with the photograph of Belle Starr and her brothers, Henry and Sam Starr. The old hag in your picture does not in any way resemble Granny's photograph of Belle Starr and her brothers.

In Granny's photograph, all three were on horseback, Henry slouching in the saddle on the left, Belle erect in her saddle in the center, Sam on the right. Belle wore a divided riding skirt and rode straddle. Neat boots, a neat dark colored shirtwaist and a black Stetson with chinstrap. Her brothers wore guns in holsters. Not Belle. She carried a pearl-handled .32 in her pocket. She may have dressed more adequately when at work, but she was said to practice her aim at times, shooting walnuts out of treetops.

Belle Starr's face in the photograph was long and classic, unsmiling, with cold, calculating expression so common on the faces of the young people of today who have absolutely nothing to give in the way of friendly interest or consideration. Uncommunicative. Otherwise, she would have been beautiful, really. And unmistakably Indian.

Her father, old Tom Starr, could not be called an ignorant illiterate, as all Cherokees were taught from infancy to read and write the Cherokee language ever since Sequoyah had perfected the symbols (alphabet) for the sounds of the Cherokee tongue in 1821, and newspapers were published by the Cherokees, and I think they still are. In fact, I read somewhere that the U.S. Intelligence utilized Cherokees and the language, and that Hitler was completely baffled by the "code" that could not be broken.

The reason Tom Starr was outlawed by the Cherokee Council was that he took his daughter Belle to wife at a very tender age and Sam followed his father's example. And we had, here in America, a counterpart of the notorious Borgia family of Italy. The father, Rodrigo Borgia, fathered a large family before he became Pope Alexander VI, and took his daughter Lucrezia to wife, followed by his son, her brother Caesar, who had the habit of killing his sister's husbands, even as Sam Starr. However, the Borgias went in for poison.

It is very unlikely that any prostitutes would have dared ridicule Belle Starr. There was never any rumor that Belle had any saving grace, like tending the sick as Calamity Jane was reputed to have done, nor engaging in any acts of mercy or kindness. But the sadistic use of the bullwhip was never in anything said about her. Any cruelty indulged in by Belle Starr was solely in the line of business to get any information she needed at the time.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that Belle Starr took off with the Youngers to Texas to have her baby and leave it with the Shirleys. Not even Belle Starr would keep a baby at home under the circumstances. Since the Shirleys had housed outlaws in Missouri, it is logical they would foster a child for pay. It probably was Cole Younger's child. But on the other hand...anyhow, this gave rise to they myth that Belle Starr was somebody else named Myrabelle Shirley with a fantastic background.

At any rate, Belle Starr rode with her father and brothers at whatever nefarious business they engaged in, and was claimed just as deadly. The

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Cherokee Council would never have taken into the tribe any such female described in your account, but they could not prevent her being born in the tribe. Nor could they hold the fact of incest as her fault.

As you can see, what I have written is purely hearsay. It is not a pretty story, and certainly not one to romanticize about, nor one to make a movie for family viewing. On the whole, I would say the story you printed, fact or fiction, is far kinder to the principals than the sordid, ugly tale I have related as told to me. So it might be just as well to leave it at that. But I thought you would like to know what they were saying about Belle Starr forty-odd years ago.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. E.M. Priest
Riverside, Calif.

QUANTRILL'S RELATIVES

Dear Editor:

When I decided five years ago to conduct an investigation and make an appraisal of the historical background and natural resources in the areas covered by the Columbia River and all of its tributaries, which was originally known as the Oregon Country and consists of at least five northwestern states, I did not realize that it would become such an interesting project.

Most of this country I had previously explored when I started out on two sides of a horse in 1912, seeking adventure of every kind, wild as the wind, running mustangs and following the foot-steps of some of my ancestors, like my great great uncle Jed, better known as Jedediah Strong Smith; and continuing in that manner until the First World War when the War Department decided that they needed my activities in Europe.

We returned home late last week from one of our exploration trips on which we drove better than five hundred miles around a loop, through country that is very interesting.

We left the quiet little town in which we now live and drove from here to the town of Ukiah, Oregon on Camas Prairie, where some of the old gun slingers sleep contentedly in their last resting place.

We had hoped to pick up the scent again of the trail left by some of Quantrill's relatives that had ridden West after the Civil War. In some ways we were very successful.

We had received a tip from friends that led us to the Long Creek area, another frontier town, through coun-

{Continued on next page}

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try that looks like the Dakota Badlands.

When we contacted the family that we were seeking, the lady told us, "Grandpappy has been expecting you, but he is not at home today, and he would not like it if we told you anything about our family, if anybody tells anything, Grandpappy wants to tell it himself."

Nevertheless, she did tell us where her Great Grandpappy was buried, "in his own little cemetery up on the hill, in the fence corner."

When I asked her how many of the family were buried there, she said, "Oh, only my Great Grandpappy is buried there, he died in the winter, so they buried him up there in the fence corner until the next spring, they had planned on moving him to town, but they have never got around to it yet."

When I asked her if there was a monument there, she further stated, "Oh no there is no tombstone, just a pile of rocks on his grave, but all of the relatives come back every Memorial Day to see that he is all right and to put flowers on his grave."

We left the town of Long Creek after lunch and drove on through this isolated area to Monument, another old frontier town not far from Wildhorse Butte, on the North Fork of the John Day River.

We were now in gold and cattle country, not far from the Mother Lode, on a vein system that extends northeasterly across Northern Idaho into the famous Alder Gulch and Bannock area of Montana and on up into the Canadian Rockies.

We have seen evidence and heard stories of how some of Quantrill's and Anderson's old raiders used the gold they found to make perfect counterfeit twenty-dollar gold pieces after the Civil War, which they passed successfully and used to build up cattle ranches while they lived out their lives in luxury in this isolated region.

Their descendants still talk with a Southern accent, even though many of them have never been out of the State of Oregon in their entire lives.

We then drove down through a network of canyons to Dayville on the John Day River, and from there to Canyon City where gold was first discovered on June 9, 1862. It is here in an old cabin that is still standing that Joaquin Miller wrote his way to fame, while he presided over the County Court.

When we left Canyon City, it was late in the evening. We drove back to the town of Mount Vernon and took another route across the Mother Lode, over the Beech Creek Summit.

When we arrived at the Summit, which is better than five thousand feet above sea level, it was twilight, a single star twinkled above the red glow of the setting sun in the West, in the East the moon was smiling down upon a carpet of gold in the wilderness, sublime in all its loveliness.

There on the Summit with all of this beauty before our eyes, we could very easily visualize a group of weary riders as they too topped the crest on a trail not far from where we were standing, who had ridden West a hundred years ago to escape the ravages of a war-torn Nation.

Sincerely yours,
Harvey St. John
P.O. Box 552
Union, Oregon

Note: The famous early Western explorer and Mountain Man Captain Jedediah Strong Smith was my Grandmother St. John's uncle, known to my father as Uncle Jed. He was killed by the Indians.

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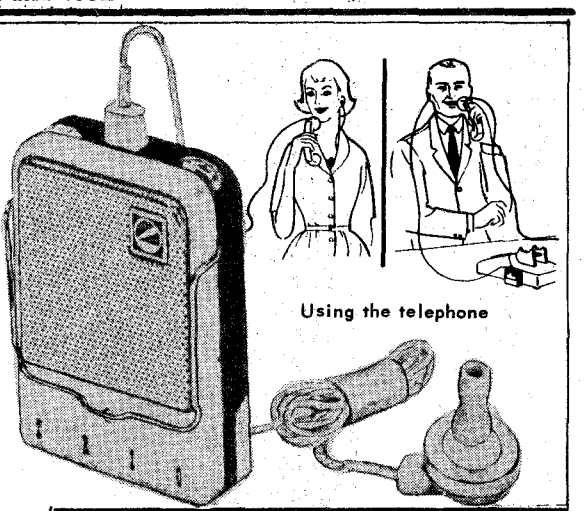

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Now here's the best part. You can pay hundreds of dollars for a hearing aid... but you still may not be satisfied. Complete price for the Trio is only $49.95 postpaid...on a MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! That means you **must** be satisfied with Trio or you may return it to us within 10 days for a complete refund.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, DEPT. RW-966
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN. (No. C.O.D.)

Gentlemen:
Enclosed is $49.95 (check or money order).
Please rush me the amazing TRIO HEARING AID. I understand that, if not satisfied, I may return it within 10 days for a complete refund.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....Zip .....

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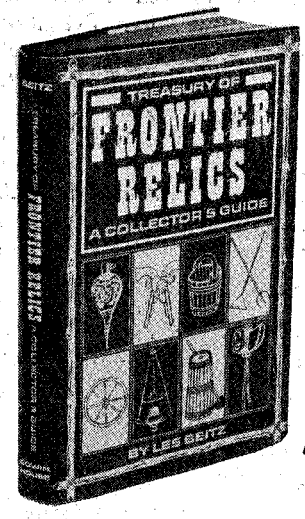
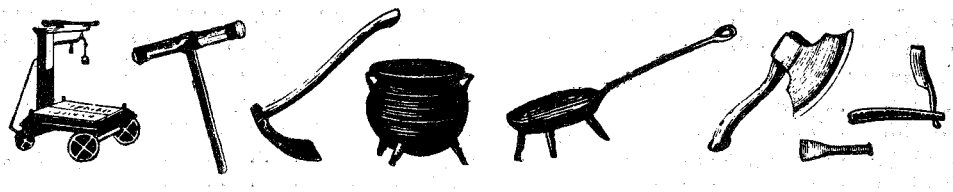
YOUR BACKYARD JUNK MAY BE WORTH BIG MONEY!



Old Pots and Pans, Picks and Shovels, Boots and Blankets, Newspapers, Magazines and Hundreds of other Frontier Relics Now Bring Top Prices from Museums and Private Collectors!



You Are Richer Than You Think

Publication of Treasury Of Frontier Relics: A Collector's Guide by noted authority Les Beitz gathers together for the very first time a complete, fully authenticated source for establishing values of Western objects much in demand by collectors both here and abroad. (Recently, in Germany, a producer of Western movies paid $375. for a vintage Colt pistol.)

Museums And Collectors Keep Prices Going Up

The current surge of interest in Western Americana art and objects means that without even knowing it, you may already be owner of one or more Frontier treasures.

Those lucky enough to recognize value will reap rich rewards. Others, unknowingly, will lose the chance to cash-in on a Western relic worth real money. You would never forgive yourself if you threw away, or sold for pennies, a prize valued at many hundreds of dollars.

Would you know how much old branding irons are worth? (see page 15)
Would you know what an angle lamp is and what it will bring? (see page 61)
Would you know a Sibley stove if you saw one and realize how much it is worth? (see page 73)
Would you know the value of a grub box (page 15) or of a Confederate cap (page 93)?
Would you know what old newspapers, pictures and pulp magazines are worth to collectors? (see page 135)

**Check Your Garage,
Basement, Attic, Backyard
Today!**

Do You Own Or Know Where Any Of The Following Can Be Found?

- * Branding Irons
- * Spurs, Bits & Stirrups
- * Ox Yokes
- * Pistols & Rifles
- * Hinder's Knives & Scales
- * Jugs & Jars
- * Miner's Gear
- * Lamps & Lanterns
- * Barbed Wire
- * Chuck Wagon Boxes
- * Western Art
- * Dehorning Saws
- * Wells Fargo Items
- * Bootjacks
- * Oddments of Fort & Trail

If you own any of these Frontier Relics — or run the slighest chance of finding one — you will want to establish their true value and then decide whether to sell now or hold out for higher prices as values go up year after year.

You may even decide to become a dealer or collector yourself. Whatever your decision, you will need Treasury Of Frontier Relics to check and confirm each new find. Once having discovered and established the value of that first Frontier Relic, you will be started on a fascinating, life-long treasure hunt -- one as exciting as the Gold Rush Days of the Old West.

High Praise For Book And Author

Famed Western expert Fred Gipson, author of Old Yella, says: "I read his book and learned that Les Beitz likely knows more about the value of western gear and relics than nearly any man in the country. Most important, I learned that the stuff I've been piling up outside my yard fence is more like a treasure than a junk heap. Some will sell for actual cash!"

The Information In A Single Sentence Of This Unique Volume Can Be Worth Many Times The Price Of The Book Itself

(An Edwin House - Crown Book)

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Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn.

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Maybe it's illegal...Maybe it's outlawed But with results like this...*WHO CARES!*

Banned from the tracks by every major oil company, (yet used by such large fleet owners as Avis, General Electric and RCA) — here at last is the full story behind science's new miracle-invention that gives you up to 500 miles of driving from a single tank of gas — saves you up to 50 gallons of gas each month — up to $200 on gas each year!

In fact, when it was first tested on the same proving grounds and in the same test-laboratories used by Ford, GM and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming that nation-wide press releases by America's leading automotive authorities immediately hailed this great new breakthrough!

6 months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified ILLEGAL! Sound strange? Not really . . . here's why:

I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is TOO EFFECTIVE! Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . because it gives so much economy, it is actually ILLEGAL for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it is actually outlawed in every recognized cross-country economy test . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests have been forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!

In other words if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION — SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL. But — if you are interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment—then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history!

NOW GET UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON

The name of this great new invention is the GT ENERGY CHAMBER . . . and there is no better way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the GT Energy Chamber was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to 67 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as *little as one cent a mile!*

2. When test cars from HERTZ and AVIS were equipped with this incredible money-saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world-famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see these big, **8-cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European cars!**

3. When RCA, General Electric and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . results were so dramatic, that within 30 days they reported savings of HUNDREDS and HUNDREDS OF gallons of gas the very first month alone!

Even more startling . . . when such huge fleet owners such as Avis, General Electric, Yellow Cab Co., etc., tested this amazing GT ENERGY CHAMBER in a series of special road tests, the results were so dramatic that entire fleets of cars were ordered IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED . . . that's the kind of miracle-mileage this thrilling new invention delivers.

IMAGINE! ALMOST 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

Yes, from road tests, laboratory tests, tests by *one of the world's most famous test drivers* . . . come reports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that outweigh small European cars by a full ton . . . yet get better gas mileage, and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE OF UNIT IN THEIR CARS — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the GT ENERGY CHAMBER . . . and how does it work? To make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those $20,000 European luxury cars like the Maserati or the Aston-Martin, you would see sitting right behind the carburetor . . . a special gasoline BOOSTER unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy, from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such TOTAL POWER . . . increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the GT ENERGY CHAMBER is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy *and more gasoline economy . . . ONLY,* instead of costing $100 to $150 (like the European booster-units) . . . the GT ENERGY CHAMBER costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research, automotive experts have finally found a way to *simplify* the mileage-boosting principle of these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in each unit . . . mass produce them . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why, do you realize what this means to you if you are determined to save yourself up to $16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to $200 a year on wasted gasoline?

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . from this day on, you, too, can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. NOW you, too, can drive for hundreds of miles at a time without ever stopping at a service station. NOW you, too, can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas . . . blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3 tankfuls . . . perform mileage-miracles that only yesterday you thought were utterly impossible.

So . . . if you want to achieve the same wondrous results as Avis, General Electric, RCA . . . the same miracle-mileages as recorded in Indianapolis "on-the-track" road tests . . . the same huge dollar savings as proven by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors . . . then take advantage of this special FREE-TRIAL introductory offer today!

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF AT OUR RISK

Now the price of the GT ENERGY CHAMBER on this special introductory *trial offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . .* but only $6.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all not to mention the hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

And since we invite you to try the GT ENERGY CHAMBER on your own car completely at our risk . . . you have absolutely nothing to lose and everything in the world to gain. So to take advantage of this no risk trial offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

LEADING DIGEST REPORTS BIG AUTOMOTIVE BREAKTHROUGH

Recently, scientists at one of the world's leading oil companies discovered a new way to save as much as 35 gallons a month on the gasoline your car burns. Working in complete secrecy for over 15 years, these men had been assigned to find out once and for all just how much mileage could actually be coaxed from an automobile engine.

After thousands upon thousands of experiments, they discovered that by simply feeding the gasoline to the engine *in a new and different way* they were able to get as much as 34 miles or more from every gallon of gas.

So revolutionary was this breakthrough that the Digest featured the sensational news NOT ONCE . . . but in two separate issues — **AND THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING;** because when another group of experts took this "forced-feeding" concept . . . altered it . . . tested it . . . and improved it even more . . . they boosted gasoline mileage to a staggering 36% on 7 and 8-year-old cars . . . and as much as *61% on later model cars.*

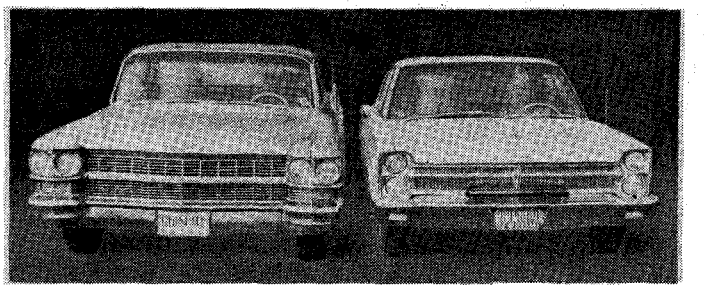
What you see on this page is the full, thrilling story behind this new wonder-invention . . . and how you, too, may obtain up to 7, 9 even 11 more miles per gallon . . . and do it without changing a single part on your car!

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

Avis-Rent-A-Car Road-Tests Amazing New Invention and reports staggering mileage increases on all cars tested.

"Savings at the rate of up to 500 gallons per year."

Yes, from one of the most famous names in the automotive world comes the most dramatic proof of all. AVIS . . . a company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend that the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found: BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE UP TO A WHOPPING 32%. Wouldn't you like to save up to $200 a year on your car? For full details, read the rest of this page.



"MATCH ME — I DARE YOU"— AND WE DID! This is the test that left the *experts* gasping in disbelief. The day we took a big luxurious Cadillac sedan . . . and pitted it in an ECONOMY RUN against a so-called "economy car" . . . this small Plymouth. The only change we made in the Cadillac . . . it was fitted out with the amazing new invention the GT ENERGY CHAMBER, described on this page. Result of test? The Cadillac boosted its miles per gallon by so much, it actually OUTPERFORMED the Plymouth . . . left it standing bone-dry, panting for even a glass of gasoline. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new invention can save you up to $200 in *gasoline in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page.* (Test conducted on the New England Turnpike—results sealed and attested to by official state notary.)

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!

The GT ENERGY CHAMBER takes but a few *minutes to install.* In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine because easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to $200 a year!

ORDER TODAY — ON FULL, MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

AMERICAN AUTOMOTIVE UNITS, INC. Dept. 327
550 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036

Please rush me the sensational **GT ENERGY CHAMBER** immediately! I understand the price is only $6.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit within 90 days for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

make of car _____ year _____

number of cylinders (6 or 8) _____

SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **GT ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just $11.95 (a savings of $2.00), same guarantee as above.

Make of second car _____ Year _____ No. of Cyls. _____

( ) C.O.D. orders enclose $1.00 deposit. Same money-back guarantee.

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4 Exquisite Horse Paintings Reproduced for Your Home

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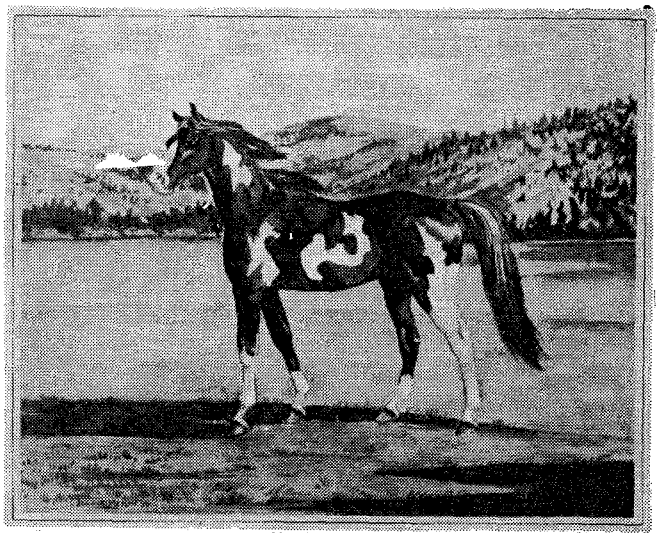

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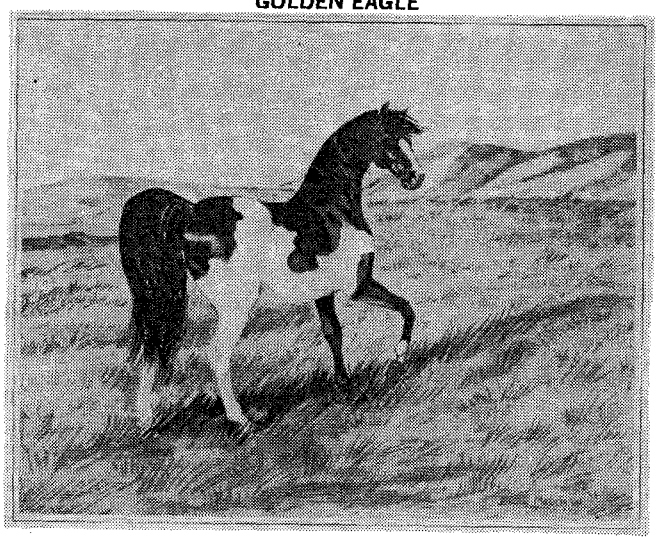
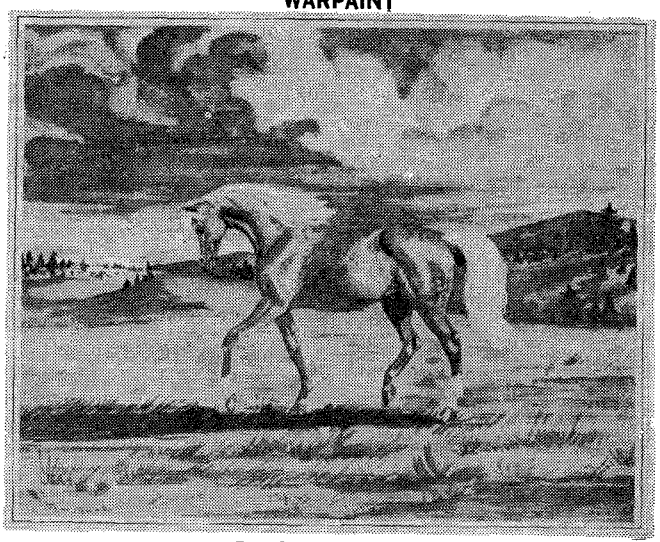


CHEYENNE SCOUT



PALOMINO QUEEN

Fabulously Beautiful Original Oil Paintings Now Yours As Full Color Large Prints All 4 For Only $1

Imagine decorating your home with these superb full-color masterpieces. These breathtakingly beautiful reproductions will enhance the decor of any room in your home, office or club. Wherever they are shown they find an enthusiastic audience of art lovers, interior decorators and appreciative home-makers.

You'll understand why they are so appealing once you see the exquisite colors and craftsmanship employed by the artist. The small, black and white illustrations cannot possibly show the dramatic beauty of these magnificent Horse paintings.

Offer Will Not Be Repeated

We urge you to order your full color reproductions now while the supply lasts. We will send all 4 to you for just $1 plus 10c postage. Each of these fine art prints is 9" x 12" with lovely white borders. You will be delighted with the grace and beauty they will add to your home, office or club This is your only chance to order. Be sure to fill out coupon and mail today. This offer will not be repeated in this magazine.

Alexander Sales Corp., Dept. RW-966
125 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Please send me the 4 full color Horse prints for only $1 plus 10c postage on full money back guarantee if I am not delighted.

Enclosed is $_____

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(Please Print)

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☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER: Order THREE sets of all 4 prints for only $2. Extra sets make ideal gifts.**

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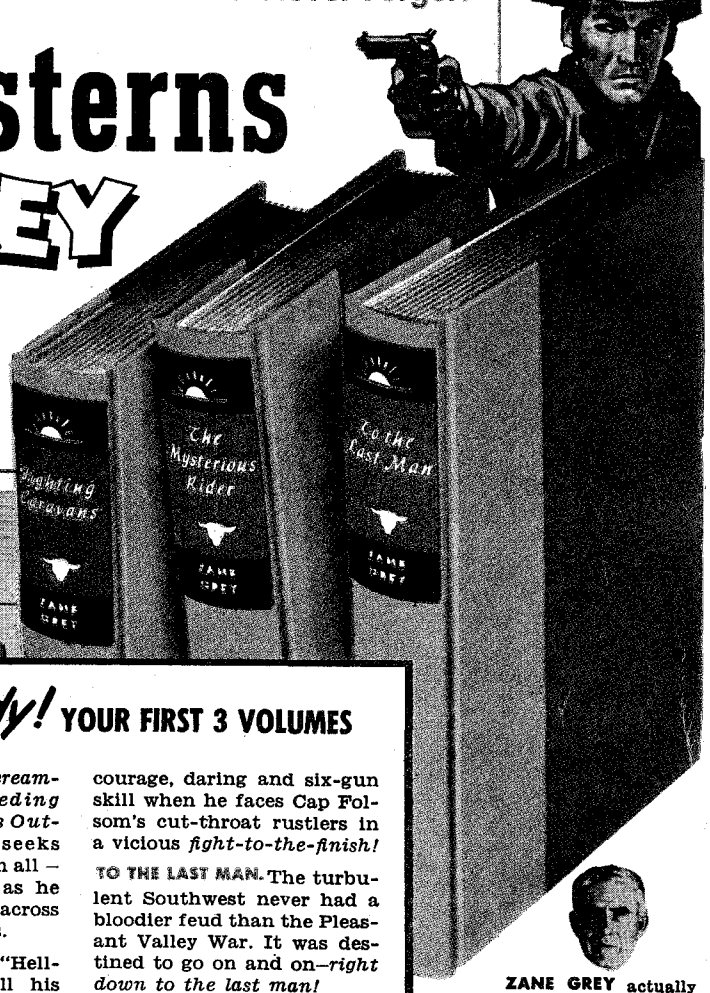
REWARD for Western Fans!

Here are all the Action-Packed Days of the Old West...

Throbbing with the Roar of Blazing Six-Guns . . . Stampeding Herds . . . Desperate Renegades . . . Heroic Men and Women You'll Never Forget!

3 Great Westerns By ZANE GREY



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Now Ready! YOUR FIRST 3 VOLUMES

FIGHTING CARAVANS. *Screaming Savages! Stampeding Buffalo! Treacherous Outlaws!* Clint Belmet seeks vengeance against them all — with blazing guns — as he leads the wagon trains across the treacherous Plains.

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER. "Hell-Bent" Wade needs all his courage, daring and six-gun skill when he faces Cap Folsom's cut-throat rustlers in a vicious *fight-to-the-finish!*

TO THE LAST MAN. The turbulent Southwest never had a bloodier feud than the Pleasant Valley War. It was destined to go on and on—*right down to the last man!*

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Is a rip-roaring story of the Old West your "meat"? Then you'll want these three great Western thrillers by ZANE GREY—because *every* Zane Grey Western is jam-packed with blazing gunplay, breath-taking action, blood-tingling excitement!

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Just picture these luxurious volumes next to your easy chair. Now, whenever you want, you can enjoy the most thrilling Westerns ever written:

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ROGUE RIVER FEUD. Violence and death on Rogue River.

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CALL OF THE CANYON. Smashing drama of death and danger!

30,000 ON THE HOOF. Pioneer Huett battles screaming Indians and lawless rustlers.

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